

# Book of Rhymes

Nas

Alchemist you know me man  
I'm the type of nigga that write rhymes right on the spot in the studio  
soon as I hear the track; you know what I'm sayin?  
Word but I wanted to bring a couple of books to the studio today  
Man I found these shits up in the crib man in boxes man  
I don't even remember when I was writing these shits  
or what's in these shits man probably a bunch of bullshit man  
Fuck it check it

How can I trust you when I can't trust me?  
Picture myself a old man a O.G.  
Some niggas will conversate with liars all day  
Time pass...(Nah lemme start somethin' else)  
Soul on ice death threats given by clowns  
I guess livin' is prison when you live around clowns  
I'm hexed cursed worse I been blessed first  
I thought I was abnormal cause I would overcome any tasked called to  
So there it is I'm a prince I'm a get slain  
Some do minor shit swear they on the top of they game  
Ya rhymin' is called "Vagina Monologue"  
It kinda supports theories of scary niggas who should lie in the morgue  
Rarely y'all come in contact with the real  
Since Pun passed he was the last shine of sun I could feel  
Yo said there's a few left since music's expressions of life  
Damn I wish I took more time to write in my book of rhymes

Oh shit Tina - I been lookin' for this bitch number damn.  
No this rhyme is weak..  
This is week I remember this bullshit right here  
(My Book of Rhymes)  
Gandhi was a... what the fu..?

Gandhi was a fool, nigga fight to the death  
The US Army is a school that teach ya plights of conquest  
(I wonder when I wrote this. Nah it's weak)  
The money's ya religion sky the limit live life  
Numbers is big business makes the poor live trife  
The glimmers of hope provoke those without dollars to dream  
Through your existence become wealthy knowledge is king  
Pimps and card sharks thieves murderers with hard luck  
Addicts and fiends prostitutes passin' for teens is my society  
Cops that shoot blacks is routine for noteriety  
Grow up watchin' well dressed niggas with charms  
Beautiful ladies on their arms  
Dangerous new cars was my fantasy for Nas  
Rubbin my lips with Campophenique  
Still behind the ears wet turned out to be  
Pioneers vets amongst hustlers crack sellers and liars and squares...  
(Nah that was weak there)  
My people be projects or jail never Harvard or Yale  
Pardon me type in my 2way while I'm chargin' my cell  
It's hard to be iced up with Gucci god poverty's real  
I can't fight you cause you would sue me niggas be groupies  
I see imitators tryin' to make albums spittin' my style  
And they don't even realize that I notice they stealing Nas' shit  
I pump some Rick James with that Teena Marie  
My nina lean on me like Swoop it's crap this can't be

My book of rhymes

This can't be my book of rhymes writing this bullshit!

(My Book of Rhymes)

Nah neva that fuck that, aw why you laughin' Alchemist?

Huh you a funny nigga... naw yeah

(My Book of Rhymes)

I'm tellin' you I'ma come up with some new shit now

Fuck that I'ma write again now fuck that

I musta been high on some shit mmm what the fuck is this?

Look how we treat pregnancy women in the 'hood

Our values so low our values are no good

Things our mothers told us we shoulda heeded

Cause now we need it

We older almost able t...

I'm jealous of you how come you so beautiful?

Smelling fresh youthful intelligent while I'm stressin' and shit

Aiyo I envy you 'cause all you do is smile and things come your way

Such a innocent child is what some say

I get upset 'cause I just want to be treated the way you are

Like a star not a worry in this world thus far

But wait a minute we both need ya mother's attention

I must be crazy jealous of my own baby infant

(Kinda crazy)