Star Wars

Nas

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, yeah, yo, yeah, yeahFor 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 rawJungle 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 packageAnd 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 yaThe 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 WarsWe call it Star Wars
What happens when the shots ring out, Star Wars
We call it Star WarsCaviar 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 peaceCaught 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 jamsWhy 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 motherfuckerI 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 clitorisY'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 outThis 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 lividCame from the streets we the voice of the youth
America's nightmare was given a the mic booth
Nike boots, leathers and jean, jewelry, cribs and cars
Rappers not dependin' on your nine to five jobsEntertainment, 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 CubeAcknowledge 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 storeMaybe 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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