

# Halftime

## Know The Score

Right...Check me out y'all, Nasty Nas in your area  
About to cause mass hysteriaBefore a blunt, I take out my fronts  
Then I start to front, matter of fact, I be on a manhunt  
You couldn't catch me in the streets without a ton of reefer  
That's like Malcolm X catching the Jungle Fever  
King poetic, too much flava, Im major  
Atlanta and braver, I pull a number like a pager  
'cause I'm am ace when I face the bass  
40 side is the place that is giving me grace  
Now wait, another dose and you might be dead  
And I'm a Nike head, i wear chains that excite the feds  
And aint' a damn thing gonna change  
I'm a perform a strange show the mic wonder was born the game?  
Nas, why did you do it  
You know you got the mad fat fluid when you rhyme, it's halftimeRight...  
It's halftime...It's like that, you know it's like that  
I got at him, now you never get the mic back  
When I attack, there ain't an army that could strike back  
So I react never calmly on a hype track  
I set it off wit my own rhyme  
'cause I'm as ill as a convict who kills for phone time  
I'm max like cassettes, I flex like sex  
In your stereo sets, Nas will catch wreck  
I used to hustle, now all I do is relax and strive  
When I was young, I was a fan of the Jackson 5  
I drop jewels, wear jewels hope to never run it  
Wit more kicks than a baby in a mother's stomach  
Nasty Nas has to rise, kid, surprise  
This is exercise til the microphone dies  
Back in '83, I was an MC sparking  
But I was too scared to grab the mic's in the park and  
Kick my little raps 'cause I thought niggaz wouldn't understand  
And now in every jam I'm the phucking man  
I rap in front of more niggaz than in the slave ships  
I used to watch C.H.I.P.S, now I load glock clips  
I got to have it, I miss Mr Magic  
Versatile, my style switches like a faggot  
But not bisexual, I'm an intellectual  
Of rap, I'm a professional and that's no question, yo

These are the lyrics of the man, you can't hear it, understand  
'cause in the streets, I'm well known like the number man  
In my place wit the bass and format  
Explore rap and tell me Nas ain't all that  
And next time I rhyme, I be fould whenever I freestyle  
I see trial niggaz say I'm wow  
I hate a rhyme biter's rhyme  
Stay tuned, Nas, soon the real rap comes at halftimeRight...  
It's halftimeI got it going on, even flip 'em on this song  
Every afternoon, I kick half the tune  
And in the darkness, I'm heartless like when the narcs hit  
Word to marcus Garvey I hardly sparked it  
'cause when I blast the herb, that's my word  
I be slaying them fast, doing this, that in the third  
But chill, past the Andre and let's lay  
I bag bitches up at John Jay and hit a mantinee  
Putting hits on 5-0  
'cause when it's my time to go, I wait for God wit the fo-fo  
And biters can't come near  
And yo, go to hell to the foul cop who shot Garcia  
I won't plant seeds, don't need an extra mouth I can't feed  
That's extra Phillie change, more cash for that weed  
This goes out to Manhattan, the island of Staten  
Brooklyn, Queens is living fat and  
The Boogie Down, enuff props, enuff clout  
Illwill, rest in peace, yo, I'm outRight...  
It's still halftime

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