Got Ur Self A...

Nas

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Woke up this mornin', (yeah)
You got yo'self a gun (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Got yo'self a gunYo, I'm livin' in this time behind enemy lines so[Chorus]
I got mine, I hope you (got yo'self a gun)
You from the hood I hope you (got yo'self a gun)
You want beef? I hope ya (got yo'self a gun)
And when I see you I'ma take what I want
So, you tried to front, hope ya (got yo'self a gun)
You ain't real, hope ya (got yo'self a gun)My, first album had no famous guest appearances
The outcome: I'm crowned the best lyricist
Many years on this professional level
Why would you question who's better? The world is still mine
Tattoos real with "God's Son" across the belly
The boss of rap, you saw me in "Belly" with thoughts like that
To take it back to Africa, I did it with Biggie
Me and Tupac were soldiers of the same struggle
You lames should huddle, your team's shook
Y'all feel the wrath of a killer, 'cause this is my football field
Throwin' passes from a barrel, shoulder pads apparel
But the Q.B. don't stand for no quarterback
Every word is like a sawed-off blast, 'cause y'all all soft
And I'm the black hearse that came to haul y'all ass in
It's for the hood by the corner store
Many try, many die, come at Nas if you want a war, get it bloody, uh[Chorus]Yo, I'm the N the A to the S-I-R
And If I wasn't, I must've been Escobar
You know the kid got his chipped tooth fixed
Hair parted with a barber's preciseness, Bravehearted for life
It's the return of the Golden Child, son of a blue's player
So who are you playa? Y'all awaited the true savior
Puffin' that tropical, cups of that Vodka too
Papi chu', tore up, wake up in a hospital
Throw up? Never, 'member I do this through righteous steps

You Judists thought I was gone, so in light of my death
Y'all been all happy-go-lucky, bunch of sambos
Call me "God's Son", with my pants low
I don't die slow, put them rags up like Petey Pablo
This is Nasdaq dough, in my Nascar with this Nas flow
Flip the beat back, now it's all reppin'
Hit the record sto', never let me go, get my whole collection, yo[Chorus]It's, the, return of the Prince, the boss
This is real hardcore, Kid Rock and Limp Bizkit's soft
Sip Cris', get chips, wrist gliss, I floss
Stick shift, look sick up in that Boxter Porsche
With the top cut off, rich kids go and cop The Source
They don't know about the blocks I'm on
And everybody want to know where the kid go? Where he rest at?
Where he shop at and dress at?
Know he got dough, where does he live? Is he still in the bridge?
Does he really know how ill that he is?
Got all of y'all watchin' my moves, my watch and my jewels
Hop in my coupe, dodge interviews like that
It's not only my jewels, ice anything, plenty chains
Look at my tennis shoes, I iced that
Who am I? The back-twister, lingerie-ripper
Automatic leg-spreader, quicker brain-getter
Keepin' it gangsta wit' ya, uh[Chorus: x2]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/