The Don

Nas

New York girl, dem a mad over we
New York girl, dem a mad over we
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New York girl, dem a mad over weNas the Don, Nas the Don, Nas the Don, Nas the Don
Nas the Don, Nas the Don, Nas the Don, Nas the Don
Inna New York City, inna New York City
Inna New York City, inna New York CitySmoking a escubano, guzzle my second bottle
Hope I don't catch a homo, grossing our net
Simultaneously making me climb higher
Heinous crimes behind me, search but can't find me
Fuck sadness, had this been you having this lavish
Habitual happiness at me you wouldn't look backwards
You would have sex on condominium roof decks
So anyone move next, I'll hit you with two Tecs
Rocking Roberto Cavalli no shirt on convertible Mazy
My Colombiana mommy riding beside me
Every tat mean something, that's my word on my body
I'll have to lean something wit that Mossberg shotty
My niggas is ignant, put lead in yo pigment
Just cuz y'all was mad at all the years I was getting it
In 97 the six, 98 the Bentley
Now it's the Ghost Phantom and y'all can't stand 'em butNas the Don, Nas the Don, Nas the Don, Nas the Don
Nas the Don, Nas the Don, Nas the Don, Nas the Don
Inna New York City, inna New York City
Inna New York City, inna New York CityYeah, army jacket swag, Army jacket green and black
With the square top pocket that snaps, where the gas at?
Pass that, not you, you hold cracks in your ass crack
I never did that, my sock's where my stash was at
Yo, I used to listen to that Red Alert and Rap Attack
I fell in love with all that poetry I mastered that
Cutting school with Preme team, the Fat Cat was at
Future not crystal clear yet Baccarat
Now I'm the one who reppin' Queens, way beyond your wildest dreams
Bottles on bottles with sparklers surround my team
That long cash get the baddest bitches out they jeans
20 years in this game, looking 17
I don't lean, no codeine, promethazine
I just blow green, pick which bitch to bless the king
Although he's on to another chapter

Heavy D gave this beat to Salaam for me to rap to, rahNas the Don, Nas the Don, Nas the Don, Nas the Don
Nas the Don, Nas the Don, Nas the Don, Nas the Don
Inna New York City, inna New York City
Inna New York City, inna New York CityNew York is like an Island, a big Rikers Island
The cops be out wilin', all I hear is sirens
It's all about surviving, same old two step
Try to stay alive when they be out robbin'
I been out rhymin' since born knowledge
Like prophet Muhammad said the ink from a scholar
Worth more than the blood of a martyr
So I'ma, keep it on 'til I see a billion dollars
Keep your friends close and your enemies closer
Love model chocha mommy pop it like she 'pose ta
Eyes red shot like I'm never sober
Big time smoker, Indonesian doja
Mini me's you can hold up before you end up wet up from my soldiers
Don shit, under fire I remain on some calm shit
This for every ghetto in the hood
Nas the Don, Super Cat the Don Dada, understood?Nas the Don, Nas the Don, Nas the Don, Nas the Don
Nas the Don, Nas the Don, Nas the Don, Nas the Don
Inna New York City, inna New York City
Inna New York City, inna New York City

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