

# Book Of Rhymes

Nas

Alchemist, you know me, man  
I'm the type of nigga that write rhymes  
Right on the spot in the studio soon as I hear the track  
You know what I'm sayin'?

Word, but I wanted to bring a couple of books  
To the studio today, man, I found these shits  
Up in the crib, man, in boxes, man  
I don't even remember when I was writing these shits  
Or what's in these shits, man, probably a bunch of bullshit  
Fuck it, check it

How can I trust you when I can't trust me?  
Picture myself a old man, a O.G.  
Some niggas will conversate with liers all day, time pass  
Nah, lemme start somethin' else  
Soul on ice, death threats given by clowns  
I guess livin' is prison when you live around clowns  
I'm hexed, cursed, worse I been blessed first  
I thought I was abnormal  
'Cause I would overcome any task called to  
So there it is, I'ma prince, I'ma get slain  
Some do minor shit, swear they on the top of they game  
Ya rhymin' is called 'Vagina Monologue'  
It kinda supports theories of scary niggas  
Who should lie in the morgue  
Rarely y'all come in contact with the real  
Since Pun passed, he was the last shine of sun I could feel  
Yo, said, "There's a few left since music's expressions of life"  
Damn, I wish I took more time to write in my Book of Rhymes  
Oh shit, Tina, been lookin' for this bitch number, damn  
No, this rhyme is weak, this is weak  
I remember this bullshit, right here  
My Book of Rhymes  
Gandhi was a, what the fuck?  
Gandhi was a fool, nigga, fight to the death  
The US Army is a school that teach ya plights of conquest  
I wonder when I wrote this, nah it's weak  
The money's ya religion, sky's the limit, live life  
Numbers is big business, makes the poor live trife  
The glimmers of hope provoke those without dollars to dream

Through your existence become wealthy, knowledge is king  
Pimps and card, sharks, thieves, murderers with hard luck  
Addicts and fiends, prostitutes passin' for teens is my society  
Cops that shoot blacks is routine for notoriety  
Grow up watchin' well dressed niggas with charms  
Beautiful ladies on their arms  
Dangerous new cars was my fantasy for Nas  
Rubbin' my lips with Campophenique  
Still behind the ears wet, turned out to be pioneer's vets  
Amongst hustlers, crack sellers and liars and squares  
Nah, that was weak there  
My people be projects or jail, never Harvard or Yale  
Pardon me, type in my two way while I'm chargin' my cell  
It's hard to be iced up with Gucci, God, poverty's real  
I can't fight you 'cause you would sue me, niggas be groupies  
I see imitators tryin' to make albums spittin' my style  
And they don't even realize that I notice they stealin' Nas' shit  
I pump some Rick James with that Teena Marie  
My Nina lean on me like Swoop, it's crap  
This can't be my Book of Rhymes  
This can't be my Book of Rhymes, writin' this bullshit!  
My Book of Rhymes  
Nah, neva that, fuck that, aww, why you laughin' Alchemist?  
Huh, you a funny nigga, nah, yeah  
My Book of Rhymes  
I'm tellin' you, I'ma come up with some new shit now  
Fuck that, I'ma write again now, fuck that  
I musta been high on some shit  
What the fuck is this?  
Look, how we treat pregnancy, women in the 'hood  
Our values so low, our values are no good  
Things our mothers told us, we shoulda heeded  
'Cause now we need it, we older, almost able to  
I'm jealous of you, how come you so beautiful?  
Smelling fresh, youthful, intelligent while I'm stressin' this shit  
Aiyo, I envy you 'cause all you do is smile and things come your way  
"Such a innocent child", is what some say  
I get upset 'cause I just want to be treated the way you are  
Like a star, not a worry in this world thus far  
But wait a minute, we both need ya mother's attention  
I must be crazy, jealous of my own baby infant, kinda crazy

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