

# The Cross

Nas

I carry the cross, if Virgin Mary had an abortion  
I'd still be carried in the chariot by stampeding horses  
Had to bring it back to New York  
I'm happy that the streets is back in New York  
For you rappers, I carry the cross  
(2x)

Y'all can keep y'all weak beats, from your corny producers  
There's a new king of the streets, you're gonna get used to  
I was the old king of the streets, that y'all once hated  
But now I reinvented myself, and y'all all waited  
NAS, N.A.S. mean Niggaz Against Society  
Noisy I aim not silently, noose all surroundin me  
I hang 'em I string 'em up ain't no thing I just drop 'em  
to which doctor you copped and you locked and it ain't what it was  
I changed it up from that pop shit it's hard to see R&B  
rappers arguably, started fuckin up the game horribly  
Cause, I parted the sea, then these novices targetted me  
Bitches infatuated say they love me lyin to me  
What I've discovered is my brother's tryin to be  
the next me, yeah I support him but he's blinded I see  
jealousy he love me to death am I buggin I love him for life  
We both still mournin on our mother's, life  
And I don't need much but a Dutch, a bitch to fuck  
A six, a truck, some guns to bust  
I wish it was that simple, the last emperor, hit yo' ass  
with the Nasty Nas, diary, get out my path

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I can't keep a bitch cause none of them come up for a little Des  
I can't be too rich, too many hoes, lined up for sex  
I can't rest until my niggaz in houses with pretty maids  
Water and flowers in 'em  
While my niggaz walk around in they trousers grinnin  
Gotta keep a lot of heat; 30 cal 10 millimeters  
40 cal plus the heckler, to set y'all straight  
You too light? I shoot your freckles out  
You too dark? The infrared show you what the tec about  
Huh? I'm stressin out, need more offices for bosses  
Secretaries and meetings with big sharks, who mad greedy  
We can sell mo', boats on the coast  
Give, coats to the po' and give, hope to the broke then live low  
But that ain't reality, I look happy but under the sky  
You see a nigga who know, out of three women 2 out of 3  
will love you but lead you to they own, hidden evil  
BITCH! You the reason niggaz be beefin, hoe get on  
'Posed to be Earth, ain't worth the pussy that you sit on  
From here on, it's a new day  
Million dollars ain't, what it was yesterday  
Many problems, many niggaz, most involved but they fake  
Hope y'all relate

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