

Nas, In Too Deep

Nature: (talking)

Yo Yo Yo Son

You ever felt a funny vibe

What you supposed to do?

And ya man's ain't ya man's

And ya friend's ain't ya friend's

And ya money ain't yours anymore

And niggas wanna count your money

Niggas wanna see what the fuck you got

You know what I'm sayin

sometimes I gotta take long trips and get away from this shit

I can't take this shit no more

This shit right here be fucking niggas like me up Knowwhatimsayin

I been exposed to too much and too long

All my niggaz out there in the hood and shit

That be bringing that real shit

Put your fucking Phillies in the air

Your Back Woods your White Owl

Your Dutchess and we goin smoke and ride to this shit right here

This that real shit here

this is the soundtrack to the realness right here

Niggaz in too deep knowwhatimsayin

It's all real all live nigga what what nigga

Nas:

Yo A yo A yo A yo

I thank a dead homey

Incarcerated penpal I got the feds on me

A constipated mental

Always ranged in the ghetto it's pain in the ghetto

Caskets do u believe in angels or devils?

Welfare it's dark and there's no help here

Killing cops shooting black kids the instill fear

But we still here not afraid cracks is made stacks get made

A " will get you gats sprayed

At my man's funeral it's like nobody care

The police get shot the mayor and everybody there

Graffiti on the lobby stairs kids with notty heads is greedy

Soldiers small faces painted on the walls

I was born to ball

Rings you can't afford name a clothes line I then worn it before

Dictate the naked soul of Nas henny four fives

Hoe's with thick thighs be the wives of rich guys

Never trust a bitch cuz a bitch lies

Enemys close cuz friends switch sides when shit gets live

Dealin' with a lot of pressure I'm in too deep

Life of a thug born and raised in the streets

Chorus:

Nature: You want war I'mma give u war

Nas: I'm in too deep

Nature: You want peace imma give u peace

Nas: Raised in the streets

Nature: You want love imma show u love

Nas: Life of a thug

Nature: There's no love for me in these streets

Nas: I'm in too deep

Nature: It's just hustlers in the streets

Nas: Raised in the streets

Nature:

Yo A yo

When you in too deep you better climb out and find out
Are you the one they looking at cuz when you looking back
It's your time to fear if the drama's severe
I see scars starting off at the side of they're ear
Ending up by the jaw of the throat another law broke
I try to patch it white kids is buying acid
Closing down spots popping a knot
Heard the foremores use binoculars watchin the blocks
Calling phantom on the tape
I'm the phantom of the wax
Now meet the man behind the music examing the facts
I use it, to my advantage do this shit everyday
Like sneaking gats up in grade eight
Six Flags catch me getting on the popular rides
If a nigga violate he get top of the line
Small hot ones locked in the spines
Transformed roll out pass it off to my man no doubt
I keep shits disguising six shirts in the trunk
Imagin it gets six times worse when I'm drunk
Prepare for death first of the month
Open and rise, t's right here in front of you open your eyes
I can't explain it cuz it's not normal, is niggas loyal
I talk about life and live it for you this shit is soil
Like the dirt that I walk on you talk on
You say I had love for ya know it's all gone all gone

Chorus:

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Nas: I'm in too deep
Nature: You want peace imma give u peace
Nas: Raised in the streets
Nature: You want love imma show u love
Nas: Life of a thug
Nature: There's no love for me in these streets
Nas: I'm in too deep
Nature: It's just hustlers in the streets
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