2nd Childhood

Nas

Yeah, hahaha"Cause when I flow the for the street"
Who else could it be"
"Nas"Yo
Explode, my thoughts were drunken from quarts of beers
Was years back, before Nasir would explore a career in rap
As a music dude, I mastered this Rubik's Cube
Godzilla, fought Gargantua, eyes glued to the tube
Was a, long time ago, John Boy Ice
Geronimo po-lice jumping out Chryslers, easywider paper
Pops puffin his sess, punching his chest like a gorilla
Outside was psychoes, killers
Saw Divine, Goon and Chungo, Lil' Turkey
R.I.P. Tyrone, 'member no cursing front of Ms. Vercey
Big Percy, Crazy Paul, the Sledge Sisters
My building was 40-16, once in the blue, hallways was clean
I knew, all that I'd seen had meant something
Learned early, to fear none little Nas was hunting
Living carefree laughing, got jokes on the daily
Y'all acting like some old folks y'all don't hear me
Yo I'm in my second childhood"Cause when I flow the for the street"
"Who else could it be"
"N-A-S"
"Nas"
"Resurrect, through the birth of my seed"
"Queensbridge"
"Make everything right"
"Get yours, nigga""Cause when I flow the for the street"
"Who else could it be"
"N-A-S"
"Nas"
"Resurrect, through the birth of my seed"
"Queensbridge"
"Make everything right"
"Get yours, nigga"Yo, dude is 31, living in his moms crib
Ex-convict, was paroled there after his long bid
Cornrows in his hair, still slinging, got a crew
They break his moms furniture, watching Comicview
Got babies by different ladies high smoking L's
In the same spot he stood since, eighty-five well

When his stash slow, he be crazy
Say he by his moms, hit her on her payday
Junior high school dropout, teachers never cared
They was paid just to show up and leave, no one succeeds
So he moves with his peers, different blocks, different years
Sitting on, different benches like it's musical chairs
All his peoples moved on in life, he's on the corners at night
With young dudes it's them he want to be like
It's sad but it's fun to him right? He never grew up
31 and can't give his youth, he's in his second childhood"Cause when I flow the for the street"
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"Get yours, nigga"Baby girl she's always talking name dropping hanging late
Drinking smoking hates her baby daddy, craves shopping
E popping Ecstasy taking, won't finish her education
Best friend she keeps changing, stuck with limitations
Lusting men, many hotels, Fendi Chanel
With nothing in her bank account fronting she do well
Her kid suffers he don't get that love he deserve
He the Sun, she the Earth, single mom, even worse
No job never stay working, mad purty
Shorty they call her the brain surgeon
Time flying she the same person, never matures
All her friends married doing well
She's in the streets yakkety yakkin like she was 12
Honey is twenty-seven, argues fights
Selfish in her own right, polite, guess she's in her second childhood"Cause when I flow the for the street"
"Who else could it be"
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