Nas, Streets Disciple

[Intro] [Nas] "Two-thousand-four, yeah. L, whattup?" [L.E.S.] "Prophesy!" [Nas] "Yeah." [L.E.S.] "Prophesy baby!" [Chorus: Nas & amp; L.E.S.] Disciple, Disciple (What?!) Disciple (STREET'S!) Disciple (Let's qo!) [Verse 1: Nas] Word to mama, any lineup of rhymers Could bring any drama, anytime, the city's mine Nas Is Like, Love Undying, Money's My Bitch In Thugz Mansion, thugs dancin' around the fly shit Pharaoh garment's Prada, Egyptian camelback-riders Pyramid architects, Perignon bottles, money, jewelry want me to come Get me, hit me but don't miss me, you history Lead flowin' around like a Frisbee, Italian dons from Sicily kiss me This ain't 50, this ain't Jigga, this ain't Diddy, this ain't Pretty Pain, power, pussy and pistols, lyrically no one, hold none near me, hear me Kids cheer me like The Count of Monte-Cristo Steady poundin' soundin' like G without the lisp though My big bro told me plain and simple, " Nas do not look back" Watch where you took rap, no bookbags and trucker hats Just army jacks and diamonds that's flashin' What the f**k is that, freestyle [Chorus: Nas & amp; L.E.S.] Disciple, Disciple (STREET'S!) Disciple (STREET'S!) Disciple (STREET'S!) Disciple (STREET'S!) Disciple (STREET'S!)
Disciple (STREET'S!) Disciple (Esco!) [Verse 2: Nas] Like Paul, Michael and Matthew, Peter, James and Andrew Phillip, Simon and Judas -- I'm disciple of music Street beats is the main thing minus the traitor And I'm not a dictator, I'm the righteous invitin' you haters Inside the life of the greatest, it'll take you through something real Get a smack in your face, 'cause I hurt up, trauma-tize, llama Bust shells, destroy yet try'ta prevent violence If I present iron somebody dyin', don't even worry 'bout it Then dress warm for the cemetery climate When I speak I need cemetery silence, terror See me, gold Hummers, Lamborghinis, man who stole the summer Hand straight gleamin', if I don't know you toe-tag you Drag you through the cement, fo-fo maggie Body parts in my man's Maserati car, then party hard in Madagascar While rigor mortis'll grab ya, him retarded, I'm pass that Gloves on, where the mask at? Too many love songs All the thugs gone, what happened? Where's the passion? Rappers battlin' non-rappers, carryin' on backwards

Laughin' sayin' Nas thinks he's Farrakhan preachin' blackness

Hell yeah, awareness is my alias Word to the 'Braveheart' written on my bare chest The realest, HERE IT IS!

[Chorus: Nas & Disciple (STREET'S!)
Disciple (Esco!)