

# Surviving The Times

Nas

But that's the whole tragic point, my friends  
What, what would I do if I could suddenly feel  
And to know once again that what I feel is real?  
I could cry, I could smile, I might lay back for awhile  
Tell me what, what would I do if I could feel you? I was young, I was survivin' the times  
Waitin' for my moment, I was destined to shine  
Little Ray had an NSX, I was hopin' I'm next  
Wantin' bracelets, never had a rope on my neck  
Unless I was holdin' Taiyeh chain 'Rest In Peace' Even though that night you flipped on us, you warned us  
If you came back and we still on the corners, we goners, movin' on to  
Move your arm and your watch to another time on the block  
'Cause this 40 Side where they say shorty rhyme  
Tragedy he used to come through all the time I'm talkin' Juice Crew, not what the word define  
He had a sister named Erin, for sure was fine  
That was my first crush, I bought my first mic  
I wrote my first verse, I was about nine  
I was about mine, fantasize house-buyin' Met Paul, he wore some big glasses  
Him and Melquan took me where G Rap lived  
I was happy, just gettin' some answers  
I ain't even know what a record advance was I'm seein' hoes sex in the studio bathroom  
With rap dudes, thinkin' wow, she moved me  
Same girl then, right now's a groupie  
Back then she was like the star in the movie Large jewelry and expensive Gucci  
Next stop, Paid In Full posse recruits me  
Knew they were some millionaires, their ropes were dookie  
Eric B man lookin' like touch it he shoot me You see, every time Ra didn't show  
I get to record demos at attempts to blow  
I wonder could they tell, how did they know  
Sixteen years later, here I go What, what, what would I do?  
What, what, what would I do?  
What, what, what would I do?  
What, what, what would I do? I'm with Akinyele in the street, tryin' to get us a deal  
G Rap tried to get us to sign to Cold Chill  
But Fly Ty didn't have the contract we wanted  
Clark Kent just signed Das, he didn't want us Russell said I sounded like G, the nigga fronted  
Reef and Matty C offered me a little money  
Shit, a little funny, feel a little laughter  
Rebel of hip-hop comin' through a white rapper My boy MC Serch nevertheless  
Took me to Columbia, back then CBS

Chris Schwartz, RuffHouse, he was the best man  
Now buggin' 'cause the label had just dropped Def Jam  
Could you picture Russell needin' a check, man?  
But he smart, he plotted a plan for Polygram  
Life is ill, again life's a movie  
Then, the roster's Cypress Hill, Nas, and Fugees  
Before I sold records, no promotion  
The rap world like, what's all this commotion?  
Went plat', mad bottles I'm toasting  
20/20 hindsight, but how did they know then  
What, what, what would I do?  
What, what, what would I do?  
What, what, what would I do?  
Invincible, lyrical, miracle man, huh  
But back to the matter at hand  
'Cause ten years ago we all strived to be twenty-five  
Some cats didn't make it alive  
Dated some stars but respect their privacy  
Copped mad cars, layin' back in the driver's seat  
Held myself down, just steerin' the wheel  
Here I am, completed my whole record deal  
What, what, what would I do?  
What, what, what would I do?  
What, what, what would I do?  
What would I do if I could reach inside of me?  
And to know how it feels to say, I like what I see

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