

Street's Disciple

Nas

"Two-thousand-four, yeah. L, whattup?"

"Prophesy!"

"Yeah."

"Prophesy baby!"

Disciple, Disciple (What?!) Disciple (STREET'S!)

Disciple (STREET'S!)

Disciple (STREET'S!)

Disciple (STREET'S!)

Disciple (STREET'S!)

Disciple (STREET'S!)

Disciple (STREET'S!)

Disciple (Let's go!)

Word to mama, any lineup of rhymers

Could bring any drama, anytime, the city's mine

Nas Is Like, Love Undying, Money's My Bitch

In Thugz Mansion, thugs dancin' around the fly shit

Pharaoh garment's Prada, Egyptian camelback-riders

Pyramid architects, Perignon bottles, money, jewelry want me to come

Get me, hit me but don't miss me, you history

Lead flowin' around like a Frisbee, Italian dons from Sicily kiss me

This ain't 50, this ain't Jigga, this ain't Diddy, this ain't Pretty

Pain, power, pussy and pistols, lyrically no one, hold none near me, hear me

Kids cheer me like The Count of Monte-Cristo

Steady poundin' soundin' like G without the lisp though

My big bro told me plain and simple, "Nas do not look back"

Watch where you took rap, no bookbags and trucker hats

Just army jacks and diamonds that's flashin'

What the fuck is that, freestyle

Disciple, Disciple (STREET'S!)

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Disciple (STREET'S!)

Disciple (STREET'S!)

Disciple (Esco!)

Like Paul, Michael and Matthew, Peter, James and Andrew

Phillip, Simon and Judas -- I'm disciple of music

Street beats is the main thing minus the traitor

And I'm not a dictator, I'm the righteous invitin' you haters

Inside the life of the greatest, it'll take you through something real

Get a smack in your face, 'cause I hurt up, trauma-tize, llama

Bust shells, destroy yet try'ta prevent violence

If I present iron somebody dyin', don't even worry 'bout it

Then dress warm for the cemetery climate

When I speak I need cemetery silence, terror

See me, gold Hummers, Lamborghinis, man who stole the summer

Hand straight gleamin', if I don't know you toe-tag you

Drag you through the cement, fo-fo maggie

Body parts in my man's Maserati car, then party hard in Madagascar

While rigor mortis'll grab ya, him retarded, I'm pass that

Gloves on, where the mask at? Too many love songs

All the thugs gone, what happened? Where's the passion?

Rappers battlin' non-rappers, carryin' on backwards

Laughin' sayin' Nas thinks he's Farrakhan preachin' blackness
Hell yeah, awareness is my alias
Word to the 'Braveheart' written on my bare chest
The realest, HERE IT IS!

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Disciple (Esco!)