

Nas, Nature Shines

(feat. Nature)

[Nature]

Queensbridge, 41st side

Yo yo yo

I gots no birth records, no next of kin

Know a lot of mothafuckers, got no best friends

Know the weather checkin ten-ten winds a.m.

First and fifteenth I'm layin at the check cashing

Think I'm playin, blink and I'm sprayin

Wrong move, ask yourself what leg you wanna lose cuz you gon' lose

I cripple niggas, from the complex to simple niggas

Keep showin y'all what difficult is

Half the world sayin "Dunn" but never been to the Bridge

What type of shit is that, fraudulence, what's the cause of it

Nature came threw erasing all of it, stop the presses

Goofy niggas ask a lot of questions

I repeat this is not a question

If you don't reply quick enough I gotta press em

Keep the glock by the intestines, .38 waist

Wit a belt, regardless of your stats you can catch a shell

[Chorus]

Believe me when I tell you this (Believe me when I tell you this)

There's nuttin y'all can do for me (There's nuttin y'all can do for me)

I don't believe in selfishness, this time I want my crew to eat (My crew)

We comin through a hundred strong (Comin through a hundred strong)

We comin wit a hundred miles (A hundred miles)

Bumpin shit all summer long (Bump that)

We want it dead and want it now (We want it now)

Yo aiyyo I rap for my niggas and rap for the hoes

Rap when I'm gettin dressed, when I iron my clothes

Depressed, I kick raps that change your whole mood

And somehow stick to your ribs like soul food

Rap for wheelchairs, rap for canes

Ace bandages and niggas wit sprain, stay limpin in pain

I rap for math, english, even rap for science

Gotta try to laugh, keep myself from cryin

I rap for Giants, the Jets, the Yankees, the Mets

It's New York New York, from Clue to Flex

New cassettes stay poppin up, your boo let me throw my cock in her

Rappin got me two proper nuts

It's crazy, I even rap for high school coach

White folks fiend out like in Michael Doates

Creamed out, dope stashin

For those askin, I flow for TV, HBO and closed caption

[Chorus]

Aiyyo aiyyo aiyyo aiyyo

Don't go to Texas, don't go to Watts

Don't go to Queensbridge, nigga don't go to cops

Don't snitch when you're gettin bagged

In the penns, don't bitch when you gettin stabbed

Just hold that, I pose for Kodak's, rose to stardom

Hoes in Harvard, sophmores get knocked off, nigga watch yours

I watch the game like it's Saint John's

It ain't wrong, take a blank piece of paper, a pen paint songs

Type colorful, writin that shit a thug'll do

In the heat of the moment, type to make a sudden move

Some'll snooze, some'll snore, they won't admit that dunn is pure

Once I quit, niggas wanted more

Cop my shit once it come in store

The first week be at the top of the charts, got it jumpin off
Hot verses wit a hundred thoughts
One theme, gettin caught in my zone you'll become a corpse

[Chorus 2x]