

# In Too Deep

## BWO

In too deep  
Nature: (talking)  
Yo yo yo son  
You ever felt the funny vibe  
But you're supposed to do?  
When ya man's ain't ya man's  
And ya friend's ain't ya friend's  
Ya money ain't yours anymore  
Niggas wanna count your money  
Niggas wanna see what the fuck you got  
You know what I'm sayin  
Sometimes I gotta just take long trips and  
Get away from this shit  
I can't take this shit no more  
This shit right here be fucking niggas like  
Me up knowhatimsayin  
I been exposed to too much and too long  
All my niggaz out there in the hood and shit  
That be bringing that real shit  
Put your fucking phillies in the air  
Your back woods your white owl  
Your dutchess and we goin smoke and ride to  
This  
Shit right here  
This that real shit the soundtrack to the  
Realness right here  
Niggaz in too deep knowhatimsayin  
It's all real all live nigga what what nigga  
Nas:  
Yo a yo a yo a yo  
I thank a dead homey  
Incarcerated penpal I got the feds on me  
A constapated mental  
Always ranged in the ghetto it's pain in  
The ghetto  
Caskets do u believe in angels or devils?  
Welfare it's dark and there's no help here  
Killing cops shooting black kids the instill  
Fear

But we still here not afraid cracks is made  
Stacks  
Get made  
A "g" will get you gats sprayed  
At my man's funeral it's like nobody care  
But when police get shot the mayor  
And everybody there  
Grafitti on the lobby stairs kids with notty  
Heads is greedy  
Soldiers small faces painted on the walls  
I was born to ball  
Rings you can't afford name a clothes line i  
Then worn it before  
Dictate the naked soul of nas henny four fives  
Hoe's with thick thighs be the wives of rich  
Guys  
Never trust a bitch 'cause a bitch lies  
Enemies close 'cause friends switch sides when  
Shit gets live  
Dealin' with a lot of pressure I'm in too deep  
Life of a thug born and raised in the streets  
Chorus:

Nature: you want war i'mma give u war  
Nas: I'm in too deep  
Nature: you want peace imma give u peace  
Nas: raised in the streets  
Nature: you want love imma show u love  
Nas: life of a thug  
Nature: there's no love for me in these  
Streets  
Nas: I'm in too deep  
Nature: it's just hustlers in the streets  
Nas: raised in the streets  
Nature:  
Yo a yo  
When you in too deep you better climb out and  
Find out  
Are you the one they looking at 'cause when you  
Looking back  
It's your time to fear if the drama's severe  
I see scars starting off at the side of  
They're ear  
Ending up by the jaw of the throat another  
Law broke

I try to patch it white kids is buying acid  
Closing down spots popping a knot  
Heard the foremores use binoculars watchin  
The blocks  
Calling phantom on the tape  
I'm the phantom of the wax  
Now meet the man behind the music examing the

Facts

I use it, to my advantage do this shit

Everyday

Like sneaking gats up in grade eight  
Six flags catch me getting on the popular

Rides

If a nigga violate he get top of the line  
Small hot ones locked in the spines  
Transformed roll out pass it off to my man no

Doubt

I keep shits disguising six shirts in the

Trunk

Imagin it gets six times worse when I'm drunk

Prepare for death first of the month

Open and rise, t's right here in front of you

Open your eyes

I can't explain it 'cause it's not normal

Is niggas loyal I talk about life and live it

For you this shit is soil

Like the dirt that I walk on you talk on

You say I had love for ya now it's all gone

All gone

Chorus:

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Nas: life of a thug

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Nas: I'm in too deep

Nature: it's just hustlers in the streets

Nas: raised in the streets

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