Halftime

Lazlow

Right...Check me out y'all, Nasty Nas in your area
About to cause mass hysteriaBefore a blunt, I take out my fronts
Then I start to front, matter of fact, I be on a manhunt
You couldn't catch me in the streets without a ton of reefer
That's like Malcolm X catching the Jungle Fever
King poetic, too much flava, Im major
Atlanta and braver, I pull a number like a pager
'cause I'm am ace when I face the bass
40 side is the place that is giving me grace
Now wait, another dose and you might be dead
And I'm a Nike head, i wear chains that excite the feds
And aint' a damn thing gonna change
I'm a perform a strange show the mic wonder was born the game?
Nas, why did you do it
You know you got the mad fat fluid when you rhyme, it's halftimeRight...
It's halftime...It's like that, you know it's like that
I got at him, now you never get the mic back
When I attack, there ain't an army that could strike back
So I react never calmly on a hype track
I set it off wit my own rhyme
'cause I'm as ill as a convict who kills for phone time
I'm max like cassettes, I flex like sex
In your stereo sets, Nas will catch wreck
I used to hustle, now all I do is relax and strive
When I was young, I was a fan of the Jackson 5
I drop jewels, wear jewels hope to never run it
Wit more kicks than a baby in a mother's stomach
Nasty Nas has to rise, kid, surprise
This is exercise til the microphone dies
Back in '83, I was an MC sparking
But I was too scared to grab the mic's in the park and
Kick my little raps 'cause I thought niggaz wouldn't understand
And now in every jam I'm the phucking man
I rap in front of more niggaz than in the slave ships
I used to watch C.H.I.P.S, now I load glock clips
I got to have it, I miss Mr Magic
Versatile, my style switches like a faggot
But not bisexual, I'm an intellectual
Of rap, I'm a professional and that's no question, yo

These are the lyrics of the man, you can't near it, understand
'cause in the streets, I'm well known like the number man
In my place wit the bass and format
Explore rap and tell me Nas ain't all that
And next time I rhyme, I be fould whenever I freestyle
I see trial niggaz say I'm wow
I hate a rhyme biter's rhyme
Stay tuned, Nas, soon the real rap comes at halftimeRight...
It's halftimeI got it going on, even flip 'em on this song
Every afternoon, I kick half the tune
And in the darkness, I'm heartless like when the narcs hit
Word to marcus Garvey I hardly sparked it
'cause when I blast the herb, that's my word
I be slaying them fast, doing this, that in the third
But chill, past the Andre and let's lay
I bag bitches up at John Jay and hit a mantinee
Putting hits on 5-0
'cause when it's my time to go, I wait for God wit the fo-fo
And biters can't come near
And yo, go to hell to the foul cop who shot Garcia
I won't plant seeds, don't need an extra mouth I can't feed
That's extra Phillie change, more cash for that weed
This goes out to Manhatten, the island of Staten
Brooklyn, Queens is living fat and
The Boogie Down, enuff props, enuff clout
Illwill, rest in peace, yo, I'm outRight...
It's still halftime

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