

# Nastradamus

Nas

Uh, 2000 G

Yo, I need an encore y'all, you should welcome me back  
You wanna ball till you fall, I can help you with that  
You want beef? I could let a slug melt in your hat  
Cuz I'm a wild barbarian, too hard, I'm scarin' 'em  
Century 21 solar eclipse  
While you listenin' to the words that I wrote on the disc  
Thelonius, my description is do-rags, pants sag down to my feet  
AK is my heat, everyday in the street till I lay six feet  
QB, PJs, and we playin' for keeps  
Jewelry, cars and Jeeps is my motto  
Four-fives with the hollows, silencers on the nozzles  
Pop bottles with those who left here  
The best years, wearin a bulletproof vest years  
The aim for the head and chest years  
What's your name? Make your name known  
For the next year's, better rep, yeah

Nasty, Nas the Esco to Escobar  
Now he is Nastradamus  
Nasty, Nas the Esco to Escobar  
Now he is Nastradamus

Nasty, Nas the Esco to Escobar  
Now he is Nastradamus  
Nasty, Nas the Esco to Escobar  
Now he is Nastradamus

I let y'all niggas bang my shit before Saddam hits  
The Nastradamus tell us what time it is  
I was the first one on that Don shit  
First nigga to sing a hook on some TJ Swan shit  
Black ski masks up in the projects, camouflage, full clips  
Run up in your crib, tie up your bitch  
Weigh the bricks and we loco, so broke, brown coke won't sell  
Spendin' your money on weed, smoke and hotels  
Hood rats and bullet wound up females  
Got babies by hustlers and niggaz in jail  
Slingin for chips and fiends with burnt finger tips  
Base heads, killed cab drivers just for a hit  
A week later, sportin' Gators, gettin' thrills  
Our honies wearin' Gucci high heels  
She come to scoop me, I chill  
Leave streets alone for a sec  
Hit the sky bar, sunset, and the sex is so high-tech  
Uh

Nasty, Nas the Esco to Escobar  
Now he is Nastradamus  
Nasty, Nas the Esco to Escobar  
Now he is Nastradamus

Nasty, Nas the Esco to Escobar  
Now he is Nastradamus  
Nasty, Nas the Esco to Escobar  
Now he is Nastradamus

Now, lounge homeboy, you in the Godly zone  
Rest in peace, Ill Will, now your name's in the throne  
We gon' rep it the best that we can  
Physically, you was killed by the weapons of man  
But where you at now, you lamp laid in Mac's now  
Where Bravehearts put they rap down in honor of your name, you a legend  
And they don't understand how you C.E.O. from heaven  
But that's another level, brethren  
Tow G's, we got the type fam with Mac 11's  
We do squeeze, thought it's not right  
But that's the zone that we left in  
Bentleys, Porches, DRJ watches  
Sick with the bread, Lamborghini trucks topless  
Laptops with 100 gigabytes, ninja bikes  
And we all roll dice, for each other's ice  
And how does one guy multiply to more than five wise guys?  
But only one man, only the mind's eyes, can understand that I'm...

Nasty, Nas the Esco to Escobar  
Now he is Nastrodamus  
Nasty, Nas the Esco to Escobar  
Now he is Nastrodamus

Nasty, Nas the Esco to Escobar  
Now he is Nastrodamus  
Nasty, Nas the Esco to Escobar  
Now he is Nastrodamus

Ill Will  
Nastrodamus  
New LP for the 2G  
Uh  
Bravehearts  
Nation  
Big Things  
Lucciano  
Oh, the Lord again  
M-O-B-B Deep  
Zaire  
Jungle  
Raise hope