"Nas is . . . " (7x)

Freedom or jail, clips inserted, a baby's bein born Same time my man is murdered, the beginning and end As far as rap go, it's only natural, I explain My plateau, and also, what defines my name First it was Nasty, but times have changed Ask me now, I'm the artist, but hardcore, my science for pain I spent time in the game, kept my mind on fame Saw fiends shoot up, and do lines of cocaine Saw my close friends shot, flatline am I sane? That depends, carry Mac-10's to practice my aim On rooftops, tape cd covers to trees Line the barrel up with your weak picture then squeeze Street scriptures for lost souls, in the crossroads To the corner thugs hustlin for cars that cost dough To the big dogs livin large, takin it light Pushin big toys, gettin nice, enjoyin your life is what you make it, suicide, few try to take it Belt tied around they neck in jail cells naked Heaven and hell, rap legend, presence is felt And of course N - A - S are the letters that spell . . . NAS, NAS "Nas is like life or death.. I'm a rebel.. " "My poetry's deep, I never fell.." "Nas is like.. half man half amazing.." "No doubt.." (2x) "Nas is like.." Earth Wind & Fire, rims and tires Bulletproof glass, inside is the realest driver Planets in orbit, line em up with the stars Tarot cards, you can see the pharaoh Nas "Nas is like.." Iron Mike, messiah type Before the Christ, after the death The last one left, let my cash invest in stock Came a along way from blastin, techs on blocks Went from Seiko to Rolex, ownin acres From the projects with no chips, to large cake dough Dimes, givin fellatio, siete zeros Bet my nine spit for the pesos But what's it all worth, can't take it when you under this Earth Rich men died and tried, but none of it worked They just rob your grave, I'd rather be alive and paid Before my number's called, history's made Some'll fall, but I rise, thug or die Makin choices, that determine my future under the sky To rob steal or kill, I'm wondering why It's a dirty game, is any man worthy of fame? Much to success to ya, even if you wish me the opposite Sooner or later we'll all see who the prophet is

<sup>&</sup>quot;Nas is like life or death.. I'm a rebel.."

"My poetry's deep, I never fell.."

"Nas is like.. half man half amazing.."

"No doubt.."

"Nas is like.." Sex to a nympho, but nothin sweet I'm like beef, bustin heat through your windows I'm like a street sweeper, greenleaf reaper Like Greeks in Egypt, learnin somethin deep from they teachers I'm like crime, like your nine, your man you would die for Always got you, I'm like Pop Duke you would cry for I'm like a whole lot of loot, I'm like crisp money Corporate accounts from a rich company I'm like ecstasy for ladies, I'm like all races combined in one man; like the '99 summer jam Bulletproof Hummer man I'm like being locked down around new faces, and none of em fam' I'm the feelin of a millionaire spendin a hundred grand I'm a poor man's dream, a thug poet Live it, and I write down and I watch it blow up Y'all know what I'm like, y'all play it your system every night Now..

"Nas is like life or death.. I'm a rebel.."

"My poetry's deep, I never fell.."

"Nas is like.. half man half amazing.."

"No doubt.."