## Nas, Every Ghetto

(feat. Blitz)

Uhh... yeah... uhh...

[Verse 1 (Nas)] Blessings in life to the children They say life is like 5 days Words of a old man with silver hair in his wheel chair His eyes were bloody while describin' what lies before me Said evil bitches and jealous men would try to destroy me It occurred to me, this old nigga's words couldn't be realer I'm on top now, slightest drama, I'll have ta kill ya Cuz animals sence weakness, sharks smell blood in water Ishmael, Moses and Job, moved a divine order Shit is plastic material, havin' no life I crash whips and leave it no matter the price As long as I survive, coppin' the five Circle the block where the beef's at And park in front of my enemy's eyes They see that it's war we life stealers Hollow tip, lead busters there's no heaven or hell Dead is dead, fuckers And your soul is with God Your mind keeps lurkin' to earth Watchin' your own murder reoccur

[Chorus (Repeat 2X)]

For ever struggle, every strip, and every ghetto
For every nigga toned in the pain and heavy metal
For every child that's born
And every nigga gone
And for every brotha breathin'
Live to see another mornin'

[Verse 2 (Blitz)]

It's Blitz nigga the streets glory many die for me Got knocked refused 3 to 9's, went to trial for me Basically I'm just reality loaded with vast stories Of lust, greed, and contempt no street is exempt Extended clip shots hoods barricaded for 6 blocks I sip shots, watchin' em hustlers pitch rocks All you paintin' pictures of my pain Illustrate the city in vain Fallin' deep into the pits of the game This is for the sickest state of mind In these fatal times, vesh crimes Nickel play the nine and niggas for the dime Hear the sounds of them baby's cry Still I'm sayin' why do we reside In the ghetto with a million ways to die Stayin' high to relieve the pain Breathin' in the game, exhalin' Guilts and the shame, misery and strain What the fuck will tomorrow bring Look at anthrax, I stand back through Hopin' I make it tomorrow

[Verse 3 (Nas)]
My skin is a art gallery, right
With paintings of crucifixes
Hopin' to save me from all the dangers in the music business
Was once a young gangsta hangin' with youth offenders
But since I tasted paper it started losin the friendships
Watchin' kids freeze in winters, they still poor

How could I tease them with Benz's and feel no remorse Drivin' past them in the lively fashion, diamond colors clashin' Red stones, blue stones, red bones and black ones Fuck did I expect with bucket seats in a Lex And spendin' time in Chuckie Cheese with Little Des Got guns when I'm with my daughter Hate to bring a violent aura in her presence She knows what daddy taught her, it's lessons Black princess it's a ugly world I put my life up for yours, see I love that girl Could you believe even my shadow's jealous My skin is mad at my flesh, my flesh hates my own bones My brain hates my heart, my heart makes the songs Though my songs come from the Father I'm lonely... Hold me, it's gettin' darker

[Repeat Chorus 2X]