

# Back When

Nas

Warning, Warning...  
New York, New York  
The sound, the sound  
you're about to hear, to hear...You love to hear the story  
How it all, how it all, got started, got started  
You love to hear the story  
How it all, how it all, got started, got started  
You love to hear the story  
How it all, how it all, got started, got started  
Start it off, start it off, start it off  
Back when, back when, back when, back when  
Back when, back when, back when, back whenThe ill reminisce and think about the fly days  
Nothing like them 80s summer NY days  
Hop on the NB5 days  
Mopeds, Pro Keds, city split five ways  
How it all started, fifth floor apartment  
A jigsaw puzzle aerial view of the projects  
A kid saw struggle, buried a few of his partners  
Now I chill in resorts, enjoying massages  
Check out the oracle bred from city housing  
Nas, I arise the dead by thousands  
I remember seeing Shan chilling near his Audi  
Hollis Ave, Run and them, but I proudly  
Put a poster up of Shan and Marley, that was art, kid  
You love to hear the story how it started  
The bubbly I'm pouring wasn't popped yet  
Before there was a audience to watch us  
I assure you, there was a processYou love to hear the story  
How it all, how it all, got started, got started  
You love to hear the story  
How it all, how it all, got started, got started  
You love to hear the story  
How it all, how it all, got started, got started  
Start it off, start it off, start it off  
Back when, back when, back when, back when  
Back when, back when, back when, back whenTo call them fake today is hate, real niggas extinct  
Pac left me inside a rap world with niggas that wink  
At other rappers, undercover niggas spit every way  
Won't be surprised if all their rides have federal plates

Let alone their wardrobes and Studio 4 flow  
It was real when I appeared, it would've been some jaws broke  
Nas, my real name, stage name, same thing  
How could you let these lames claim king? I'm so ashamed, man  
I light a L for Vernon, for niggas who would burn in Hell  
For Vernon; 10th Street, 12th Street, Nightmare on Elm Street  
Pimps creep, delve deep inside the editorials  
Of the ghetto queens, kings, stories true  
Who possesses the testicular fortitude  
To blow away myths that's a hindrance to all of you?  
You blame your own shortcomings on sex and race  
The mafia, homosexuals and all the Jews  
It's hogwash point of views, stereotypical  
Anti-Semitic like the foul words Gibson spewed  
And it's pathetic  
I don't get the credit I deserve  
That's why I hate doing interviews  
But I don't sweat it, study long, study raw  
My man Dion said "Nas over-think the songs he writing"  
I'm not a wack performer standing near a corny hype man  
I got the Donism  
I'm here to enlighten You love to hear the story  
How it all, how it all, got started, got started  
You love to hear the story  
How it all, how it all, got started, got started  
You love to hear the story  
How it all, how it all, got started, got started  
Start it off, start it off, start it off  
Back when, back when, back when, back when  
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