Get Down

Nas

Get, get, get down
Uh uh uh
New York streets where killers'll walk like Pistol Pete
And Pappy Mason, gave the young boys admiration
Prince from Queens and Fritz from Harlem
Street legends, the drugs kept the hood from starvin'
Pushin' cars, Nicky Barnes was the 70's
But there's a long list of high profile celebrities
Worldwide on the thorough side of things
Livest kings, some died, one guy, one time one day grabs me
As I'm about to blast heat
40 side of Vernon, I turned well he asked me
"Whatchu up to?, The cops gon' bust you"
I was a teen drunk off brew, stumbled I wondered
If God sent him, 'cause two squad cars entered the block
And looked at us, I ain't flinch when they watched
I took it upstairs, the bathroom mirror, brushed my hair
Starin' at a young disciple, I almost gave my life to what the dice do
Yeah man, throwin' them bones
Hopin' my ace get his case thrown
His girl ain't wait for him, she in the world straight hoein'
While he lookin' at centerfolds of pretty girls
Showin' they little cooch, gangstas don't die he's livin' proof
The D A who tried him was lyin'
A white dude, killed his mother durin' the case
Hung jury, now the D A is bein' replaced
Pre trial hearin' is over, it's real for the soldier
Walks in the courtroom, the look in his eyes is wild
Triple homicide, I sit in the back aisle
I wanna crack a smile when I see him
Throw up a fist for black power, 'cause all we want is his freedom
He grabbed a court officer's gun and started squeezin'
Then he grabbed the judge, screams out nobody leavin' everybody
Get down, get down, get down, get down
Get, get, get, get, ge-get, get, get, get down
(Everybody)
Get down, get down, get down, get down
Get, ge-get, get, get, get, get, get down
Some niggaz fuck they enemies in they ass when they catch 'em

Weird ass niggaz are dangerous, so don't test 'em
They make you, disappear, this a year that I won't forget

Sold CD's double platinum, met mo' execs
Southern niggaz, independent label, real killers
Know the business, ran Tennessee for years, now they chillin'
They had the coke game, somethin' crazy
Sold music out the trunk of they car, that shit amazed me
Put me onto heron blunts, sherm or somethin'
Took a puff, what the fuck, I turned to punch them
Southern niggaz ain't slow, nigga tried to play me
I left from around them dudes, they cool but they crazy
Now I'm back around the old school that raised me
New York gangstas, we loungin', out in L A see
A dude wrote my dawg from Pelican Bay
The letter say, "Nas, I got your back the fools don't play"
I rolled with some Crips down to a Crenshaw funeral
Never saw so many men slaughtered and I knew the ho responsible
The nigga still alive in a hospital
Midnight they crept in his room and shot the doctor too
See my cousin's in the game, thuggin' and things
He plugged me with a dame who was half Mexicano
Gave the ass up, I'm a mack daddy Soprano
She passed me the indigo, but the imbecile
Shoulda never tippy toed, thought my eyes were closed
Openin' the hotel room door, to let her goons in
But I moved in a manner, on some Jet Li shit
I let the hammers blow, wet three kids
See honey thought I had somethin' to do, with all the drama
'Cause I was with a crew, that had her people killed
Called up my cousin, told him I ain't fuckin' witchu
He responded cool, but told me out here this how motherfuckers
Get down, get down, get down, get down
Get, get, get, get, ge-get, get, get, get down
(Everybody)
Get down, get down, get down, get down
Get, ge-get, get, get, get, get, get down
All I really gotta say is that
If that's how our people gon' get down, how we ever gon' get up?
How we ever gon' get up if that's how we get down?
A shame when you ain't look at it
My folk is yo' folk, but we all kinfolk
Somebody gotta make a change

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