The Genesis

Nas

And you're sitting at home doing this shit?
You should be earning a medal for this.
Stop fucking around and be a man,
There ain't nothing out here for youOh yes there is, this!Yo Nas
Yo what the fuck is this bullshit on the radio Son?Chill chill, that's the shit God, chillHey yo yo, pull down the shade, man. Let's count this money, nigga
Hey yo Nas, put the Jackson's and the Grants over there
You know what I'm sayin? Cause we spending the Jackson'sYou know how we get down babyTrue, trueNas, yo Nas, man shit is mad real right now in the Projects
For a nigga yo, word to mother. All them crab ass rappers
Be coming up to me man word to mother man I think we need
To let them niggas know it's real manTrue indeed, know what I'm saying, but when it's real you doing this
Even without a record contract, know what I'm saying?No questionBeen doing this since back thenI'm saying regardless how it go down we gon keep it real
We trying to see many mansions and, and Coupes kid!True, trueHey yo where's Grand Wizard and Mayo at man?
Taking niggas a long time, manWho got the Phillies? Take this HennesseyAiyyo Dunn! C'mon, C'mon, man stop waving that man
Stop pointing that at me Dunn, take the clip outNigga alright but take this Hennessey manI'm saying take the clip man
C'mon, take it outLight them Phillies up man
Niggas stop fucking burning Phillies man
Light some Phillies up then!Pass that Amber Boch, nigga! Act like you know.Yo, we drinking this straight up with no chaser
I ain't fucking with you niggaI'm saying though manWhat is it, what is it baby?What is it Son, what is it?You know what time it isI'm saying man, ya know what I'm saying?
Niggas don't listen man, representing
It's Illmatic.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/