

# Nas, H To The O-M-O Freestyle

Ma, I'm sorry who the f\*\*\* I AM, I can't trust my fans  
Out of luck, no constructive plans  
My friends stay powdered up, I'm so drunk, can't stand  
You said if I would sober up, I'd be a powerful man  
Turned out the street life, you prayed I wouldn't  
But every church in the world can't save our children  
I stayed out late, you heard shots, thought it would be  
Your older son on the ground dead, but fortunately  
The bullets had some other names on it, the brother was blind  
I hit the el, than we yell out, "It wasn't my time!"  
I loaded up shells, one by one, you smelled bl\*\*\*\* from my room door  
Little Nasir was at war  
And little did I care what you saw  
Crew deep with a few heat, now it's time we settle the score

But in the projects, I visit Muhammad, in linen garments  
Preaching Man, Woman, and Child, the living Prophet  
And I'm similar, Nasir Bin Aluda Ra  
Visqu Allah, fist full of dollars in the dice game God  
The Ice King, God, the Black Christ, elegant stance  
Clothes fit me like a crime boss, the menacing man  
I see the world collapsing, young pregnancies  
Young girls are fast and in their Sasoon jeans, no prophylactic  
All this fast s\*\*\* and fly jewelry, now makes my eyes teary  
N Y City, grab a hold and ride with me

Rip the FREEWAY, shoot through MEMPHIS with money bags  
Stop in Philly, order cheese steaks and eat BEANS fast  
And bring it back up top, remove the fake king of New York  
You show off, I count off when you sample my voice  
I rule you, before, you used to rap like the FU-SHNICKENS  
NAS designed your BLUEPRINT, who you kidding?  
Is he H TO THE IZZO, M TO THE IZZO?  
For shizzle you phony, the rapping version of SISQO  
And that's for certain, you clone me, your wack clothes line  
I'd rather Sean John, bore me with your fake coke rhymes  
And those times, they never took place, you liar  
Hung was your first court case, you had no priors  
You master fabricated stories of streets and sound slick  
Have you surrounded, you and the faggot you down with

While they riding NAS, trying to boost their careers  
Corny as CORMEGA, all you Hip-Hop queers  
Since ILLMATIC, IT WAS WRITTEN: I AM...NASTRADAMUS  
That's the answers to the puzzle I gave you, now here's a promise  
My next few albums, instead of projects,  
They'll be a difficult test inside the cover for the mind's optics

Come in my hood, but bring the guns with you, it's dark  
Headed through Brooklyn, Queens, Harlem, Staten, and Bronx  
Headed through Compton, Oaktown, South Central, and Watts  
New Orleans, Mississippi, Chi-town, every block  
I'm trying to have my positive ways, I put my rhymes on page  
Did crimes and headline on stage  
I Signed a contract, so here it is, you have it  
Streets disciple, I'm STILLMATIC