

Chain gleaming
Switching lanes
Two-seating
Hate him or love him
For the same reason
Can't leave it
The games needs him
Plus the people need someone to believe in
So in God's Son we trust
'Cause they know I'm gonna give 'em what they want
They looking for... a hero
I guess that makes me... a hero

Another chapter of the cleanest rapper
Distinguished gentlemen
Crooks and castle on his back
Maybach-er, exotic lady eye-catcher
Holla at'cha, call me the chiropractor
Working like Muay Thai class
Get perspire out ya
And of course I've been the boss since back when
Rocking D Boy, Fila, velour in 190 black Benz
Now they shut down the stores when I'm shopping
Used to be train robbing, face covered in stocking
I'm him

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Rubber-grip-holder, reloader
Come at me I'ma rip your soliders in half
Silverback ape, nickle-plated mag
Young, rich, and flashy
Young, b! tch, I'm nasty
All black clothes til ice lay on me so classy
And every time I close my lids
I can still see the borough, I can still see the Bridge
I can still see the dreams that my niqqas ain't never lived to see
Tell them angels open the door for me
From nine berettas and moving raw
To chilling in wine cellars
Sticks and humidors
That's what I call mature
That's what I call a g
That's what I call a pimp
That's what I call a gangsta
To the fullest, sh! t

I try to make more cream
By every September 14th, that's my dream
So I can be more clean, as I grow yearly
I can see things more clearly
That's why they fear me

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This universal apartheid
I'm hog-tied, the corporate side
Blocking y'all from going to stores and buying it
First L.A. and Doug Morris was riding wit it
But Newsweek article startled big wigs
They said, Nas, why is he trying it?
My lawyers only see the Billboard charts as winning
Forgetting - Nas the only true rebel since the beginning
Still in musical prison, in jail for the flow
Try telling Bob Dylan, Bruce, or Billy Joel
They can't sing what's in their soul
So untitled it is
I never change nothin'
But people remember this
If Nas can't say it, think about these talented kids
With new ideas being told what they can and can't spit
I can't sit and watch it
So, sh! t, I'ma drop it
Like it or not
You ain't gotta cop it
I'm a hustler in the studio
Cups of Don Julio
No matter what the CD called
I'm unbeatable, y'all