Nas, Wave Gods (ft. A$AP Rocky & DJ Premier)

Hold up and analyze
Come on, get on, get some
Listen close as I prove my point
(We do our thing, son) yeah
Hold up and analyze (we're more solid)
Come on, get on, get some (yeah)
Listen close as I prove my point
(Ready to make an entrance so back on up) yeah
No comparison we more solid than they are (uh)
Me and Hit-Boy they say we like the new Gang Starr (uh)
Me and Flacko they say we the new wave gods
Shout to Max B he could be home any day, God (yeah)
Wake up out the bed scruffy, sparkin' my J
Shine my nickel-plated then I'm startin' my day
My old lady call me baby, told her, "Pardon my age"
12 shells in the gauge like a carton of eggs
We goin' home like Eric Cartman, chromosomes on my conscience
Hear some niggas talkin' nonsense, call up Nasty Nastradamus
Rock the pearls and diamonds, break your promise, break her wallets
Break her heart and break her pockets
Takin' notes like guidance counselors
Aristocrat like the Chancellor, the answer to the, uh, panhandlers
The corners with the mans is up, the jig is up, the scams is up
Yeah, they hands is up, lookin' in the crowd, yeah
Tryna fuck the world but my pants still up
Tryna invest in all my G's before we rest in peace
'Cause we sure to rest in peace
The rest is set the record set, as soon as I release
The rumors be I roam the streets with no security
They know a nigga overseas (uh)
Kinda swag that's passed from your mom and dad
Prada bags and we cheesin' on them Calvin ads (yeah, yeah)
Might've peeped the billboards 50 feet when out in traffic
Starin' at a nigga picture, shit, you bound to crash it
No comparison, we more solid than they are
Me and Hit-Boy they say we like the new Gang Starr
Me and Flacko they say we the new wave gods
Shout to Max B he could be home any day, God
Yeah, A$AP Mob got Mass Appeal
(Come on, get on, get some)
Call up Nasty Nas, niggas hit the lick like ah, ah, ah
Wake up out the bed, wrap my durag up
Say a prayer, I'm thankin' God that Mom dukes had us
Monotone style like Guru on some Preemo cuts
Crewneck by McQueen go nuts
Jewels over my white hoodie like Juvie in '9-8
It's movies that I make, Peruvian white flake
It tore the community at a high rate, adversity I faced
I roll my own gas to make sure that it's not laced
Damn, I used to hit the block hopin' they see me
Watchin' Video Music Box sittin' close to the TV
I was inspired by Whodini and Kool G
Got my first pair of J's, thought I was 2-3 (Air)
Invest in all my G's before we rest in peace
'Cause we sure to rest in peace
My shorty is a piece, a piece of mind, a dimepiece
I might buy her a piece of property
You might've had some joints but ain't nothin' like me and Rocky seen
No comparison, we more solid than they are
Me and Hit-Boy they say we like the new Gang Starr
Me and Flacko they say we the new wave gods
Shout to Max B he could be home any day, God
Yeah, A$AP Mob got Mass Appeal
(We do our things son)

(Listen close as I prove my point)
Tell Hit we got a hit, ayy, ayy
Tell Hit we got a hit, ah
Call up Nasty Nas, niggas hit the lick like ah, ah, ah