One Time 4 Your Mind

Nas

Yeah, it's illmatic, (yeah.)
It's illmatic, (yeah!)
It's illmatic, huh.
(Yeah, kick that shit.)(One time for your mind, one time.)
Yeah, whatever.
(One time for your mind, one time.)
Yo, whatever.
(One time for your mind, one time.)
(Hey yo, Nas. (Whattup, Paul?) Kick that fuckin' rhyme.)[Nas]
Check it out.
When I'm chilling, I grab the Buddha, get my crew to buy beers,
And watch a flick, illin and root for the villain, huh.
Plus, every morning, I go out and love it, sort of chilly,
Then I send a shorty from my block to the store for phillies.
After being blessed by the herb's essence
I'm back to my rest, ten minutes, some odd seconds.
That's where I got the honey at, spends the night for sexing,
Cheap lubrication, lifestyle protection.
Picking up my stereo's remote control, quickly;
Ron G's in the cassette deck, rockin' the shit, G.
I try to stay mellow, rock, well, acapella rhymes'll
Make me richer than a slipper made Cinderella, fella.
Go get your crew, Hobbes, I'm prepared to bomb troops.
Got niggaz who's born, I shot my way out my mom dukes.
When I was ten, I was a hip-hoppin shorty wop,
Known for rocking microphones and twisting off a forty top, yeah.[Chorus: Nas (LP)]
(One time for your mind, one time.)
Yeah, whatever.
(One time for your mind, one time.)
It sound clever.
(Hey, yo, Nas, fuck that, man, that shit was fat)
(But kick that for them gangstas, man, fuck all that)[Nas]
Right, right, what up niggaz, how y'all? It's Nasty, the villain.
I'm still writin' rhymes, but besides that I'm chillin'.
I'm trying to get this money, God, you know the hard times, kid.
Shit, cold be starvin', make you want to do crimes, kid.
But I'm a lamp, 'cause a crime couldn't beat a rhyme.
Niggas catching three to nines, Muslims yelling free the mind,
And I'm from Queensbridge, been to many places.

As a kid, when I would say that out of town, niggas chased us,
But now I know the time, got a older mind.
Plus control a nine, fine, see, now I represent mine.
I'm new on the rap scene, brothers never heard of me,
Yet I'm a meance, yo, police want to murder me.
Heine(ken,) dark drinker, represent the thinker.
My pen rides the paper, it even has blinkers.
Think I'll dim the lights then inhale, it stimulates.
Floating like I'm on the north ninety-five interstate.
Never plan to stop, when I write my hand is hot,
And expand a lot from the wiz' to Camelot.
The parlayer, I'll make ya heads bop, Pah.
I shine a light on perpetrators, like a cop's car.
From day to night, I play the mic, and you'll thank God.
I wreck shit so much, the microphone need a paint job.
My brain is incarcerated.
Live at any jam, I couldn't count all the parks I raided.
I hold a Mac-11, and attack the Reverand.
I contact eleven L's, and max in heaven.[LP]
Yo, one time for your mind, one time.It sound clever.[LP]
But one time for your mind, one time.[Nas]
Yeah, whatever.[LP]
One time for your mind, one time.[Nas]
Yo, from ninety-two to ninety-nine.Yeah, that shit was greasy, fat Paul, know what I'm saying?
But check it, you gotta another verse for me?
I want you to kick it, you know what I'm saying?
Kick that shit from the projects

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