Carry On Tradition

Nas

Yeah, niggaz want to talk about this rap shit
Niggaz want to talk about this money
About these cars, these homes
These labels, clothes, sneakers, big money shit
Now everybody tryin' to get rich
Now get rich niggaz, fuck it
Some rap pioneers, be them crackheads
When they speak, you see missin' teeth, silver chain with a silver piece
Niggaz your grandfather's age, they pants still hangin' down they legs
Talkin' about they ain't paid
And they hate you, 'cause they say, you ain't pay dues
And was stealin' and robbin' them
I feel it's a problem we gotta resolve
Hip-Hop been dead, we the reason it died
Wasn't Sylvia's fault or because MC's skills are lost
It's 'cause we can't see ourselves as the boss
Deep-rooted through slavery, self-hatred
The Jewish stick together, friends in high places
We on some low level shit
We don't want niggaz to ever win, see, everybody got a label
Everybody's a rapper but few flow fatal
It's fucked up, it all started from two turntables
When they crown you and you rise up to your position
Carry on tradition
When they Knight you then you go to fight, go to war, don't petition
Carry on tradition, carry on tradition
Carry on, ca-carry on, carry on tradition
Carry on tradition
When you rep what we rep then carry on tradition
Now some of these new rappers got their caps flipped backwards
Wit their fingers intertwined in some gang-sign madness
I got an exam, let's see if y'all pass it
Let's see who can quote a Daddy Kane line the fastest
Some of you new rappers, I don't understand your code
You have your man shoot you, like in that Sopranos episode
Do anythin' to get in the game, mixtapes, you spit hate
Against bosses, hungry fucks are moraless
You should be tossed in a pit full of unfortunate vocalists
Niggaz, I coulda wrote your shit

I had off-time, was bored wit this, I coulda made my double-LP
Just by samplin' different parts of Nautilus
Still came five on the charts with zero audience
The lane was open and y'all was droppin' that garbage shit
Y'all got awards for your bricks, it got good to ya
You started tellin' them bigger dogs to call it quits? What?
When they crown you and you rise up to your position
Carry on tradition
When they Knight you then you go to fight, go to war, don't petition
Carry on tradition, carry on tradition
Carry on, ca-carry on, carry on tradition
Carry on tradition
When you rep what we rep then carry on tradition
Now niggaz got the studio poppin', it's mad clearer
Engineers got his earplugs and still hear us
The live-in-the-park sound, versus the studio state of art sound
We on the charts now
From British Walkers and Argyles
Look at us rap stars now, wit our black cars now
Fortune 500 listed, brunches, sip Cipriani's
Sippin', blunted, with rich white guys around me
Thick white girls around me, Chinese lined up
Because I'm what, every dime lust
We used to be a ghetto secret, can't make my mind up
If I want that or the whole world to peep it
Now carry on tradition
Fuck a bum wack rapper makin' his career out of dissin'
Peace to the strugglin' artists and dead one's gone, we miss 'em
I promise I carry on tradition
When they crown you and you rise up to your position
Carry on tradition
When they Knight you then you go to fight, go to war, don't petition
Carry on tradition, carry on tradition
Carry on, ca-carry on, carry on tradition
Carry on tradition
When you rep what we rep then carry on tradition

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