

Book Of Rhymes (Money Mike blend)

Nas

Alchemist you know me man
I'm the type of nigga that write rhymes right on the spot in the studio
Soon as I hear the track, you know what I'm saying?
Word but I wanted to bring a couple of books to the studio today
Man I found these shits up in the crib man in boxes man
I don't even remember when I was writing these shits
Or what's in these shits man probably a bunch of bullshit man
Fuck it check it How can I trust you when I can't trust me?
Picture myself a old man a O.G.
Some niggas will conversate with liars all day
Time pass (Nah lemme start somethin' else)
Soul on ice death threats given by clowns
I guess livin' is prison when you live around clowns
I'm hexed cursed worse I been blessed first
I thought I was abnormal cause I would overcome any tasked called to
So there it is I'ma prince I'ma get slain
Some do minor shit swear they on the top of they game
Ya rhymin' is called "Vagina Monologue"
It kinda supports theories of scary niggas who should lie in the morgue
Rarely y'all come in contact with the real
Since Pun passed he was the last shine of sun I could feel
Yo said there's a few left since music's expressions of life
Damn I wish I took more time to write in my book of rhymes Oh shit Tina, I been lookin' for this bitch number
damn.
No this rhyme is weak,
This is week I remember this bullshit right here
(My Book of Rhymes)
Gandhi was a, what the fu? Gandhi was a fool, nigga fight to the death
The US Army is a school that teach ya plights of conquest
(I wonder when I wrote this. Nah it's weak)
The money's ya religion sky the limit live life
Numbers is big business makes the poor live trife
The glimmers of hope provoke those without dollars to dream
Through your existence become wealthy knowledge is king
Pimps and card sharks thieves murderers with hard luck
Addicts and fiends prostitutes passin' for teens is my society
Cops that shoot blacks is routine for notoriety
Grow up watchin' well dressed niggas with charms
Beautiful ladies on their arms

Dangerous new cars was my fantasy for Nas
Rubbin my lips with Campophenique
Still behind the ears wet turned out to be
Pioneers vets amongst hustlers crack sellers and liars and squares,
(Nah that was weak there)
My people be projects or jail never Harvard or Yale
Pardon me type in my 2way while I'm chargin' my cell
It's hard to be iced up with Gucci god poverty's real
I can't fight you cause you would sue me niggas be groupies
I see imitators tryin' to make albums spittin' my style
And they don't even realize that I notice they stealing Nas' shit
I pump some Rick James with that Teena Marie
My nina lean on me like Swoop it's crap this can't be
My book of rhymes This can't be my book of rhymes writing this bullshit!
(My Book of Rhymes)
Nah neva that fuck that, aw why you laughin' Alchemist?
Huh you a funny nigga, naw yeah
(My Book of Rhymes)
I'm tellin' you I'ma come up with some new shit now
Fuck that I'ma write again now fuck that
I musta been high on some shit mmm what the fuck is this? Look how we treat pregnancy women in the 'hood
Our values so low our values are no good
Things our mothers told us we should of heeded
Cause now we need it
We older almost able to
I'm jealous of you how come you so beautiful?
Smelling fresh youthful intelligent while I'm stressin' and shit
Aiyo I envy you 'cause all you do is smile and things come your way
Such a innocent child is what some say
I get upset 'cause I just want to be treated the way you are
Like a star not a worry in this world thus far
But wait a minute we both need ya mother's attention
I must be crazy jealous of my own baby infant
(Kinda crazy)

Songwriters

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