

## Just a Moment

Nas

Can we please have a moment of silence?  
That's for my niggaz doin' years in confinement  
And for my soldiers who passed over, no longer living  
That couldn't run whenever the reaper came to get 'em  
Can we please pour out some liquor?  
Symobilizin', let's take in time to consider that  
Though our thugs ain't here, the love is here  
And we gon' rep 'til slugs kill us here  
This for my dawgs stuck in the struggle tryin' to gain  
Smokin' trauma, sniffin' Ra while sellin' cocaine  
Trapped in the game, not knowin' how to stop and get by  
To live it alive, so instead they live it to die  
Can we please have a moment of peace?  
For every G that fell for his flag in the streets  
Bloodin' and thuggin', folkin' and lokin'  
Crypin' and creepin', Latin and kingin'  
Or just for poor righteous teachin'

As day comes and night falls  
For the rest of our life we'll miss y'all  
And even though life must go on, we'll still mourn  
While wishin' y'all were home

Yeah, and can we have another moment of silence?  
For brothers who died from black-on-black violence  
From here to the Dark Continent were rebels sell diamonds  
To clients all over the world, got little Black girls dyin'  
And can we please pour some more liquors?  
For Will, Bokeem, Bar, Pappy -- my niggaz  
Here's another Warrior Song from Nasty and Quan  
It's to him I pass the baton to carry this on  
Street's Disciple, salute to those who's gone with bullets  
And I promise through rhymin' Quan gon' rep his life to the fullest  
And can we please have a moment of truth?  
For soldiers and troops away with helmets and boots  
And families back home who pray they make it home safe  
Hopin' that they don't get hit with a stray or missiles  
This is just a moment to let you all know that we miss you  
Mommy I'm still here, wishin' I was there with you  
Let's take a moment

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And can we please have a moment to mourn?  
For Pac, Biggie and Pun 'cause through us they live on  
Jam Master Jay, Freaky Ty and Aaliyah  
Big L and Left Eye, when we die we hope to see ya  
Can we please have a moment for children?  
Who got raped or murdered, or trapped in the system  
Who never knew their father, never learned to dream  
But was guided by drug dealers, killers and crack fiends  
For single mothers that's forced to play mom and dad  
Bustin' her ass to give her kids shit she never had  
For my niggaz in the pen hopin' rhymes'll get 'em signed

So when released, they can say bye to a life of crime  
For every mother that held a son in the street bleedin'  
Cryin' a song of sorrow to dark and deep for speakin'  
Just a moment outside the day to day struggle  
To let the ones we really care about know that we love 'em

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While wishin' y'all were home