

## Ether

Nas

("Fuck Jay-Z")  
What's up niggas, ay yo, I know you ain't talking 'bout me dog  
You, what?  
("Fuck Jay-Z")  
You been on my dick nigga, you love my style, nigga  
("Fuck Jay-Z")

(I) Fuck with your soul like ether  
(Will) Teach you the king you know you  
(Not) "God's son" across the belly  
(Lose) I prove you lost already

Brace yourself for the main event  
Y'all impatiently waiting  
It's like an AIDS test, what's the results?  
Not positive, who's the best? Pac, Nas and Big  
Ain't no best, East, West, North, South, flossed out, greedy  
I embrace y'all with napalm  
Blows up, no guts, left chest, face gone  
How could Nas be garbage?  
Semi-autos at your cartilage  
Burner at the side of your dome, come outta my throne  
I got this, locked since '9-1  
I am the truest, name a rapper that I ain't influenced  
Gave y'all chapters but now I keep my eyes on the Judas  
With Hawaiian Sophie fame, kept my name in his music  
Check it

(I) Fuck with your soul like ether  
(Will) Teach you the king you know you  
(Not) "God's son" across the belly  
(Lose) I prove you lost already

Ay yo, pass me the weed, pour my ashes out on these niggas man (no doubt)  
Ay, y'all faggots, y'all kneel and kiss the fucking ring

(I) Fuck with your soul like ether  
(Will) Teach you the king you know you  
(Not) "God's son" across the belly  
(Lose) I prove you lost already

I've been fucked over, left for dead, dissed and forgotten  
Luck ran out, they hoped that I'd be gone, stiff and rotten  
Y'all just piss on me, shit on me, spit on my grave (uh)  
Talk about me, laugh behind my back but in my face  
Y'all some "well wishers," friendly acting, envy hiding snakes  
With your hands out for my money, man, how much can I take?  
When these streets keep calling, heard it when I was sleep  
That this Gay-Z and Cockafella Records wanted beef  
Started cocking up my weapon, slowly loading up this ammo  
To explode it on a camel, and his soldiers, I can handle  
This for dolo and it's manuscript, just sound stupid  
When KRS already made an album called Blueprint  
First, Biggie's ya man, then you got the nerve to say that you better than B  
ig  
Dick sucking lips, why not you let the late, great veteran live

(I...will...not...lose)

"God's son" across the belly, I prove you lost already

The king is back, where my crown at?

(Ill...will) Ill Will rest in peace, let's do it niggas

(I) Fuck with your soul like ether

(Will) Teach you the king you know you

(Not) "God's son" across the belly

(Lose) I prove you lost already

Y'all niggas deal with emotions like bitches

What's sad is I love you 'cause you're my brother

You traded your soul for riches

My child, I've watched you grow up to be famous

And now I smile like a proud dad, watching his only son that made it

You seem to be only concerned with dissing women

Were you abused as a child, scared to smile, they called you ugly?

Well life is hard, hug me, don't reject me

Or make records to disrespect me, blatant or indirectly

In '88 you was getting chased through your building

Calling my crib and I ain't even give you my numbers

All I did was gave you a style for you to run with

Smiling in my face, glad to break bread with the god

Wearing Jaz chains, no tecs, no cash, no cars

No jail bars Jigga, no pies, no case

Just Hawaiian shirts, hanging with little Chase

You a fan, a phony, a fake, a pussy, a Stan

I still whip your ass, you thirty-six in a karate class

You Tae-bo hoe, tryna' work it out, you tryna' get brolic?

Ask me if I'm tryna' kick knowledge

Nah, I'm tryna' kick the shit you need to learn though

That ether, that shit that make your soul burn slow

Is he Dame Diddy, Dame Daddy or Dame Dummy?

Oh, I get it, you Biggie and he's Puffy

Rockefeller died of AIDS, that was the end of his chapter

And that's the guy y'all chose to name your company after?

Put it together, I rock hoes, y'all rock fellas

And now y'all try to take my spot, fellas?

Philly's hot rock fellas, put you in a dry spot, fellas

In a pine box with nine shots from my glock, fellas

Foxy got you hot 'cause you kept your face in her puss

What you think, you getting girls now 'cause of your looks?

Ne-gro please

You no mustache having, with whiskers like a rat

Compared to Beans you wack

And your man stabbed Un and made you take the blame

You ass, went from Jaz to hanging with Caine, to Herb, to Big

And, Eminem murdered you on your own shit

You a dick-riding faggot, you love the attention

Queens niggas run you niggas, ask Russell Simmons

Ha, R-O-C get gunned up and clapped quick

J.J. Evans get gunned up and clapped quick

Your whole damn record label gunned up and clapped quick

Shawn Carter to Jay-Z, damn you on Jaz dick

So little shorty's getting gunned up and clapped quick

How much of Biggie's rhymes is gonna come out your fat lips?

Wanted to be on every last one of my classics

You pop shit, apologize, nigga, just ask Kiss