

# Star Wars

Nas

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, yeah, yo, yeah, yeah  
For niggaz up in they mom's crib listenin'  
To this unadulterated Nas shit wishin' it was then  
Instead a, me on this track on this beach with palm trees  
Drinks with umbrellas straws telling it raw  
Jungle of concrete killers and snakes I was amongst that  
Bundles of crack through this funnel that's black  
I want you to vision through my telescope see the hell I wrote  
It's Reynolds when I wrap it like a envelope package  
And they would send the dope back then  
Numbers, pimpin' and robbin', well, they still robbin' and pimpin'  
But it's small change compare to hip hoppin'  
And did I mention millions because of lip poppin'  
Trips expensive gift shoppin' whip drivin'  
Benz's, Jeeps, see, them and they bitch got one  
It's shockin' you thinkin' naw it's just rhymin'  
But all this time it's like organized crimin'  
For instance there was a time when there was a line  
Between streets and business but now peep how it's mixed in  
The beef is now sickenin', everybody got paper  
Words of power because of it the cops hate ya  
The government watchin' all of those who thuggin' it  
They wanna lock us up cause they kids are lovin' it  
Not knowin' that most rappers are straight ass  
The shots ring out, whenever we clash it's Star Wars  
We call it Star Wars  
What happens when the shots ring out, Star Wars  
We call it Star Wars  
Caviar never, I rather the Cajun blacken  
Catfish no snails simple nigga to please  
Met a bad bitch dimples in her cheeks  
She remembers Busy B battles when it was peace  
Caught myself driftin' in thought 'cause now it's different I  
thought  
Niggaz was raised off the shit I record  
Like I was brought up off that Planet Rock  
Kurtis Blow, James Todd Smith, Shannon Scott, LaRock in the jams  
Why would they fuck with a don, Jehovah  
witness  
Him and his co-defendants, I eat 'em like Lucky Charms  
With two percent low fat milk, five percent pro black built  
It's nothin' mother had a motherfucker  
I don't think about it niggaz talkin' there's a lot of gossip

That I'm a prophet or I can't go back to my projects  
Can I? Does a plant grow from a plant yes  
Do trees grow from a forest MC's y'all are clitoris Y'all niggaz roll with any click that's winnin' any crew  
Doin' whatever's trendy, even they leave me too  
Ain't enough room in this town  
What is beef between ghetto word spitters with crowns, Star Wars 'Cause this is Star Wars, shots ring out  
everywhere, Star Wars  
'Cause this is Star Wars, shots ring out This ain't no Oscars or MTV, or Joan Rivers fashion police  
Not what you read in tabloid seats  
These are MC's that live by the code, it's hard for me to spit it  
Because the game was supposed to be sold we livid Came from the streets we the voice of the youth  
America's nightmare was given a the mic booth  
Nike boots, leathers and jeans, jewelry, cribs and cars  
Rappers not dependin' on your nine to five jobs Entertainment, this is our world this is our language  
Different regions speakin' east and west gang shit  
You got your positive shit like, Common Sense  
But even he had drama with the Don Mega Cube Acknowledge the words get twisted at times it's rules  
What you think is different from the block whenever we feud  
Fuck your pictures and your plaques your tours and autographs  
Don't trust bitches and niggaz who tell you your all of that 'Cause they'll be in your enemies face sayin', it's safe  
To run in your release party sprayin' the place  
Or catch you when you least on point, putting your keys in the door  
Behind you with your seeds in Kay Bee Toys store Maybe the words get disrespectful now your niggaz check  
you  
You gon' let that nigga play you, you know we gon' rep you  
Next mornin' every news channel and front page  
Headlines another rapper was slayed, this is Star Wars

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