Nas Is Like

Nas

Freedom or jail, clip's inserted, a baby's being born
Same time a man is murdered, the beginning and end
As far as rap go, it's only natural I explain
My plateau, and also, what defines my name
First it was Nasty, but times have changed
Ask me now, I'm the artist, but hardcore, my science for pain
I spent time in the game, kept my mind on fame
Saw fiends shoot up and do lines of cocaine
Saw my close friends shot, flatline am I sane?
That depends, carry Mac-10's to practice my aim
On rooftops, tape CD covers to trees
Line the barrel up with your weak picture then squeeze
Street scriptures for lost souls, in the crossroads
To the corner thugs hustling for cars that cost dough
To the big dogs living large, taking in light
Pushing big toys, getting nice, enjoying your life
Is what you make it, suicide, few try to take it
Belt tied around their neck in jail cells naked
Heaven and hell, rap legend, presence is felt
And of course N-A-S are the letters that spell
NAS, NAS"Nas is like" Earth, Wind & Fire, rims and tires
Bulletproof glass, inside is the realest driver
Planets in orbit, line 'em up with the stars
Tarot cards, you can see the pharaoh Nas
"Nas is like" Iron Mike, messiah type
Before the Christ, after the death
The last one left, let my cash invest in stock
Came a along way from blasting, tecs on blocks
Went from Seiko to Rolex, owning acres
From the projects with no chips, to large cake dough
Dimes, giving fellatio, siete zeros
Bet my nine spit for the pesos
But what's it all worth, can't take it with you under this Earth
Rich men died and tried, but none of it worked
They just rob your grave, I'd rather be alive and paid
Before my number's called, history's made
Some'll fall, but I rise, thug or die
Making choices, that determine my future under the sky
To rob steal or kill, I'm wondering why

It's a dirty game, is any man worthy of fame?
Much success to you, even if you wish me the opposite
Sooner or later we'll all see who the prophet is"Nas is like" Sex to a nympho, but nothing sweet
I'm like beef, bustin heat through your windows
I'm like a street sweeper, green leaf breather
Like Greeks in Egypt, learning somethin deep from they teachers
I'm like crime, like your nine, your man you would die for
Always got you, I'm like Pac dude you would cry for
I'm like a whole lot of loot, I'm like crisp money
Corporate accounts from a rich company
I'm like ecstasy for ladies, I'm like all races
Combined in one man; like the '99 summer jam
Bulletproof Hummer man
I'm like being locked down around new faces, and none of 'em fam
I'm the feeling of a millionaire spending a hundred grand
I'm a poor man's dream, a thug poet
Live it and I write down and I watch it blow up
Y'all know what I'm like, y'all play it your system every night
Now

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