

## Loco-Motive

Nas

42nd street terminal

Yo, yo, I live it and I speak it  
My religion is reefer  
Big money in most, an uninhibited freak to sleep with  
My visions are realistic, nothing's figurative  
I can wish it into existence, God want this nigga to live  
Blunt big as a dread, I get high and forget who bled  
Who we stomp-kicked in the head and who we left for dead  
Who are you niggas? Why argue niggas?  
The truth is the truth, I really put my scars on niggas  
They wait a lifetime, they tell they hoes, "Nas did this"  
Pointin' to they scars like, "Right here, baby, really Nas did this"  
Like a badge of honor, not braggin' I'm just honest  
War stories we tell them, nothin's realer than karma  
Sip prohibition liquor, prohibition whiskey  
Rap Jack Demsey, Matt Black Bentley, pimply  
Shatterin' your silence, pass around the chalice  
Due to my Indian ancestry at the weed dispensery  
Official kings and gents is who I mix and mingle with  
Fuck your ice, I rock rubies, amethyst  
I fuck your wife cause she a groupie, scandalous  
This for my bad hood bitches, ghetto glamorous

Yo, what we talkin' 'bout niggas?  
What we talkin' 'bout niggas?  
This is Nas, what, Nas  
What, Nasty, what, recollect,

At seventeen I made seventeen thousand livin' in public housin'  
Integrity in tact, reppin' hard  
They askin' how he disappear and reappear back on top  
Sayin', "Nas must have naked pictures of God or somethin'"  
To keep winnin' is my way like Francis  
As long as I'm breathin', I'll take chances  
A soldier comin' home, twenty years old with no legs  
Sayin' there's no sense to cry and complain, just go 'head  
So much to write and say, yo I don't know where to start  
So I'll begin with the basics and flow from the heart  
I know you think my life is good cause my diamond piece  
But my life been good since I started finding peace  
I shouldn't even be smilin', I should be angry and depressed  
I been rich longer than I been broke, I confess  
I started out broke, got rich, lost paper then made it back  
Like Trump bein' up down up, play with cash

My nigga's like a locomotive  
Nas, we push it, mush 'em  
Queensbridge to Bushwick  
Harlem, Bronx, all that  
You ain't even supposed to be out here  
You know where you at?

At night, New York, eat a slice too hot  
Use my tongue to tear the skin hangin' from the roof of my mouth  
Shit was Falicimo, melted pot, city sweltering hot  
Staggerin' drunker than those cops that 2pac shot

I was a crook by the train with that iron thing, concealed  
Reachin', soon as I heard them iron wheels screechin'  
When it came to a halt whoever walked off got caught  
Toker man safe behind a locked door for sure  
Minor thief shit, minor league shit, beastin'  
Lookin' for the young, but now we older chiefin'  
In my truck, play The Greatest Adventures of Slick Rick  
Buggin' on how his imagination was so sick  
It's ghetto beef, sinister niggas snicker through yellow teeth  
Alcohol agin' my niggas faster than felonies  
How dare I? Must be, somethin' in the air that corrupts me  
Look at my upkeep, owned and sublease  
I'm here y'all

This for my trapped in the 90's niggas  
For my trapped in the 90's niggas  
Ha, for y'all niggas