

XTC**"Nas is Like"**

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("Nas is . . ." -Nas) 7x

[Nas]

Freedom or jail, clips inserted, a baby's bein born
Same time my man is murdered, the beginning and
end
As far as rap go, it's only natural, I explain
My plateau, and also, what defines my name
First it was Nasty, but times have changed
Ask me now, I'm the artist, but hardcore, my science
for pain
I spent time in the game, kept my mind on fame
Saw fiends shoot up, and do lines of cocaine
Saw my close friends shot, flatline am I sane?
That depends, carry Mac-10's to practice my aim
On rooftops, tape cd covers to trees
Line the barrel up with your weak picture then squeeze
Street scriptures for lost souls, in the crossroads
To the corner thugs hustlin for cars that cost dough
To the big dogs livin large, takin it light
Pushin big toys, gettin nice, enjoyin your life
is what you make it, suicide, few try to take it
Belt tied around they neck in jail cells naked
Heaven and hell, rap legend, presence is felt
And of course N - A - S are the letters that spell . . .
NAS, NAS

Chorus: scratching by DJ Premier (2X)

"Nas is like life or death.. I'm a rebel.. "
"My poetry's deep, I never fell.."
"Nas is like.. half man half amazing.."
"No doubt.."

[Nas]

"Nas is like.." Earth Wind & Fire, rims and tires
Bulletproof glass, inside is the realest driver
Planets in orbit, line em up with the stars
Tarot cards, you can see the pharaoh Nas
"Nas is like.." Iron Mike, messiah type
Before the Christ, after the death

The last one left, let my cash invest in stock
Came a along way from blastin, techs on blocks
Went from Seiko to Rolex, ownin acres
From the projects with no chips, to large cake dough
Dimes, givin fellatio, siete zeros
Bet my nine spit for the pesos
But what's it all worth, can't take it when you under this
Earth
Rich men died and tried, but none of it worked
They just rob your grave, I'd rather be alive and paid
Before my number's called, history's made
Some'll fall, but I rise, thug or die
Makin choices, that determine my future under the sky
To rob steal or kill, I'm wondering why
It's a dirty game, is any man worthy of fame?
Much to success to ya, even if you wish me the
opposite
Sooner or later we'll all see who the prophet is

Chorus

[Nas]

"Nas is like.." Sex to a nympho, but nothin sweet
I'm like beef, bustin heat through your windows
I'm like a street sweeper, greenleaf reaper
Like Greeks in Egypt, learnin somethin deep from they
teachers
I'm like crime, like your nine, your man you would die
for
Always got you, I'm like Pop Duke you would cry for
I'm like a whole lot of loot, I'm like crisp money
Corporate accounts from a rich company
I'm like ecstasy for ladies, I'm like all races
combined in one man; like the '99 summer jam
Bulletproof Hummer man
I'm like being locked down around new faces, and
none of em fam'
I'm the feelin of a millionaire spendin a hundred grand
I'm a poor man's dream, a thug poet
Live it, and I write down and I watch it blow up
Y'all know what I'm like, y'all play it your system every
night
Now..

Chorus

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