Street's Disciple

Nas

Yeah, yeah, yeah
You was born in the eighties, pops drove a Mercedes
Did a bid, comin' home to some grown ass kid
Crack baby, turn to young thug, description might fit you,
Look around it might hit you, no joke, I wanna pistol fight with you
Shit comes around faster than you think
Blood and white chalk makes pink, so what's that make you?
Become a creature of habitat, the average cat
Won't see where it's at, or where it's goin'
The hood waits for no one
I've been through it from Ewings to Buicks, to body viewings
Car chases to court cases, to fly vacations
From wanting it all, to being the object of your admiration
Imagination is what they lack
It stops niggaz from gettin' stacks
Feelin' trapped on the block with loose cracks
Wisdom is vital for the survival of the street's disciple
From the day you were born
Starring out, a young disciple
You had that gleam in your eye
Disciple of the projects
From the day you were born
Street's disciple
Yeah, disciple of the projects
Moonstruck stuck, slow as molasses in my actions
That's compliments of a fast spliff in the night life
In my flight jacket, adrenaline heightened, mimickin' Tyson
After watchin' him cut up Razor Ruddock
In the gutter, which was once ghetto prophecy is now ghetto scripture
Lookin' back at it, blow jobs from pretty crack addicts
Older Gods wantin' no static, told some lil' niggaz they can have it
Coke baggin' and toe-taggin'
They took Will, let me describe him, a live one
I think that he was the true 'God's Son', not Jesus, but fearless
His ear was up on them sounds too, he'd hear somethin'

Not to his likin', and say, "Son they bitin' you"
He never got to see my debut, wild-mannered
But wild with them hammers, niggaz frontin' couldn't stand it

Took him off the planet, left us in 9-2
With the philosophy of what arms do, a true street's disciple
From the day you were born
Starring out, a young disciple
You had that gleam in your eye
Disciple of the projects
From the day you were born
Street's Disciple
Yeah, disciple of the projects
Plug the mics up, I'm ready to rock, knockin
Reminiscing of measuring pots of Pyrex, cook in the kitchen
Captain Hook to these infants, it's like my folks is still on the benches
Surrounded by villains and henchmen, was a killer convention
1991, son, gold fronts on the facial, gun buck by the naval
Disciple could blaze you, we laced it with embalming fluid
Rhymin' to music all this time
Fightin' 'bout how Kane and Rakim would do it
Seemed impossible to us that we could ever leave
From the block, where the world was forever freezin'
Hell, if I ever let them shovel me, son, in this cell again, fuck these
Devil policemen, plush leathers, I need them, riskin' my freedom
Burners in bubble coats, fuck a sermon from the neighborhood pope
He's sexing ho's, old fart, he's busting ones when he stroke
Multi-colored Pelle Pelle's, young stretch mark bellies
Babies born in a cycle, future disciples
From the day you were born
Starring out, a young disciple
You had that gleam in your eye
Disciple of the projects
From the day you were born
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Yeah, disciple of the projects

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