

Escobar '97

Nas

Honies, cash, weed, cars
Ghetto celebrities, hood movie stars
Gat slingers now rap singers are who we are
Went from Nasty to Nas, to Nas to EscobarThe path we all walk, starts out long it's like a boardwalk
Monopoly, some make it around, some go down, it's prophecy
Happy days balancing with life's atrocities
Hoppin' in V's, knowin' some day I got to lead properlyHigh up in a five realizing the price paid
For this life laid in the light shade
One might say, top of the world's two whips, a crib and a girl
Quick to celebrate it, poppin' corks like they made itPretentious, arrogant niggas is senseless
Pro-ball players with white wives, peep they night lives
While you could catch me in a crisp white five
Dark tinted, dijon-scented, with Al Green on, my theme song
Love and happiness, how can it seem wrong?I mean before this, I used to rock a taurus with the donuts
Now I grown up, got it chromed up
Got the rap game sewn up, sho-nuff
Niggas acting cool but it's really no love
I feel a slow buzz, off the dutchThis is everyday, every second
Got to make it pay, every lesson I learnt
Got me open while most of these rappers'll stay burntHonies, cash, weed, cars
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Went from Nasty to Nas, to Nas to EscobarMoney, cash, weed, cars
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Gat slingers now rap singers are who we are
Went from Nasty to Nas, to Nas to EscobarWith so much drama in QBC
It's kinda hard being Escobarro
Elderado Red, sippin' Dom out the bottle
My life is like a Donald Goines novel
We wave glasses like bravoDrunk niggas with mad problems, and shot pockets
My niggas from the block rock this
Box cocaine, cook it and chop itLooking to profit, in different ways
Goin' through this difficult stage, called life
But each year my physical's praisedSome fell beyond the reach of help
Cut in the street, thinkin' they could teach theyself
When all we wanted was a piece of wealth
And randomly, feed our family, the streets are insanityAmPLY, living in this thug's fantasy
Richest nigga in show biz is what I plan to be
Heavy chain and my QB sway, living this king's life

Magazines write about me, in this dream it's all tight
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Now the main thing that boggle my brain be all the bottles of pain
Iced the chain and all the followers came
They tried to throw me off track but I caught that
They thought I lost that but I'm continuing to make more stacks
Halftime, New York state of mind, it was
written was hittin'
Trips overseas, southeast, diamond and riches
Sleepin' on the plane wake up when we land
Feelin' real scared, on the ground
Rollie flush, princess cuts, and large rounds
The crews up, findin' time to shine rocks
It's real, you violate, be in a pine box
If it go there, I lay you before you lay me, it's crazy
I didn't make the game, the game made me
Records for the babies so they raised up in mansions
Haters keep hating, and ladies'll keep glancing
Y'all know the routine out this [Incomprehensible], word up

Lyrics provided by

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