2nd Childhood

Nas

"Cause when I flow the for the street " - " who else could it be"
"Nas "
Yo
Explode, my thoughts were drunken from quarts of beers
Was years back, before Nasir would explore a career in rap
As a music dude, I mastered this Rubik's Cube
Godzilla, fought Gargantua, eyes glued to the tube
Was a, long time ago, John Boy Ice
Geronimo po-lice jumpin out Chryslers, easywider paper
Pops puffin his sess, punchin his chest like a gorilla
Outside was psychoes, killers
Saw Divine, Goon and Chungo, Lil' Turkey
R.I.P. Tyrone, 'member no cursin front of Ms. Vercey
Big Percy, Crazy Paul, the Sledge Sisters
My building was 40-16, once in the blue, hallways was clean
I knew, all that I'd seen had meant somethin
Learned early, to fear none little Nas was huntin
Livin carefree laughin, got jokes on the daily
Y'all actin like some old folks y'all don't hear me
Yo I'm in my second childhood
"Cause when I flow the for the street " - " who else could it be"
"N-A-S" - "Nas "
"Resurrect, through the birth of my seed " - "Queensbridge"
"Make everything right " - "Get yours, nigga"
Yo, dude is 31, livin in his moms crib
Ex-convict, was paroled there after his long bid
Cornrows in his hair, still slingin, got a crew
They break his moms furniture, watchin Comicview

Got babies by different ladies high smokin L's
In the same spot he stood since, eighty-five well
When his stash slow, he be crazy
Say he by his moms, hit her on her payday
Junior high school dropout, teachers never cared
They was paid just to show up and leave, no one succeeds
So he moves with his peers, different blocks, different years
Sittin on, different benches like it's musical chairs
All his peoples moved on in life, he's on the corners at night
With young dudes it's them he wanna be like

It's sad but it's fun to him right? He never grew up
31 And can't give his youth, he's in his second childhood
Baby girl she's always talkin name droppin hangin late
Drinkin smokin hates her baby daddy, craves shoppin
E poppin Ecstasy takin, won't finish her education
Best friend she keeps changin, stuck with limitations
Lustin men, many hotels, Fendi Chanel
With nothin in her bank account frontin she do well
Her kid suffers he don't get that love he deserve
He the Sun, she the Earth, single mom, even worse
No job never stay workin, mad purty
Shorty they call her the brain surgeon
Time flyin she the same person, never matures
All her friends married doin well
She's in the streets yakkety yakkin like she was 12
Honey is twenty-seven, argues fights
Selfish in her own right, polite, guess she's in her second childhood
"Who else could it be " - "N-A-S" - "Nas "

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