

# Yaa€™ll My Niggas

Nas

[Intro Skit]

Someday I'm gonna be walkin down the streets,  
mindin my own business.. and BAM!!  
I'm gon' be shot by some pig who's gonna SWEAR  
that it was a mistake.  
I accept that as a part of my destiny![Raekwon the Chef]  
Whattup kid? That's right..  
Yo.. aiyyo.. aiyyo..[Chorus: Raekwon]  
Aiyyo let my niggas live  
We show and prove get paper, catch me in the caper on shrooms yo  
Let my niggas live  
We real niggas that's God-body, challenge anything, make major moves  
Let my niggas live  
We giants, live off the land lions, post with iron, no pryin rules  
Let my niggas live; aiyyo let my niggas live  
Handle your bid and kill no kids[Raekwon the Chef]  
Millionaire feat, whole family eat; yo, why'all niggas is weak  
Got a bird beak, chirp chirp speak  
Kids that's rich that'll, run in your bitch and by the third week  
Yo mark my word, me and my herb speak  
That's that fire move like Schwinns yo  
Invisible pens that write light, leave blends  
Hit with the JF Kennedy shot  
Smash with the Acapulco rifle got got  
Bolt off, but got clocked  
Legendary here, custom made it, shit bladed, word up  
Design your alphabet, reps get graded  
We in get-high saloons, big bag of shrooms, arm's length  
Home of Allah's ten big rooms  
So what we up in here, modelin large with rigorous moves  
Exotic Gods bust my hammer at frauds  
Call him a live merchant, dressed in all red, that's right why'all  
Gucci jumper X-5, gettin more head[Chorus]  
[Nas]  
I scream at the mirror, curse, askin God, "Why me?"  
Run in the black church, gun in my hand, why'all try me  
I'm God-son, son of man, son of Marcus Garvey  
Rastafari irie, Ha-ile Selassie  
Police'll try to break us, but the streets raised us

It takes more than metal bars, we destined for ours  
I hear murder plans from dopefiends, with elephant hands  
Snots in they nostril, the blocks is hostile  
There's no pots to piss in, glocks is spittin  
Rocks cookin underground bodies stiffin, cops look at bird shit  
Drop on the window pane, the oxygen is cocaine  
It drove lots of men to die with no name  
I been on boats, nut down throats, pee on bitches who famous  
Pretty dick, puttin stitches in they anus  
I'm the animal that Hugh Heffner created  
The only nigga Sade dated, the most hated, Nas nigga[Chorus]  
[Inspectah Deck]  
Roughneck reppin the set, bang 'em twice in the neck  
C.O. flip and jerk the whole yard rec  
Block vets, pop barettas glocks and tecs  
You're no threat, gun talk, the language of the project  
Checkin shorty with the +Black Tail+ stance, leapord pants  
Yellin fuck her man, makin killings off her lap dance  
Plus the young guns runnin the slums, funds is major  
Drugged out, got you huntin for crumbs stuck to the razor  
Semi-autos roar in the building hall  
Symptoms of bloodsport, the slugs are still in wall  
Call it a New York state of mind, gotta take mine  
In the daytime, the Jakes'll hit ya forty-one times  
So I live by the sword and obey hood laws  
Make my team click like high heels on wood floors[Chorus]

Songwriters

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