

One Time 4 Your Mind

Nas

Yeah, it's illmatic

Yeah

It's illmatic

Yeah

It's illmatic

Yeah, kick that shit One time for your mind, one time

Yeah, whatever

One time for your mind, one time

Yo, whatever

One time for your mind, one time

Aiyyo Nas

Whattup Paul?

Kick that fuckin' rhyme Check it out

When I'm chillin', I grab the Buddha, get my crew to buy beers

And watch a flick, illin' and root for the villian

Plus every morning, I go out and love it sort of chilly

Then I send a shorty from my block to the store for Phillies

After being blessed by the herb's essence

I'm back to my rest, ten minutes some odd seconds

That's where I got the honey at, spends the night for sexing

Cheap lubrication, lifestyle protection Picking up my stereo's remote control quickly

Ron G's in the cassette deck, rockin' the shit, G

I try to stay mellow, rock

Well acapella rhymes'll make me richer

Than a slipper made Cinderella fella

Go get your crew, Hobbes, I'm prepared to bomb troops

Got niggaz who's born, I shot my way out my mom dukes

When I was ten, I was a hip-hoppin' shorty wop

Known for rocking microphones and twisting off a 40 top, yeah One time for your mind, one time

Yeah, whatever

One time for your mind, one time

It sound clever

Hey yo Nas, fuck that, man that shit was fat

But kick that for them gangstas man, fuck all that Right, right, what up niggaz, how y'all, it's nasty the villian

I'm still writin' rhymes but besides that I'm chillin'

I'm trying to get this money, God, you know the hard times, kid

Shit, cold be starvin' make you wanna do crimes kid

But I'ma lamp, 'cuz a crime couldn't beat a rhyme

Niggaz catching 3 to 9's, Muslims yelling free the mind

And I'm from Queens bridge, been to many places
As a kid when I would say that out of town, niggaz chased us
But now I know the time, got a older mind Plus control a nine, fine, see now I represent mine
I'm new on the rap scene, brothers never heard of me
Yet I'm a menace, yo, police wanna murder me
Heine dark drinker, represent the thinker
My pen rides the paper, it even has blinkers
Think I'll dim the lights then inhale, it stimulates
Floating like I'm on the North 95 Interstate
Never plan to stop, when I write my hand is hot
And expand a lot from the wiz to Camelot The parlayer, I'll make ya heads bop pah
I shine a light on perpetrators like a cop's car
From day to night, I play the mic and you'll thank God
I wreck shit so much, the microphone'll need a paint job
My brain is incarcerated
Live at any jam, I couldn't count all the parks I raided
I hold a Mac-11, and attack the reverend
I contact 11 L's and Max in heaven Yo, one time for your mind, one time
It sound clever
But one time for your mind, one time
Yeah, whatever
One time for your mind, one time Yo, from ninety-two to ninety-nine
Yeah, that shit was greasy fat Paul, know what I'm sayin'?
But check it, you gotta another verse for me
I want you to kick it, you know what I'm sayin'?
Kick that shit from the projects

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