

## Stillmatic (The Intro)

Nas

Uh, you know I still run with that, that blood of a slave  
Boiling in my veins  
It's just hot until a nigga can't take it no more  
Blood of a slave, Heart of a King  
Turn my voice up

Ayo, the brother is "Stillmatic"  
I crawled up out of that grave, wiping the dirt, cleaning my shirt  
They thought I'll make another "Illmatic"  
But it's always forward I'm moving  
Never backwards stupid here's another classic  
C-Notes is falling from the sky  
By now the credits roll starring Nas executive poet, produced,  
directed by  
The Kid slash Escobar  
Narration describes the lives and laws tribes in the ghetto trying to survive  
The feature opens with this young black child  
Finger scratch, cigarette burns on the sofa, turning the TV down  
Mary Jane girls, 45's playing, soft in the background  
Poof from C-Town's mornings was hash browns  
Stepped over dope fiends, walking out the door, all of us paw  
I learned the difference between the snitches, the real ones, and who's soft  
And the murderous, hungriest crews  
People jumping from roofs, shotguns pumping made it through my youth  
Walking very thin lines, ages seven and nine  
That's the age I was on my album cover, this is the rebirth  
I know the streets thirst water like Moses  
Walking through the hot desert searching to be free  
This is my end and my new beginning Nostalgia  
Alpha and Omega places, it's like a glitch in the matrix  
I seen it at all, did it all, most of y'all been pop for a minute  
Spitters, sinners and the game get rid of y'all  
Y'all got there but y'all didn't get it all, I want my style back  
Hate to cease y'all plan it's the rap reaper man  
To them double up hustlers, bidders, niggaz who real  
Professionals, stick up child's dreaming for meals  
Let my words guide you, get inside you  
From Crips to Pirus this is survival

Blood of a Slave, Heart of a King  
Blood of a Slave, Heart of a King

Uh, uh Blood of a Slave, Heart of a King

Uh, yea

Huh, Braveheart