Loco-Motive

Nas

42nd street terminalYo, yo, I live it and I speak it
My religion is reefer
Big money and the most
Uninhibited freak to sleep with
My visions are realistic
Nothing is figurative
I can wish it into existence
God want this nigga to live
Blunt big as a dread
I get high and forget who bled
Who we stomp-kicked in the head and who we left for dead
Who are you niggas
Why argue niggas
The truth is the truth
I really put my scars on niggas
They wear them lifetime, they tell they hoes, Nas did this
Pointing to they scars like
Right here, baby, really Nas did this
Like a badge of honor, not bragging I'm just honest
War stories we tell them, nothing's realer than karma
Sip prohibition liquor, prohibition whiskey
Rap Jack Dempsey, matte black Bentley, pimply
Shatterin' your silence, passing round the chalice
Due to my Indian ancestry at the weed dispensery
Official kings and gents is who I mix and mingle with
Fuck your ice
I rock rubies, amethyst
I'll fuck your wife cause she a groupie, scandalous
This for my bad hood bitches, ghetto glamorousYo, what we talking bout niggas
What we talking bout niggas
This is Nas, what, Nas
What, Nasty, what recollect fuckerAt seventeen I made seventeen thousand living in public housing
Integrity intact, repping hard
They asking how he disappear and reappear back on top
Saying Nas must have naked pictures of God or something
To keep winning is my way like Francis
As long as I'm breathing, I'll take chances
A soldier comin' home, twenty years old with no legs
Sayin' there's no sense to cry and complain, just go head

So much to write and say, yo I don't know where to start
So I'll begin with the basics and flow from the heart
I know you think my life is good cause my diamond piece
But my life been good since I started finding peace
I shouldn't even be smiling, I should be angry and depressed
I been rich longer than I been broke, I confess
I started out broke, got rich, lost paper then made it back
Like Trump being up down up, play with cashMy nigga's like a locomotive
Nas, we push it, mush 'em
Queensbridge to Bushwick
Harlem
Bronx
All that
You ain't even supposed to be here
You know where you atAt night, New York, eat a slice too hot
Use my tongue to tear the skin hanging from the roof of my mouth
Shit was felicissimo melting pot, city sweltering hot
Staggering, drunker than those cops that 2Pac shot
I was a crook by the train with that iron thing, concealed
Reaching, soon as I heard them iron wheels screeching
When it came to a halt whoever walked off got caught
Token man safe behind a locked door for sure
Minor thief shit, minor league shit, beasting
Looking for the juks young, but now we older chiefing
In my truck, play The Greatest Adventures of Slick Rick
Bugging on how his imagination was so sick
It's ghetto beef, sinister niggas snicker through yellow teeth
Alcohol aging my niggas faster than felonies
How dare I
Must be, something in the air that corrupts me
Look at my upkeep, owned and sublease
I'm here y'allThis for my trapped in the 90s niggas
For my trapped in the 90s niggas
Ha for y'all niggas

Songwriters
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