

One Time 4 Your Mind

Nas

Yeah, it's Illmatic (yeah)
It's Illmatic (yeah!)
It's Illmatic, huh
(yeah kick that shit)

One time 4 your mind, one time
Yeah whatever
One time 4 your mind, one time
Yo whatever
One time 4 your mind, one time
Aiiyo Nas (whattup Paul) kick that fuckin rhyme

Check it out
When I'm chillin, I grab the buddha, get my crew to buy beers
And watch a flick, illin and root for the villian, huh
Plus every morning, I go out and love it sort of chilly
Then I send a shorty from my block to the store for Phillies
After being blessed by the herb's essence
I'm back to my rest, ten minutes some odd seconds
That's where I got the honey at, spends the night for sexing
Cheap lubrication, Lifestyle protection
Picking up my stereo's remote control quickly
Ron G's in the cassette deck, rockin the shit, G
I try to stay mellow, rock, well acapella rhymes'll
make me richer than a slipper made Cinderella fella
Go get your crew, Hobbes, I'm prepared to bomb troops
Got niggaz who's born, I shot my way out my Mom Dukes
When I was ten, I was a hip-hoppin shorty wop
Known for rocking microphones and twisting off a 40 top, yeah

One time 4 your mind, one time
Yeah whatever
One time 4 your mind, one time
It sound clever
Hey yo Nas, fuck that, man that shit was fat
But kick that for them gangstas man, fuck all that

Right, right, what up niggaz, how y'all, it's Nasty the villian
I'm still writin rhymes but besides that I'm chillin
I'm trying to get this money, God, you know the hard times, kid
Shit, cold be starvin make you wanna do crimes kid
But I'ma lamp, cuz a crime couldn't beat a rhyme
Niggaz catching 3 to 9's, Muslims yelling free the mind
And I'm from Queensbridge, been to many places
as a kid when I would say that out of town, niggaz chased us
But now I know the time, got a older mind
Plus control a nine, fine, see now I represent mine
I'm new on the rap scene, brothers never heard of me
Yet I'm a meance, yo, police wanna murder me
Heine(ken) Dark drinker, represent the thinker
My pen rides the paper, it even has blinkers
Think I'll dim the lights then inhale, it stimulates
Floating like I'm on the North 95 Interstate
Never plan to stop, when I write my hand is hot
And expand alot from the Wiz to Camelot
The parlayer, I'll make ya heads bop Pah
I shine a light on perpetrators like a cop's car

From day to night, I play the mic and you'll thank God
I wreck shit so much, the microphone'll need a paint job
My brain is incarcerated
Live at any jam, I couldn't count all the parks I raided
I hold a Mac-11, and attack the Reverend
I contact 11 L's and max in heaven

Yo, one time 4 your mind, one time
It sound clever
But one time 4 your mind, one time
Yeah whatever
One time 4 your mind, one time
Yo, from ninety-two to ninety-nine
Yeah that shit was greasy fat Paul, knowwhatI'msayin?
But check it, you gotta another verse for me
I want you to kick it, youknowwhatI'msayin?
Kick that shit from the projects...