

## Nas "Analyze This"

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the Jay-Z and Tariq verses are from Shaquille O'Neal's  
"No Love Lost"

what the hell...what the hell...  
check check check check it out  
what the hell...what the hell...

[Chorus 1 - Lord Tariq]

People know me on these streets player, I ain't new  
Lookin at me all funny, while I'm countin my money  
Suprise, what I do is already legalized  
Analyze what I toss across, ain't no love lost

[Jay-Z]

Fo' sure, everythings for dough now  
flow, you gotta pay a little more now  
It's platinum, now a days we put the gold down  
We stepped it up, y'all don't ever want a showdown  
Get wetted up by the sleeve that leave the Bezzle out  
Y'all don't like it? Sue me, fuck I'll settle out  
Ghetto'd out in the vehicle Bent  
These days I mellowed out, see success make a fella  
content  
Uh-huh, you know, this rap star, Poppy Chulo  
Jay-Z, Hugo, of course player you lost player  
I know you rappers wanna see me fail  
But quick to see a 600SL be twelve  
Live wit it, y'all got dough to get get it  
I got mine, your little bit of money couldn't stop mine  
Your block time, too hot, too many hands in your pie  
Seventy thirty, the nigga you work for work for me  
Bottom line

[Chorus 2 - Jay-Z]

People know me on these streets and the towns I been  
through  
Lookin at me, stay focused, I'm givin em straight poker  
suprise  
What I do is already legalized  
Analyze how I floss of course, ain't no love lost

[Lord Tariq]

We be the Bronx to BK'lyn, together we about a ton or  
better  
on the way in, we rhyme related, very underestimated  
That's why I'm winnin in this world of sins  
Steady grinnin, money boss spendin  
Distant from dirty women, Lord, I'm quite influential  
Spiritually and mental, what you into I done been  
through  
Preachin my words and don't know what you owe  
It shows you wanna be me, but won't show it  
Ain't nothin changed, but players, the game remains  
the same  
I had a ten year run, hey I can't complain  
Took the next step see, from Coke to Pepsi  
From the bx weed, ridin the south beach on jet-ski  
Play to survive, you ain't live you just livin  
You breathin a good one, but where I'm from, y'all  
forbidden  
Come around, bad decision, you rather be in prison  
aint' no duckin what I'm deliverin won't be forgivin in  
Layin there shiverin, half the night  
You gotta walk toward the light, everything is aight  
I make sure everything you endure stays tight  
Big (\*boom\*) Lord Tariq, Jay-Z, outta sight

[Chorus 1]

[Nas]

I spend nights on corners, see the crack, cop my first  
mac  
No longer scared to pump what y'all pump, now I burst  
back  
It hurts that, don't seem cream can make my purse fat  
Without the benefits of a doubt, I hit the hearst black  
But curse that, tryin to see Nas was your worst match  
Blowin like Tahitii, throw off NYPD  
Am I greedy? like I mean EDC me  
In a fly Salinii gimme frames in the beanie  
I flip my loot twice a week on my most trifest streets  
You got no right to eat by the laws of life you keep  
Ain't no love lost, none taken, none givin  
Stressin how I'm livin it, thinkin when my loot first came  
look what I did with it, bought my click glaciers  
and pagers, rollin ten deep to Las Vegas  
Copped a live croc, chopped it up, hit my block off  
wit gators, feedin peoples, from the bridge to  
Dequatas  
But now, two years five months and 30 days later  
I still put out the street flavor  
But watch that kid right there, a bulge in his night wear

Awoke me up the ways I used to be in my heist years  
Bubble eye small fry loaded four five  
just thirstin for some person with shine to just walk by  
Now that I can see the 360, now that its me thats jiggy  
them cooly heads they wanna stick me, whoa

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