

# Last Real Nigga Alive

Nas

Uh, uh, uh, uh

Lord have mercy, Jesus Christ  
He's just nice, he just slice like a ginsu  
Look at the life that I been through  
I'm the last real nigga alive, that's official  
(2x)

Y'all don't know about my Biggie wars  
Who you thought 'Kick In The Door' was for?  
But that's my heart, y'all still trippin of this Jigga shit  
Real niggas listen up and I'mma tell you how the whole thing start  
Off top I brung Queens up from hard times  
Rockin at the Fever, streets was all mine  
It was my version of the blues, droppin our schools  
The crack epidemic had rap representin new rules  
So I, got in em shoes, tried em wore them  
Wasn't a perfect fit, so I couldn't sport em  
Young murderers ride, I knew all them  
Jungle got shot, Will died, we was warring  
I wrote it in my album  
I was 18 when Lake seen the Island  
And Lord held me down and  
My surroundings started changing  
I had a baby, I was making my rounds with AZ  
Niggas started noticing my flow and was open when  
The Golden Child closed in with more style than them older men  
Puff tried to start a label, Prince Rakeem had formed Wu-Tang  
Snoop and Dre had a new thang  
So Puff drove his new Range through Queensbridge Projects  
He let me drive it, before Ready to Die hit  
BIG and I hit blunts performing at the Arc  
Next thing you knew, BIG blew and all the balling starts  
He had Kim and his crew, I found Fox, only niggas in New York with number  
one charts  
BIG was ahead of his time, him and Raekwon my niggas  
But dig it, they couldn't get along  
That's when Ghostface said it on the Purple tape  
Bad Boy biting Nas album cover way(?)  
BIG told me Rae was stealing my slang  
And Rae told me out in Shaolin BIG would do the same thing  
But I borrowed from both them niggas  
Jigga started to flow like us, but hit with 'Ain't No Niggas'  
Had much Versace swagger  
BIG admired the Brooklyn knight and it took him in as Iceberg the rapper  
Today don't know nothing, about this bullshit  
There's more shit than wanting to be this King of New York shit

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Rap became a version of Malcom and Martin  
Rest In Peace Will, Queensbridge live on  
There's some ghetto secrets I can't rhyme in this song

There's some missing pieces I had to leave out  
I had lot trust for Steve Stoute  
At some point till I got to know him  
We old friends, but what's loyal?  
Puff soaked Interscope offices  
With champagne bottles on Steve, and Steve thought the drama is on me  
Cause previously it would have been, against whoever  
Friends forever  
However, I learn, with some niggas it's all business  
But I'm a street dude with morals  
To diss niggas with Jigga too much, he used to say Jay wanted my spot  
I laughed, stayed home, never hung a lot  
A quiet man who used to be alone planning  
Baby moms thought I was too quiet, couldn't stand it  
She hit the streets, later on she hittin the sheets  
With a rapper who wanted me on his songs, thinking he strong  
I taught her how to watch for cars that might follow  
Tauht her street shit that I know  
Her weakness was shine yo  
But that's her, I ain't mad baby, it made me stronger  
Now I get my paper longer  
Illmatic I was boss  
It Was Written I flossed  
One of the most creative LPs ever to hit stores  
In the Firm I learned I am Nastradamus  
QB's Finest, Oochie Wally, faced more problems  
I gave it all up so I can chill at home with mama  
She was getting old and sick so I stayed beside her  
We had the best times, she asked would I make more songs  
I told her not till I see her health get more strong  
In the middle of that, Jay tried to sneak attack  
Assasinate my character, degrade my hood  
Cause in order for him to be the Don, Nas had to go  
The Gam-B-I-N-O rules I understood  
What you want, see, I already had  
The Gift and The Curse? Fuck that shit, the first shall be last  
I'm the man's man, a rapper's rapper  
G-O-D S-O-N, they'll be none after  
I was Scarface, Jay was Manolo  
It hurt me when I had to kill him and his whole squad for dolo  
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