The World Is Yours (Remix)

Nas

Whose world is this?
(The world is yours, the world is yours)
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this?
It's yours
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this?
(The world is yours, the world is yours)
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this?I sip the Dom P, watching "Gandhi" 'til I'm charged
Then writing in my book of rhymes, all the words past the margin
To hold the mic I'm throbbin', mechanical movement
Understandable smooth shit that murderers move with
The thief's theme: play me at night, they won't act right
The fiend of hip-hop has got me stuck like a crack pipe
The mind activation, react like I'm facin' time like
"Pappy" Mason, with pens I'm embracin'
Wipe the sweat off my dome, spit the phlegm on the streets
Suede Timb's on my feets makes my cipher complete
Whether crusing in a Sikh's cab, or Montero Jeep
I can't call it, the beats make me falling asleep
I keep falling, but never falling 6 feet deep
I'm out for presidents to represent me (Say what?)
I'm out for presidents to represent me (Say what?)
I'm out for dead presidents to represent meWhose world is this?
(The world is yours, the world is yours)
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this?
It's yours
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this?
(The world is yours, the world is yours)
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this?To my man Ill Will, God bless your life (It's yours!)
To my peoples throughout Queens, God bless your life
I trip, we box up crazy bitches
Aiming guns at all my baby pictures
Beef with housing police, release scriptures that's maybe Hitler's
Yet I'm the mild, money-getting style, rolling foul

The versatile, honey-sticking wild golden child
Dwelling in the Rotten Apple, you get tackled
Or caught by the devil's lasso, shit is a hassle
There's no days, for broke days we sell it: smoke pays
While all the old folks pray to Jesus, soaking their sins in trays
Of holy water. Odds against Nas are slaughter
Thinking a word best describing my life to name my daughter
My strength, my son, the star, will be my resurrection
Born in correction. All the wrong shit I did, he'll lead a right direction
"How you living?" Large, a broker charge - cards are mediocre
You flipping coke or playing spit spades and strip poker?Whose world is this?
(The world is yours, the world is yours)
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this?
It's yours
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this?
(The world is yours, the world is yours)
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Whose world is this?I'm the young city bandit, hold myself down single-handed
For murder raps, I kick my thoughts alone, get remanded
Born alone, die alone, no crew to keep my crown or throne
I'm deep by sound alone, caved inside, 1,000 miles from home
I need a new nigga for this black cloud to follow
Cause while it's over me it's too dark to see tomorrow
Trying to maintain, I flip, fill the clip to the tip
Picturing my peeps, now the income make my heartbeat skip
And I'm amped up, they locked the champ up, even my brain's in handcuffs
Headed for Indiana, stabbing women like the Phantom
The crew is lamping, Big Willie-style
Check the chip-toothed smile, plus I profile wild
Stash through the flock wools, burning dollars to light my stove
Walk the blocks with a bop, checking dames, plus the games
People play, bust the problems of the world today

Songwriters
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