Nastradamus

Nas

Uh, 2000 G

Yo, I need an encore y'all, you should welcome me back
You wanna ball till you fall, I can help you with that
You want beef? I could let a slug melt in your hat
Cuz I'm a wild barbarian, too hard, I'm scarin' 'em
Century 21 solar eclipse
While you listenin' to the words that I wrote on the disc
Thelonius, my description is do-rags, pants sag down to my feet
AK is my heat, everyday in the street till I lay six feet
QB, PJs, and we playin' for keeps
Jewelry, cars and Jeeps is my motto
Four-fives with the hollows, silencers on the nozzles
Pop bottles with those who left here
The best years, wearin a bulletproof vest years
The aim for the head and chest years
What's your name? Make your name known
For the next year's, better rep, yeah

Nasty, Nas the Esco to Escobar
Now he is Nastrodamus
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I let y'all niggas bang my shit before Saddam hits
The Nastrodamus tell us what time it is
I was the first one on that Don shit
First nigga to sing a hook on some TJ Swan shit
Black ski masks up in the projects, camoulflage, full clips
Run up in your crib, tie up your bitch
Weigh the bricks and we loco, so broke, brown coke won't sell
Spendin' your money on weed, smoke and hotels
Hood rats and bullet wound up females
Got babies by hustlers and niggaz in jail
Slingin for chips and fiends with burnt finger tips
Base heads, killed cab drivers just for a hit
A week later, sportin' Gators, gettin' thrills
Our honies wearin' Gucci high heels
She come to scoop me, I chill
Leave streets alone for a sec
Hit the sky bar, sunset, and the sex is so high-tech
Uh

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Now, lounge homeboy, you in the Godly zone
Rest in peace, Ill Will, now your name's in the throne
We gon' rep it the best that we can
Physically, you was killed by the weapons of man
But where you at now, you lamp laid in Mac's now
Where Bravehearts put they rap down in honor of your name, you a legend
And they don't understand how you C.E.O. from heaven
But that's another level, brethren
Tow G's, we got the type fam with Mac 11's
We do squeeze, thought it's not right
But that's the zone that we left in
Bentleys, Porches, DRJ watches
Sick with the bread, Lamborghini trucks topless
Laptops with 100 gigabytes, ninja bikes
And we all roll dice, for each other's ice
And how does one guy multiply to more than five wise guys?
But only one man, only the mind's eyes, can understand that I'm...

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Ill Will
Nastrodamus
New LP for the 2G
Uh
Bravehearts
Nation
Big Things
Lucciano
Oh, the Lord again
M-O-B-B Deep
Zaire
Jungle
Raise hope

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