

## Got Ur Self A...

Nas

Woke up this mornin', (yeah)  
You got yo'self a gun (yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Got yo'self a gun

Yo, I'm livin' in this time behind enemy lines so

I got mine, I hope you (got yo'self a gun)  
You from the hood I hope you (got yo'self a gun)  
You want beef? I hope ya (got yo'self a gun)  
And when I see you I'ma take what I want  
So, you tried to front, hope ya (got yo'self a gun)  
You ain't real, hope ya (got yo'self a gun)

My, first album had no famous guest appearances  
The outcome: I'm crowned the best lyricist  
Many years on this professional level  
Why would you question who's better? The world is still mine  
Tattoos real with "God's Son" across the belly  
The boss of rap, you saw me in "Belly" with thoughts like that  
To take it back to Africa, I did it with Biggie  
Me and Tupac were soldiers of the same struggle  
You lames should huddle, your team's shook  
Y'all feel the wrath of a killer, 'cause this is my football field  
Throwin' passes from a barrel, shoulder pads apparel  
But the Q.B. don't stand for no quarterback  
Every word is like a sawed-off blast, 'cause y'all all soft  
And I'm the black hearse that came to haul y'all ass in  
It's for the hood by the corner store  
Many try, many die, come at Nas if you want a war, get it bloody, uh

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Yo, I'm the N the A to the S-I-R  
And If I wasn't, I must've been Escobar  
You know the kid got his chipped tooth fixed  
Hair parted with a barber's preciseness, Bravehearted for life  
It's the return of the Golden Child, son of a blue's player  
So who are you playa? Y'all awaited the true savior  
Puffin' that tropical, cups of that Vodka too  
Papi chu', tore up, wake up in a hospital  
Throw up? Never, 'member I do this through righteous steps  
You Judists thought I was gone, so in light of my death  
Y'all been all happy-go-lucky, bunch of sambos  
Call me "God's Son", with my pants low  
I don't die slow, put them rags up like Petey Pablo  
This is Nasdaq dough, in my Nascar with this Nas flow  
Flip the beat back, now it's all reppin'  
Hit the record sto', never let me go, get my whole collection, yo

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It's, the, return of the Prince, the boss  
This is real hardcore, Kid Rock and Limp Bizkit's soft  
Sip Cris', get chips, wrist gliss, I floss  
Stick shift, look sick up in that Boxter Porsche  
With the top cut off, rich kids go and cop The Source  
They don't know about the blocks I'm on  
And everybody want to know where the kid go? Where he rest at?  
Where he shop at and dress at?  
Know he got dough, where does he live? Is he still in the bridge?  
Does he really know how ill that he is?  
Got all of y'all watchin' my moves, my watch and my jewels  
Hop in my coupe, dodge interviews like that  
It's not only my jewels, ice anything, plenty chains  
Look at my tennis shoes, I iced that  
Who am I? The back-twister, lingerie-ripper  
Automatic leg-spreader, quicker brain-getter  
Keepin' it gangsta wit' ya, uh

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(2x)