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, thiefs, 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 liers 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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