

# Disciple

Nas

Two-thousand-four, yeah

L, whattup? Prophecy

It's prophecy, 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

(Streets)

Disciple

(Streets)

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)

Disciple  
(Streets)  
Disciple  
(Streets)  
Disciple  
(Streets)  
Disciple  
(Streets)  
Disciple  
(Streets)  
Disciple  
(Streets)  
Disciple  
(Streets)  
Disciple  
(Streets)  
Disciple  
(Streets)  
Disciple  
(Streets)  
Disciple  
(Streets)  
Disciple  
(Streets)  
Disciple  
(Streets)  
Disciple  
(Streets)  
Disciple  
(Esco)

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>