

My World (Nas Salute)

Jay Electronica

Whose world is this
The world is yours, the world is yours

"Oh, you can't get out backwards... gotta go forwards to go back..."
"Hey the room's getting smaller."
"No it's not, he's getting bigger."

They threw rose pedals at the feet of the Christ when I entered the center
Motherfucker, I'm cold as the winter
My waves were spinning like blades on Pirellis
The Christian Dior shades was driving them silly
It's Big Willie, I came through with them cats from Philly
Lakers vs Heat floor seats you know the dealy
Either you gon' love the kid or wanna kill me
I'm back at 'em, on fire like cracked atoms
They over the hill like Wyclef and Praswell
I'm over the hills like UFOs at Roswell
You lame, I know you guys well
If you can name an MC that's flamer than me, you high as hell
You can't dance with the chancellor
One glance'll have you caught up in the trance of the tarantula
And if they could, then they probably would
They come close but it's no cigar, welcome to my world

You arm's too short to box with the sender of the prophets
Aviator shades, the stage is a cockpit
Leather Pelle, lounging at the Sofitel
Sipping Sam Pelegrino eating Ghiradellis
I recline and chill, twinkling the rag to shine my grill
That's that third ward appeal (bitch)
Get at me, me and my chick is like JFK and Jackie
They can't wait to catch me in Dallas
Top down on the grassy knoll and clap me
Kidnap my body and fuck up the autopsy
But I'm nice like Christ, you blink twice you hit
I'm chilling in College Park eating salmon and grits
It's the black Caeser, Jesus, he's just
A lyrical monster, boogie man outta the dumpster
Black Pharaoh, Jay Bowie spitting fat arrows
Keep your eye on the sparrow and the fly apparel
You ain't ready for war, hide your barrel
Stay in your lane man, chance for surviving is narrow
Welcome to my world

Deep in the jungle busting
Nickle sacks of cracks from G Packs for stacks
Niggas on the humble hustling
See that game, that's the one they call survival
Man, they popping at five-oh
They lowlife pigs who get it how they live
They daddies in them court houses giving out bids
Chopping niggas on blocks and leaving wickedness
Man they embroidered the land, then they smallpoxed the witnesses
Raping babies using ladies as they mistresses
Causing chaos and disorder
That's why the Glock on hold, the block on swole
I built this city on rock and roll

Now I'm banging on Rumsfeld and bells ringing
Him and Dick'll be in hell singing
Woe to the hypocrites and infidels screaming niggas can't handle
The wrath of the son of man black pandemonium
Yeah, the flow's that scandalous
I crush any MC who feel they must
Try me, the smallest flea on the dog won't get by me
If I was you I'd be scared to death
Hit a nigga up, leave him right there in his mess
This penicillin I'm spilling leave hair on your chest you feel me
You can't beat me, kill me
I'll be back in three days disguised as a gardener with my kicks filthy
Told you I was nice like Christ the rap angels throw down ice
I shine like jewelery in light
I can make a true believer out a curious dyke
She'll be wearing hijab singing 'hamdulillah!'
I'll be slinging dice humming songs on the ave
They'll be saying "Man, he going off the path"
But that's on the low though
Beating cats with no glow, trynna play me like a ho
But this ain't rooks and pawns or tic tac toe
This planets, moons, quasars, and high-tech radars
You niggas on the grid while Jay man stay gone off the radar (AWOL)