Stillmatic (The Intro)

Nas

Uh, you know I still run with that, that blood of a slave
Boiling 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 upAyo, the brother is "stillmatic"
I crawled up out of that grave, wiping the dirt, cleaning my shirt
They thought I'll make another "illmatic"
But it's always forward I'm movingNever backwards stupid here's another classic
See-notes is falling from the sky
By now the credits roll starring nas executive poet, produced, directed by
The kid slash escobarNarration describes the lives and laws tribes in the ghetto trying to survive
The feature opens with this young black child
Finger scratch, cigarette burns on the sofa, turning the tv down
Mary jane girls, 45's playing, soft in the backgroundFood from see-town's mornings was hash browns
Stepped over dope fiends, walking out the door, all of us paw
I learned the difference between the snitches, the real ones, and who's soft
And the murderous, hungriest crewsPeople 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 MosesWalking through the hot desert searching to be free
This is my end and my new beginning nostalgia
Out for the in a mega places, it's like a glitch in the matrix
I seen it at all, did it all, most of why'all been pop for a minuteSpitters, sinners and the game 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 reaper man
To them double up hustlers, bidders, niggaz who realProfessionals, stick up childs dreaming for meals
Let my words guide you, get inside you
From crypts to pirals this is survivalBlood of a slave, heart of a king
Blood of a slave, heart of a king
Uh, uh blood of a slave, heart of a king
Uh, yea
Huh, braveheart

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