

# Nas, If I Ruled The World (Imagine That)

Intro: Nas (Lauryn Hill singing in the background)

Life..... I wonder....  
Will it take me under.... I don't know

Verse One: Nas

Imagine smoking weed in the streets without cops harassin  
Imagine going to court with no trial  
Lifestyle cruising blue behind my waters  
No welfare supporters more conscious of the way we raise our daughters  
Days are shorter, nights are colder  
Feeling like life is over, these snakes strike like a cobra  
The world's hot my son got not evidently  
It's elementary, they want us all gone eventually  
Trooping out of state for a plate knowledge  
of coke was cooked without the garbage we'd all have the top dollars  
Imagine everybody flashin, fashion  
Designer clothes, lacing your click up with diamond vogues  
Your people holdin dough, no parole  
No rubbers, go in raw imagine law with no undercovers  
Just some thoughts for the mind  
I take a glimpse into time  
watch the blimp read "The World Is Mine";

Chorus: Lauryn Hill, Nas

If I ruled the world	Imagine that
I'd free all my sons, I love em love em baby	
Black diamonds and pearls	Could it be, if you could
be mine, we'd both shine	
If I ruled the world	Still livin for today, in
these last days and times	

Verse Two: Nas

The way to be, paradise like relaxin black, latino and anglo-saxon  
Armani exchange the reins  
Cash, Lost Tribe of Shabazz, free at last  
Brand new whips to crash then we laugh in the iller path  
The Villa house is for the crew, how we do  
Trees for breakfast, dime sexes and Benz stretches  
So many years of depression make me vision  
The better livin, type of place to raise kids in  
Open they eyes to the lies history's told foul  
But I'm as wise as the old owl, plus the Gold Child  
Seeing things like I was controlling, click rollin  
Trickin six digits on kicks and still holdin  
Trips to Paris, I civilized every savage  
Gimme one shot I turn trife life to lavish  
Political prisoner set free, stress free  
No work release purple M3's and jet skis  
Feel the wind breeze in West Indies  
I make Coretta Scott-King mayor the cities and reverse themes to Willies  
It sounds foul but every girl I meet to go downtown  
I'd open every cell in Attica send em to Africa

Chorus: Lauryn Hill, Nas

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