

## Adam and Eve

Nas

The ghetto Othello, the Moor  
Oh my God, they speak venomous on the boy  
Oh my Lord, my enemy is fear, and I'm sure  
Oh my God, they want the end of me 'cause I'm pure  
Oh my Lord, discipline for the win, I just go for it  
It's a trend for these men to die on their own sword  
Journey far, learn who you can be  
But you can learn who you are when you around family  
Chip off their shoulders and soldiers, on they grizzle  
My granddaddy Mack Little married Nannie Little  
They passed down wisdom, blessings were given  
Pray my sins don't get passed to my children  
I made a killin', I'm alive like the morning star  
Court Jordan's for the price on stock, so what the Hornets are?  
I need evaluations, I'm savvy, y'all  
Eatin' foie gras and caviar, listen

Adam and Eve  
Don't fall too far from the apple tree, ayy  
Adam and Eve, Adam and Eve  
Don't fall too far from the apple tree, apple tree

The ghosts of gangsters dance  
Chinchillas shake on the hanger, the force of this banger  
Yeah, my language advanced, my cadence amazin'  
The voice triggers somethin', what is this conundrum?  
The clouds scurry, your spirit rumble, a boyish smile  
Still puff the loud, it's nothin' less than a quarter pound  
Savage narrative, every verse that I write bursts light  
Brings awareness to my personal life  
After my morning walk, Havana cigar, the ganja spark  
See my doctor more, sweatin' the sauna or the spa  
Spendin' fifty large at the Bellagio  
Spent twenty on a bad bitch I hardly know  
New girl every night, two girls was every other night  
Sexual addiction, gangster tradition  
They wanna fuck me, have me under they belt, slightly offended  
Yeah, that's how I felt, that's how it ended  
I'm just good at existing, existin' in my truth  
As long as I enjoy the fruit, yeah

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What come first, peace or the paper?  
Before I had a piece of paper, peace was in my favor  
Before I sat to eat at the table, it had leeches and traitors  
Cut the fat from the meat, extract the weak, bon appetit  
No bacon, brothers is swine  
It's so hard to trust 'em 'cause my hustle is mine  
It's evident they all the same, with gray hair and still mean muggin'  
Gray hairs of wisdom, that means you seen somethin'  
Say somethin', you stay frontin'  
But these clowns got false crowns, fictional kings  
You broke my heart, Fredo

You bring this thing of ours down to a fable  
Be advised my guys dyin', enterprisin' at a boss's table  
There's always room at my table  
Insecurities is keepin' you disabled  
All this money to get, is it less time?  
They ain't stopped printin' money, 'cause they made mine  
I learned to stretch time, these are the best times  
I'm in my neighborhood in stadiums, the Mets' kind  
With restaurants and Carbone, spicy rigatoni  
Go hard, a red Bordeaux, oh God

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