Disciple

Nas

Two-thousand-four, yeah
L, whattup? Prophesy
It's prophesy, baby
Disciple, disciple
(What?)
Disciple
(Streets)
Disciple
(Streets)
Disciple
(Streets)
Disciple
(Street)
Disciple
(Streets)
Disciple
(Streets)
Disciple
(Streets)
Disciple
(Let's go)
Word to mama, any lineup of rhymers
Could bring any drama, anytime the city's mine
Nas is like love undyin', money's my bitch
In thugz mansion, thugs dancin' around the fly shit
Pharaoh garment's Prada, Egyptian camel back-riders
Pyramid architects, Perignon bottles
Money, jewelry want me to come get me
Hit me but don't miss me, you history
Lead flowin' around like a Frisbee
Italian Dons from Sicily kiss me
This ain't 50, this ain't Jigga
This ain't Diddy, this ain't Pretty
Pain, power, pussy and pistols
Lyrically no one hold none near me, hear me
Kids cheer me like The Count of Monte Cristo
Steady poundin' soundin' like G without the lisp though
My big bro told me plain and simple, "Nas, do not look back"
Watch where you took rap, no book bags and trucker hats

Just army jacks and diamonds that's flashin'
What the fuck is that freestyle?
Disciple, disciple
(Streets)
Disciple
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Disciple
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Disciple
(Streets)
Disciple
(Streets)
Disciple
(Streets)
Disciple
(Esco)

Like Paul, Michael and Matthew, Peter, James and Andrew
Phillip, Simon and Judas, I'm disciple of music
Street beats is the main thing minus the traitor
And I'm not a dictator, I'm the righteous invitin' you haters
Inside the life of the greatest, it'll take you through somethin' real
Get a smack in your face 'cause I hurt up, trauma-tize, llama
Bust shells, destroy yet tryna prevent violence
If I present iron somebody dyin', don't even worry 'bout it
Then dress warm for the cemetery climate
When I speak I need cemetery silence
Terror see me, Gold Hummers, Lamborghini's
Man who stole the summer
Hand straight gleamin', if I don't know you toe-tag you
Drag you through the cement
Fo-fo Maggie body parts in my man's Maserati car
Then party hard in Madagascar
While rigor mortis'll grab ya, him retarded
I'm pass that gloves on, where the mask at?
Too many love songs all the thugs gone
What happened? Where's the passion?
Rappers battlin' non-rappers, carryin' on backwards
Laughin' sayin' Nas thinks he's Farrakhan, preachin' blackness
Hell yeah, awareness is my alias word to the 'Braveheart'
Written on my bare chest, the realest, here it is
Disciple, disciple
(Streets)
Disciple
(Streets)

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Disciple
(Esco)

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