

# 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]