

## Family

Nas

Dunn you fam to me, and only family  
that can get that close to me  
Keep it type strong  
Blowin green that's keepin us goin  
Allah Havoc gettin right, on them 747

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Unconditional love showin

Yo, yo, yo, yo  
Forty decide, on the First side right

Me and my Dunns come from the slums  
You can't take the slums out my Dunns  
and that's how it is, that's how we live  
Sometimes I find myself wearin the same shit for days  
not carin, bout what they gon' think or say  
I got that, "I don't give a fuck" in me, it's stuck in me  
That's how I 'vantage over y'all niggaz, y'all too pretty  
We too gritty, like Sanford and Son (what)  
Too grimy like Pigpen with jewels on  
See we the top rap niggaz, the Q-Dogs  
You got a lot of nerve, puttin out them songs  
knowin that my niggaz come strong, so let's get it on  
We just gettin warm, Operation "Quiet Storm"  
Silent wars or we silence the fours  
Half P and I's got it in the smash for sure  
Now it's movies and soundtracks  
This is where your career stop at

Aiyyo I drink to that  
I'm like a dictionary, y'all rappers exam me  
You ballet? They read your obituary, in front your family  
You should idolize Nas in the flesh  
Don't wait til I'm dead, to say I was the best, no doubt  
We shot hoops with coathangers, got loot with dopeslangers  
Sold soap to strangers, joked with danger  
Rob prostitutes, dodge cops in hot pursuit  
Bought weight from rosters, travel hot routes  
O.T. commute back and forth  
Tell shorty get that package off  
Fuck bein trapped up North, being told where to eat and shit  
Caught a case then I beat the shit  
Theives on the block flash badges, nylon jackets  
Big white boys with guns yellin, "Freeze black kids!"  
Got my niggaz in the pen, eatin octopus  
Wishin they was on the blocks with us  
to watch me and P do it (uh) put the heat to it (uh)  
Put it out, first day, the whole street knew it  
Bitches, hold they pussies and bop to the music  
and think deep to it, now who the truest?

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Are you fam to me, and only fam to me  
that can get that close to me  
Keep it type strong

Dirty fingernails, reachin in my pocket pullin knots out  
I daydream of better days, in different ways  
out this lifestyle we live, iced out with the big fifth  
That's why the burnt leather lean to the left  
Even though we gained cash on fish  
I'm trapped on reason bein we ain't all rich  
And I'ma be that same nigga for the door  
And I'ma still walk the same path, we soon clash  
We get stacks, you do the math  
We pound niggaz out, walk away and laugh  
Fresh from out the lab, P and Nastradamus kid  
Rap niggaz shit they drawers

Yo they probably did  
I aircondition y'all niggaz, my prediction is you rewind this  
Your highness, Q-Boro's finest  
Click your Timbs three times, the wizard is Nas  
Grant you a wish, you get rich while listenin hard  
To my thugs in the prisonyard, bench-pressin 200 pounds and up  
Feelin like you down on your luck  
Raise up, I feel your pain, hit the law library  
Appeal the game, all eyes on me  
Restrained from, bein looked at, as uncivilized  
We epitomize thug song, y'all niggaz get mad  
Jealous rappers is puss, ain't got no style  
no heart and no look, shook  
Get stole on, my niggaz move right in the moonlight  
Y'all niggaz get done, I pee on them son, they a small issue  
We too official, blue steel pistols  
Teflon vests, it's no contest we hit you

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Yeah youknahtsayin? Not for nuttin baby

Knahmsayin wanna give a shout out to my peoples  
YouknowwhatImean? Gamble, Ill Will  
Killa Black, my brother  
It's never gonna be another  
Word up..

Yeah, you know how we do things