

Nas "Come Get Me"

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And as a special treat this evening
I have asked America's foremost young poet
To read his latest poem for us

Ladies and gentlemen, na-na-Nastradamus
Everybody, watch him
Ladies and gentlemen, na-na-Nastradamus
We, we, we came a long way

Ladies and gentlemen, na-na-Nastradamus
Everybody watch him
Ladies and gentlemen, na-na-Nastradamus

Yo, yo, yo
Power and crime, the thugs slingin' powder and dimes
Twenties of D, is yo' niggaz wilder than mine?
My niggaz bust nines, puff lye and stick up cowards
For they shine, you resist, then you push up flowers

I'm like Lou Cabrasi, Vito's best hit-man
That's Godfather shit, back seat, next lit plans
Revolvers spit, I'm too tough to bargain with
And you don't want the God to pull up the cars that's
sick

Arms and wrists is lit up, Queensbridge Kings
Plaques awards applause when I do my thing
Streets is black as midnight, the concrete gray
With stains of blood and germ and piss all day

Come on the ave, get sized up, plus appraised
Duck and pray that my guns don't bust your way
Niggaz with names, livin' off reputation
Sometimes gotta remind you ain't nothin' changin'

Ladies and gentlemen, na-na-Nastradamus
Everybody, watch him

If you ill, come get me, 'cause I ain't runnin'
If your gun's off the hook then we'll both be gunnin'
Come get me if you real, 'cause I ain't scared
It's all fair in love and war and I'm well prepared

If you ill, come get me, 'cause I ain't runnin'
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It's all fair in love and we can take it there

You don't like me clown? Now, you wanna take me
down?
If I bring my face around, you gon' do what? You butt
Your crew knew I blew up, I been shinin', baseball
diamonds
Dick rings for your chick lings

Niggaz know what my nine pearl handle's about
Fuck you, say girlie mouth? Get it krunk like the Dirty
South
And I know you see me flossed out, multi mill i
Hear your bitch talk about me, you give her the cold
eye?

Girls dig you, imagine what she feel for me?
You make hot songs, but she know you steal from me
Who ill as me? I wild on haters in album three
Next level, I take y'all niggaz to 3-D

Can't find a nigga shook from Queens
I'll be with the most grimy killers
(What nigga?)
And they all look clean
Who put bombs underneath cars, if you want beef then
start
Your next stop is to the graveyard

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You too feminine to kill again, jail got you soft
You talk but you scared to go back up North
Keep your face twisted, but you don't really want nuttin'
Talk a bunch of shit motherfucker and stop frontin'

You don't wanna flip again, and sell drugs again
Be on the run again, catch you at the Comfort Inn
Shoot up your door, bust in on you and your whore

Put y'all in bags, clean the blood off of the floor

So play tough, I want y'all to get out of line
I got nines, every color shape and design
I sent killers every race to put one in your spine
Two in your ear, get your crew, who do I fear?
Nobody never get involved and none of em dyin'

I think like you do, roll with about two irons
Catch me flyin', high in the aircraft winin'
And dinin', you die, then we laugh, you bitch ass
You bitch ass to gauze up, your stab wounds

While I'm gettin' head, in a Lear jet, bathroom
With all my goons, all my ice, and suitcases
Full of paper, not money it's bank statements
The Illmatic that explains how we rock
Yachts and co-ops, we buy the hood and sell you a
block

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