

## 2nd Childhood

Nas

"Cause when I flow the for the street.." - ".. who else could it be"  
"Nas.."

Yo

Explode, my thoughts were drunken from quarts of beers  
Was years back, before Nasir would explore a career in rap  
As a music dude, I mastered this Rubik's Cube  
Godzilla, fought Gargantua, eyes glued to the tube  
Was a, long time ago, John Boy Ice  
Geronimo po-lice jumpin out Chryslers, easywider paper  
Pops puffin his sess, punchin his chest like a gorilla  
Outside was psychoes, killers  
Saw Divine, Goon and Chungo, Lil' Turkey  
R.I.P. Tyrone, 'member no cursin front of Ms. Vercey  
Big Percy, Crazy Paul, the Sledge Sisters  
My building was 40-16, once in the blue, hallways was clean  
I knew, all that I'd seen had meant somethin  
Learned early, to fear none little Nas was huntin  
Livin carefree laughin, got jokes on the daily  
Y'all actin like some old folks y'all don't hear me  
Yo I'm in my second childhood

"Cause when I flow the for the street.." - ".. who else could it be"  
"N-A-S" - "Nas.."  
"Resurrect, through the birth of my seed.." - "Queensbridge"  
"Make everything right.." - "Get yours, nigga"  
(2x)

Yo, dude is 31, livin in his moms crib  
Ex-convict, was paroled there after his long bid  
Cornrows in his hair, still slingin, got a crew  
They break his moms furniture, watchin Comicview  
Got babies by different ladies high smokin L's  
in the same spot he stood since, eighty-five well  
When his stash slow, he be crazy  
Say he by his moms, hit her on her payday  
Junior high school dropout, teachers never cared  
They was paid just to show up and leave, no one succeeds  
So he moves with his peers, different blocks, different years  
Sittin on, different benches like it's musical chairs  
All his peoples moved on in life, he's on the corners at night  
with young dudes it's them he wanna be like  
It's sad but it's fun to him right? He never grew up  
31 and can't give his youth, he's in his second childhood

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Baby girl she's always talkin name droppin hangin late  
Drinkin smokin hates her baby daddy, craves shoppin  
E poppin Ecstasy takin, won't finish her education  
Best friend she keeps changin, stuck with limitations  
Lustin men, many hotels, Fendi Chanel  
With nothin in her bank account frontin she do well  
Her kid suffers he don't get that love he deserve

He the Sun, she the Earth, single mom, even worse  
No job never stay workin, mad purty  
Shorty they call her the brain surgeon  
Time flyin she the same person, never matures  
All her friends married doin well  
She's in the streets yakkety yakkin like she was 12  
Honey is twenty-seven, argues fights  
Selfish in her own right, polite, guess she's in her second childhood

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"Who else could it be.." - "N-A-S" - "Nas.."