On the Real

Nas

Yeah, yeah, on the, on the, on the
On the real, all you crab niggaz know the dealFinally up in this nigga
Let's pay homage to Illmatic
Let's put the crown where it's at
10 years never been done this real by nobodyTo my seed, may I lead you into no greed or evil
In the categories of stories I breed my sequel
You know the money, blues, blunts, broken 22's
Monkey see, monkey doShorty sipping sunny dew
Now it's V S O P in a phantom, mad smoky
Murder trees, cruisin' gat in the stash so it won't poke me
Up in the Trump Plaza, Suite 3010, don't make no noise'Cause we dirty tell them hoes hurry in
We got the room lit up with perfume and mad boom
And there's video taping bloomin' ass's on the zoomin' lens
Rollin' on you nondescript niggazYou're marked for death like Colombians with bad coke that gyp niggaz
Tilt the dutch, twisted up the uwee if you're skilled enough
In will we trust, salute the dead the nine mili bustsThat verse is 10 years old, 9 1/2 years old
Street's Disciple
The Rebirth comin' at you this year baby
It's on babyYeah to the hood, may this be the day that we pop them bottles
This is mandatory, what if there's not tomorrow?
You know the murder rate, jealousy, you heard 'em say
He say, she say, I'm bout cheddar, he don't deserve to makeSippin' clear liquor with niggaz, that talk sideways
Listenin' close, to every word in case they violate
Up in the projects Apartment 5D
Spark a lea' it's bout da reed, countin' everything the block seeWe 'bout to need to take the corners from them cowards
Get it on so y'all can move more coke powder, by the hour
Hold in case we gotta rip niggaz
Loaded teflon coated projectiles'll flip niggazFrom ninth grade to lightweight to grams to my
Mans with guns in hand
Police vans, they missed the summers againYeah, power to the people
Death to the phonies
This beast to the mic 1, 2 check
Y'all fed-e-rallies on meAnd they look like you approachin' me like how you, homie?
The F B I see only one problem, they try to slump me
After the young black male 'cuz he makes a lot of money
So hustlers make crack sales 'cuz they deprived and hungryMy country hates that I could run free state to state with hunnies
While makin' cake with real golded plate rims on Hum-V's

The bush stroker, the kush smoker, nigga
Just when you thought it was over look over your shouldersI'm 30 now, baby sip drinks and sip 'em slow
Motto no stress, smokin' less than I did befo'
You see the kid was broke till I spitted vivid expressions of hard
Livin ghetto children, of a lesser god, religion was fast women
Expensive cars y'all witnessin' over 10 years

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