

## Carry on Tradition

Nas

Yea, niggaz want to talk about this rap shit  
Niggaz want to talk about this money  
About these cars, these homes, these labels  
Clothes, sneakers, big money shit  
Now everybody tryin' to get rich  
Now get rich niggaz, fuck it

Some rap pioneers, be them crackheads  
When they speak, you see missin' teeth  
Silver chain with a silver piece  
Niggaz your grandfather's age  
They pants still hangin' down they legs talkin' about they ain't paid  
And they hate you, 'cause they say, you ain't pay dues  
And ..... was stealin' and robbin' them  
I feel it's a problem we gotta resolve  
Hip-Hop been dead, we the reason it died  
Wasn't Sylvia's fault or because MC's skills are lost  
It's because we can't see ourselves as the boss  
Deep-rooted through slavery, self-hatred  
The Jewish stick together, friends in high places  
We on some low level shit  
We don't want niggaz to ever win  
See, everybody got a label  
Everybody's a rapper but few flow fatal  
It's fucked up, it all started from two turntables

When they crown you - and you rise up to your position  
(Carry On Tradition)  
When they knight you - then you go to fight, go to war, don't petition  
(Carry On Tradition) - (Carry On Tradition)  
Carry on, ca-carry on, (Carry On Tradition)  
(Carry On Tradition), when you rep what we rep  
Then (Carry On Tradition)

Now some of these new rappers got their caps flipped backwards  
Wit their fingers intertwined in some gang-sign madness  
I got an exam, let's see if y'all pass it  
Let's see who can quote a Daddy Kane line the fastest  
Some of you new rappers, I don't understand your code  
You have your man shoot you, like in that Sopranos episode  
Do anythin' to get in the game, mixtapes, you spit hate  
Against bosses; hungry fucks are morales  
You should be tossed in a pit full of unfortunate vocalists  
Niggaz, I coulda wrote your shit; I had off-time, was bored wit this  
I coulda made my double-LP, just by samplin' different parts of Nautilus  
Still came five on the charts with zero audience  
The lane was open and y'all was droppin' that garbage shit  
Y'all got awards for your bricks - it got good to ya  
You started tellin' them bigger dogs to call it quits?! WHAT?

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Now niggaz got the studio poppin', it's mad clearer  
Engineers got his earplugs and still hear us  
The live-in-the-park sound, versus the studio state of art sound  
We on the charts now; from British Walkers and Argyles  
Look at us rap stars now, wit our black cars now  
Fortune 500 listed, brunches, sip Cipriani's  
Sippin', blunted, with rich white guys around me  
Thick white girls around me, Chinese lined up  
Because I'm what?, every dime lust  
We used to be a ghetto secret; can't make my mind up  
If I want that or the whole world to peep it  
Now (Carry On Tradition)  
Fuck a bum wack rapper makin' his career out of dissin'  
Peace to the strugglin' artists and dead one's gone, we miss 'em  
I promise I (Carry On Tradition)

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