

# Ether

Nas

("Fuck Jay-Z")

What's up niggas, ay yo, I know you ain't talking 'bout me dog  
You, what?

("Fuck Jay-Z")

You been on my dick nigga, you love my style, nigga

("Fuck Jay-Z")

(I) Fuck with your soul like ether

(Will) Teach you the king you know you

(Not) "God's son" across the belly

(Lose) I prove you lost already

Brace yourself for the main event

Y'all impatiently waiting

It's like an AIDS test, what's the results?

Not positive, who's the best? Pac, Nas and Big

Ain't no best, East, West, North, South, flossed out, greedy

I embrace y'all with napalm

Blows up, no guts, left chest, face gone

How could Nas be garbage?

Semi-autos at your cartilage

Burner at the side of your dome, come outta my throne

I got this, locked since '9-1

I am the truest, name a rapper that I ain't influenced

Gave y'all chapters but now I keep my eyes on the Judas

With Hawaiian Sophie fame, kept my name in his music

Check it

(I) Fuck with your soul like ether

(Will) Teach you the king you know you

(Not) "God's son" across the belly

(Lose) I prove you lost already

Ay yo, pass me the weed, pour my ashes out on these niggas man (no doubt)

Ay, y'all faggots, y'all kneel and kiss the fucking ring

(I) Fuck with your soul like ether

(Will) Teach you the king you know you

(Not) "God's son" across the belly

(Lose) I prove you lost already

I've been fucked over, left for dead, dissed and forgotten

Luck ran out, they hoped that I'd be gone, stiff and rotten

Y'all just piss on me, shit on me, spit on my grave (uh)

Talk about me, laugh behind my back but in my face

Y'all some "well wishers," friendly acting, envy hiding snakes

With your hands out for my money, man, how much can I take?

When these streets keep calling, heard it when I was sleep

That this Gay-Z and Cockafella Records wanted beef

Started cocking up my weapon, slowly loading up this ammo

To explode it on a camel, and his soldiers, I can handle

This for dolo and it's manuscript, just sound stupid

When KRS already made an album called Blueprint

First, Biggie's ya man, then you got the nerve to say that you better than Big

Dick sucking lips, why not you let the late, great veteran live

(I...will...not...lose)

"God's son" across the belly, I prove you lost already  
The king is back, where my crown at?  
(Ill...will) Ill Will rest in peace, let's do it niggas

(I) Fuck with your soul like ether  
(Will) Teach you the king you know you  
(Not) "God's son" across the belly  
(Lose) I prove you lost already

Y'all niggas deal with emotions like bitches  
What's sad is I love you 'cause you're my brother  
You traded your soul for riches  
My child, I've watched you grow up to be famous  
And now I smile like a proud dad, watching his only son that made it  
You seem to be only concerned with dissing women  
Were you abused as a child, scared to smile, they called you ugly?  
Well life is hard, hug me, don't reject me  
Or make records to disrespect me, blatant or indirectly  
In '88 you was getting chased through your building  
Calling my crib and I ain't even give you my numbers  
All I did was gave you a style for you to run with  
Smiling in my face, glad to break bread with the god  
Wearing Jaz chains, no tecs, no cash, no cars  
No jail bars Jigga, no pies, no case  
Just Hawaiian shirts, hanging with little Chase  
You a fan, a phony, a fake, a pussy, a Stan  
I still whip your ass, you thirty-six in a karate class  
You Tae-bo hoe, tryna' work it out, you tryna' get brolic?  
Ask me if I'm tryna' kick knowledge  
Nah, I'm tryna' kick the shit you need to learn though  
That ether, that shit that make your soul burn slow  
Is he Dame Diddy, Dame Daddy or Dame Dummy?  
Oh, I get it, you Biggie and he's Puffy  
Rockefeller died of AIDS, that was the end of his chapter  
And that's the guy y'all chose to name your company after?  
Put it together, I rock hoes, y'all rock fellas  
And now y'all try to take my spot, fellas?  
Philly's hot rock fellas, put you in a dry spot, fellas  
In a pine box with nine shots from my glock, fellas  
Foxy got you hot 'cause you kept your face in her puss  
What you think, you getting girls now 'cause of your looks?  
Ne-gro please  
You no mustache having, with whiskers like a rat  
Compared to Beans you wack  
And your man stabbed Un and made you take the blame  
You ass, went from Jaz to hanging with Caine, to Herb, to Big  
And, Eminem murdered you on your own shit  
You a dick-riding faggot, you love the attention  
Queens niggas run you niggas, ask Russell Simmons  
Ha, R-O-C get gunned up and clapped quick  
J.J. Evans get gunned up and clapped quick  
Your whole damn record label gunned up and clapped quick  
Shawn Carter to Jay-Z, damn you on Jaz dick  
So little shorty's getting gunned up and clapped quick  
How much of Biggie's rhymes is gonna come out your fat lips?  
Wanted to be on every last one of my classics  
You pop shit, apologize, nigga, just ask Kiss