The season has returned DJ Khaled!
We global now, we global
We international now
International
Nasir!

Money fall out the sky when I speak Gotta valet can't leave mine in these streets Can't carpool the crew is too deep Why tuck it all in? The jewels are too sweet You should ball if you could I be diggin' in my pockets It ain't trickin' if you got it And since a niqqa from the projects Champagne out of a can would be the fly shit And I'm a history major Hood motivational speaker Rap Led Zeppelin, best dressed list Show you how to bubble off of large investments Ya heard me, and this journey I'm the journalist Line around the block to hear the words of the herbalist Send ya girl to the Dominicans to perm her shit Tell her tonight, we gonna see Nas return to his murder shit

It's still nasty, bone in the flesh
God's son, never gone, never left
King, I play every card in the deck
The whole world waitin' for what I'ma do next
And y'all already know where I came from
Queensbridge reppin' since day one
Nigga I'm on (Come on!)
I'm on (Come on!)
I'm on (Come on!)
I'm on (Nasir!)

Come on!

Out of the shadows, into the lights I have a power, take back what's mine We have a power We are alive

I'm God's hit man
Chopard wrist band
New York crown jewel
No if-and's
Top five, I'm the one, two, three, four
And the fifth man
Smoke a hookah in Istan-bul
I'm quicksand
I'm 5 Mics, five points of light
Hit the stage like a meteorite
They wanna all hear Ether tonight
But we ain't beefin' tonight
That's history
So now when you mention me
Say I'm a mystery

Like six degrees or the seven hills of Sicily
I need a vasectomy
They resurrected me
But nothing is left for me
Just when you thought you'd seen the best of me
I take it a notch higher, yeah
Sip more wine than a Somalian
Get around town in a private lear
And by sun down, I'm up out of here

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Power, paper, palace is so high Lookin' over skyscrapers, wildin' out in Dubai Do I look like I never seen the better things? Emerald ring, I chase cheddar mean Pockets on swole since eighteen years old Gettin' my dough, cigars are hand-rolled From Guantanamo; Gallardo's, the car shows The Narco Gestapo Optimo's 'Cause I love the dough More than you know Still ain't reach the pinnacle Braveheart general since 9-4 Got the belt to show Certified classic 9-6, Street Dreams was blastin' And no way, they wanna hire assassins They still harassin' I'm so platinum, it's natural A niqqa is my acronym Lights, camera, action an'...

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Nigga I'm on I'm on Come on!

This is...

We global now, we global We international now, international Nasir!