The Cross

Partybreaker

I carry the cross, if Virgin Mary had an abortion
I'd still be carried in the chariot by stampeding horses
Had to bring it back to New York
I'm happy that the streets is back in New York
For you rappers, I carry the cross
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Y'all can keep y'all weak beats from your corny producers
There's a new king in the streets, you're gonna get used to
I was the old king in the streets, that y'all once hated
But now I reinvented myself and y'all all waited
Nas, N.A.S. mean Niggaz Against Society
Noisy I aim not silently, noose all surroundin' me
I hang 'em, I string 'em up ain't no thing I just drop 'em
To which doctor you copped and you locked and it ain't what it was
I changed it up from that pop shit it's hard to see R&B
Rappers arguably, started fuckin' up the game horribly
'Cause, I parted the sea, then these novices targeted me
Bitches infatuated say they love me, lyin' to me
What I've discovered is my brother's tryin' to be
The next me, yeah I support him but he's blinded I see
Jealousy he love me to death, am I buggin'? I love him for life
We both still mournin' on our mother's life
And I don't need much but a Dutch, a bitch to fuck
A six, a truck, some guns to bust
I wish it was that simple, the last emperor, hit yo' ass
With the nasty Nas, diary, get out my path
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I can't keep a bitch 'cause none of them come up for a little less
I can't be too rich, too many hoes lined up for sex
I can't rest until my niggaz in houses with pretty maids
Water and flowers in 'em
While my niggaz walk around in they trousers grinnin'
Gotta keep a lot of heat, 30 cals 10 millimeters
40 cals plus the heckler to set y'all straight
You too light? I shoot your freckles out
You too dark? The infrared show you what the tech about
Huh? I'm stressin' out, need more offices for bosses
Secretaries and meetings with big sharks, who mad greedy
We can sell mo', boats on the coast
Give, coats to the po' and give hope to the broke then live low
But that ain't reality, I look happy but under the sky
You see a nigga who know, out of three women 2 out of 3
Will love you but lead you to they own hidden evil
Bitch you the reason niggaz be beefin', hoe get on
Posed to be earth, ain't worth the pussy that you sit on
From here on, it's a new day, million dollars ain't what it was yesterday
Many problems, many niggaz, most involved but they fake
Hope y'all relate
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