

Stillmatic (the Intro)

Nas

Uhh, y'know, I still run with that, that blood of a slave
Boilin' in my veins, it's just hot
Until a nigga can't take it no more
Blood of a slave, heart of a king turn my voice up Ayyo, the brother's stillmatic
I crawled up out of that grave, wipin' the dirt, cleanin' my shirt
They thought I'd make another illmatic
But it's always forward, I'm movin' Never backwards stupid here's another classic
C notes is fallin' from the sky, by now the credits roll
They're starrin' Nas, executive poet, produced directed by
The Kid Slash Escobar narration describes The lives of lost tribes in the ghetto tryin' to survive
The feature opens with this young black child, fingers scratched
Cigarette burns on the sofa, turnin' the TV down
While Mary Jane girls, 45's playin', soft in the background Food from C Town's, mornings was hash browns
Stepped over dopefiends, walkin' out the door, all of us poor
I learned the difference between the snitches
The real ones, and who's soft and the murderous, hungriest crews People jumping from roofs, shotguns
pumping, made it through my youth
Walking very thin lines, ages seven and nine
That's the age I was on my album cover, this is the rebirth
I know the streets thirst water like Moses Walking through the hot desert searching to be free
This is my ending and my new beginning nostalgia
Alpha and Omega places, it's like a glitch in 'The Matrix'
I seen it all, did it all, most of y'all will pop for a minute Spit a sentence then the game'll get rid of y'all
Y'all got there but y'all didn't get it all, I want my style back
Hate to cease y'all plan it's the rap repo man
To them double up hustlers, bidders, niggaz who real Professionals, stickup kids dreamin' for mills
Let my words guide you, get inside you
From Crip to Pirus this is survival
Blood of a slave, heart of a king
Blood of a slave, heart of a king
Blood of a slave, heart of a king, braveheart

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