

XTC

"It Ain't Hard to Tell"

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* also called "Nas Will Prevail"

[Verse 1]

It ain't hard to tell, I excel and prevail
The mic comes in contact with the third rail
My raps react, they attack the wack just like a maniac
With this, see I'm a brainiac
I call you tattoo, you never come off
I flip the script with a sawed-off, boss
A modern Shakespeare - reincarnated
Brains are elevated, I'm bein R rated
This style is terror, drastic
Meltin the plastic, and I eat mics just like acid
Burn your pen and pads, mics you'll need not
Cause I be packin like a Rasta in a weed spot
Hittin your heart with a hollow-tip verbally illin
Minds minipulated, my raps are nickel-plated
I execute raps like I'm swingin an axe around
This is a mic shut down
Notify the President - that I'm bombin your residence
and I'm leavin no evidence
Voice box yells, lyrics will excel
Rappers gettin smoked, you can smell the hot shells
Your style is fake snake, well dramatized
You might as well be a singer but ain't
harmonize/harmin-Nas
Here's the break, I can translate lyrics so well
I excel, it ain't hard to tell

It ain't hard to tell..

[Verse 2]

I got a case of vocal fever, I'm here to make you a
believer
Nas wrecks the tweeters and recievers
Lyrics will explode, my brain overloads
Gimme a Grammy competition is dead just like Sammy
I leave minds magnetized like slaves
Your style is old fashion like waves
Holdin a pistol at a pastor, pullin the trigger faster
Tell 'em I was sent by his Master

But that topic's too deep for your ear
Here's the science you can comprehend clear
Advanced intellectual, a time bomb speeder
I'll pull your whole card - just like a palm reader
Non-stop, I'm bustin heads like the FEDS baby pops
This is not the +Kindergarten Cop+
Put on your blindfold, I'ma release and stand tall
I detonate bombs at the policeman's ball
This is art from the heart, I leave 'em marked for death
in each breath in this game I'm the ref
Already I'm ill but I can only get better
With lyrics as pretty as a nickel-plated Beretta
I master dialects, of uncommon languages
A black man caught by the Klan couldn't hang with this
These are proverbs, copy cat attackers
I'm wanted dead cause I'ma genocide to rappers
Battlin Nas is dead when my brain reacts
yYu might as well have fell asleep on a train track
This ain't the same track that you're used to
This is rhythmic automatic, try it you oughta have it
Slaughter your tape recorder; givin thanks to my
supporters
and keep flowin like water
No matter the obstacle, Nasty Nas will prevail
Ayyo, it ain't hard to tell

It ain't hard to tell..

[Verse 3]

Check it
I catch wreck with my intellect, suckers are incorrect
I'm gonna win cause you slept
on Nas, word is bond, I leave the microphone torn
False rappers, you need to write your own song
Metaphors of murder man, hittin like Roberto Duran
Hold the mic in my hand, my life span
Imitators will sweat me like gym class
Your raps are fat? Shit, then I'll be Slim Fast
New rap recruits I salute then delete 'em
Verbally eat 'em, because my ears don't need 'em
Nas is a terrorist, analyst
Swingin my fists like a nigga breakin, possessed by
Satan
You couldn't compete with a beat that was fast or slow
Brothers is gettin shipped out like I was Castro
I can eat your flavor but I'm not a candy lover
I use a +Lethal Weapon+, just like Danny Glover
Execute monologues, sabotage entourage
Mutilate mics like a maniac in bars
I talk with slang, and use my brain
Generate pain, penetrate your vein

Move like a maniac, Nas is nice son
Talk to your conscience and hit like Tyson
No competition, cause I cause wonders
Nas will battle rappers by the football numbers
A motor mouth killer, rhyme writin thriller
Hold a mac-11, and attack a reverend
Don't sleep cause you might not wake
I speak deep, dialects I translate
Queens Prince, commit sins on the regular
Murder my competitors, and et cetera
Nas is a gypsy Egyptian
flippin' the script'n microphone manufacturers are
victims
My voice makes your ear drums swell..
It ain't hard to tell

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