Ether

Nas

Fuck Jay-Z
What's up niggas, ay yo
I know you ain't talkin' 'bout me dog
You, what? Fuck Jay-Z
You been on my dick nigga
You love my style, nigga
Fuck Jay-Z"
(I)
Fuck with your soul like ether
(Will)
Teach you the king you know you
(Not)
"God's son", across the belly
(Lose)
I prove you lost already
Brace yourself for the main event
Y'all impatiently waitin'
It's like an AIDS test, what's the results?
Not positive, who's the best? Pac, Nas and Big
Ain't no best, East, West, North, South, flossed out, greedy
I embrace y'all with napalm
Blows up, no guts, left chest, face gone
How could Nas be garbage?
Semi-autos at your cartilage
Burner at the side of your dome, come outta my throne
I got this, locked since '9-1
I am the truest, name a rapper that I ain't influenced
Gave y'all chapters but now I keep my eyes on the Judas
With Hawaiian' Sophie fame, kept my name in his music, check it
(I)
Fuck with your soul like ether
(Will)
Teach you the king you know you
(Not)
"God's son", across the belly
(Lose)
I prove you lost already
Ay yo, pass me the weed
Pour my ashes out on these niggas man

(No doubt)
Ay, y'all faggots, y'all kneel
And kiss the fuckin' ring
(I)
Fuck with your soul like ether
(Will)
Teach you the king you know you
(Not)
"God's son", across the belly
(Lose)
I prove you lost already
I've been fucked over, left for dead, dissed and forgotten
Luck ran out, they hoped that I'd be gone, stiff and rotten
Y'all just piss on me, shit on me, spit on my grave
Talk about me, laugh behind my back but in my face
Y'all some "Well wishers", friendly actin', envy hidin' snakes
With your hands out for my money, man, how much can I take?
When these streets keep callin', heard it when I was sleep
That this Gay-Z and Cockafella Records wanted beef
Started cockin' up my weapon, slowly loadin' up this ammo
To explode it on a camel, and his soldiers, I can handle
This for dolo and it's manuscript, just sound stupid
When KRS already made an album called Blueprint
First, Biggie's ya man, then you got the nerve
To say that you better than Big
Dick suckin' lips, won't you let the late, great veteran live
(I will not lose)
"God's son" across the belly, I prove you lost already
The king is back, where my crown at?
(Ill Will)
Ill Will rest in peace, let's do it niggas
(I)
Fuck with your soul like ether
(Will)
Teach you the king you know you
(Not)
"God's son", across the belly
(Lose)
I prove you lost already
Y'all niggas deal with emotions like bitches
What's sad is I love you 'cause you're my brother
You traded your soul for riches
My child, I've watched you grow up to be famous
And now I smile like a proud dad, watchin' his only son that made it
You seem to be only concerned with dissin' women

Were you abused as a child, scared to smile, they called you ugly?
Well, life is hard, hug me, don't reject me
Or make records to disrespect me, blatant or indirectly
In '88 you was gettin' chased through your buildin'
Callin' my crib and I ain't even give you my numbers
All I did was gave you a style for you to run with
Smilin' in my face, glad to break bread with the God
Wearin' Jaz chains, no tecs, no cash, no cars
No jail bars Jigga, no pies, no case
Just Hawaiian shirts, hangin' with little Chase
You a fan, a phony, a fake, a pussy, a Stan
I still whip your ass, you thirty-six in a karate class
You Tae-bo hoe, tryna' work it out, you tryna' get brolic?
Ask me if I'm tryna' kick knowledge
Nah, I'm tryna' kick the shit you need to learn though
That ether, that shit that make your soul burn slow
Is he Dame Diddy, Dame Daddy or Dame Dummy?
Oh, I get it, you Biggie and he's Puffy
Rockafeller died of AIDS, that was the end of his chapter
And that's the guy y'all chose to name your company after?
Put it together, I rock hoes, y'all rock fellas
And now y'all try to take my spot, fellas?
Philly's hot rock fellas, put you in a dry spot, fellas
In a pine box with nine shots from my glock, fellas
Foxy got you hot 'cause you kept your face in her puss
What you think, you gettin' girls now 'cause of your looks?
Negro please, you no mustache havin', with whiskers like a rat
Compared to Beans you wack
And your man stabbed Un and made you take the blame
You ass, went from Jaz to hangin' with Caine, to Herb, to Big
And, Eminem murdered you on your own shit
You a dick-ridin' faggot, you love the attention
Queens niggas run you niggas, ask Russell Simmons
Ha, R O C get gunned up and clapped quick
J.J. Evans get gunned up and clapped quick
Your whole damn record label gunned up and clapped quick
Shaun Carter to Jay-Z, damn you on Jaz dick
So little shorty's gettin' gunned up and clapped quick
How much of Biggie's rhymes is gon' come out your fat lips?
Wanted to be on every last one of my classics
You pop shit, apologize, nigga, just ask Kiss

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