U Wanna Be Me

Nas

Uhh, ooh, baby, baby
Keep it thug and keep yo' heat
Na nah nah nah nahNow slowly, thinkin' of all the things that oppose me
I think of kings who died and rappers out to dethrone me
For they crown they head is cut off, bodies is laid
Dead in the street, it's so fuckin' pitifulFirst they love you, could be the bitch that even live with you
Mad at your riches, now she switched, turned miserable
'Cause she wanna dress like Bonnie, Robin and Crystal do
But Crystal's single, Bonnie's broke and her niggaz tooI can do bad by myself, went from rags to wealth
From Jags to Bentleys to plenty ass bitches
Can't keep they hands to they self no more
I'm like Hugh Hefner, you lesserYou just a wanna be me, you can't you fagot, you bitch
You coward, you clown, you just wanna be down
So u wanna be me, you bitch, you phony
You clone me, u wanna be me, son, I'm the one and onlyBut u wanna be me, you suckers, you weak
You flunkies, you fake, you couldn't come close on my worst day
But u wanna be me, I burn you and learn you a lesson
Concernin' this mic profession, turn your directionYou can't be me, not in your wildest fantasy
It's childish, should I have to resort to violence?
Pay me a half a million, I'll consult your album
And show you how to stay off my dickThat's the thing I hate the most, can't even call you a man
When you gotta call out my name to get you some fans
No talent, you need direction
You a pussy with a yeast infectionYou unlucky, I'm your fuckin' C-section
Plus I'm the last real nigga alive
Toast glass, Ill Will, the label get high
Realize, how many classics I gave you
Perhaps if you think back you'll realize that I made youU wanna be me, you can't you fagot, you bitch
You coward, you clown, you just wanna be down
So u wanna be me, you bitch, you phony
You clone me, u wanna be me, son, I'm the one and onlyBut u wanna be me, you suckers, you weak
You flunkies, you fake, you couldn't come close on my worst day
But u wanna be me, I burn you and learn you a lesson
Concernin' this mic profession, turn your directionYou can't be me, I'm tryin' to walk a straight line
Why they tryin' to take mine? I'm past 8 Miles of every state line
Eating, alligators and humming bird hearts
At the player's ball, Brianni suits, y'all birds watchAs real millionaire, shit'll take place
Evil as Hitler's hate-race people
This is God, son and I've come

From the God under pure peace
To represent the streetsYou'll see that my plan is not to destroy your man
But to bring more to mankind and teach
Every MC, reach for your pens and papers
Lesson one be creative, what you made of junior?'Cause soon you'll be a grown man with the mic in your hand
And understand to battle Nas, not in your plan
I'm the last real nigga alive, understand that
And you my offspring, the boss stingA bulletproof Porsche things, hard for you to understand that
Nas the King, where my bricks, where my band at?
Play me a gangster's theme, while you entertain me
If I ain't cryin' laughin' to the lions, throw your ass inWhat the fuck was you niggaz thinkin'?
Guns'll clutch if I get a inklin' that you comin' for the kingpin
But I laugh at you cowards, ha, ha, ha
Take me out, try, try, tryBut u wanna be me, you can't, you fagot, you bitch
You coward, you clown, you just wanna be down
So u wanna be me, you bitch, you phony
You clone me, u wanna be me, son, I'm the one and onlyBut u wanna be me, you suckers, you weak
You flunkies, you fake, you couldn't come close on my worst day
But u wanna be me, I burn you and learn you a lesson
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