The Don

Fab 5

New York girls, them are bad over there(x4)
Nas, the Don (x8)
In a New York city (x4)
Yeah,
Smokin' an escubano
Guzzle my second bottle
Hope I dont catch a homo
Simultaneously making me climb higher,
Henious crimes behind me
Search but can't find me
Fuck sadness
Had this been you, havin' this lavish
Habitual happiness at me,
You wouldn't look backwards
You would have sex on condominium roof decks
So anyone move next
I'll hit you with two techs
Rockin' Roberto Cavalli no shirt,
On convertable Mazy
My Columbiana mommy ridin' beside me
Every tat' mean somethin'
Thats the word on my body
I'll have to learn somethin' with that Mossberg shotty
My niggas is ignorant
Put lead in your pigment
Just 'cause y'all was mad over the years
I was gettin' it
In 97, the six
98 the Bentley
Now it's the Ghost Phantom
And y'all can't stand 'em, but -
Nas the Don (x8)
In a New York city (x4)
Army jacket swag
Army jacket green and black
Wit' the square top pocket that snaps
Where the gas at?
Pass that, not you
You hold crack in your ass crack

I never did that,
My socks were where my stacks were at, yo'
Yo', I used to listen to that red alert and rap attack
I fell in love with all that poetry, I mastered that
Cuttin' school with Preme Team
The phat cat was at
Future not crystal clear yet, Baccarat
Now I'm the one thats reppin' Queens
Way beyond your wildest dreams
Bottles on bottles with sparklers,
Surround my team
That long cash gets the baddest bitches out they' jeans
20 years in this game, lookin' 17
I dont lean; no codeine, promethazine
I just blow green
Pick which bitch to bless the king
Although he's onto another chapter
Heavy D gave this beat to Salaam
For me to rap to.
(Raaah!)
Nas the Don (x8)
In a New York city (x4)
New York is like an island
A big Riker's island
The cops be out wildin',
All I hear is sirens
It's all about survivin',
Same old two steps
Try'na stay alive when
They be out robbin'
I been out rhymin'
Since born knowledge,
Like prophet Muhammad
Say the ink from a scholar
Worth more than the blood of a martyr
So I'mma,
Keep it on till I see a billion dollars
Keep your friends close
And your enemies closer
Love model Chocha,
Mommy pop it like she s'posed to
Eyes red shot,
Like I'm never sober
Big time smoker
Indonesia doja

Maybe means you can hold up
Before you get all wet up from my soldiers
Don shit
Under fire, I remain on some calm shit
This for every ghetto and the hood
Nas the Don and Supercat Don Dotta
Understood.
Nas the Don (x8)
In a New York city (x4)

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