

**Nas****"Don't Body Yaself"**Visit "[Don't Body Yaself](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Intro)

Hope y'all make it through the storm  
You know what though, I love the rain man  
A lot you cats are runnin your mouths  
Your runnin your mouths crazy  
Think y'all got to ease up though, you know  
Ease up fore somethin happen man  
We don't want that  
At least you don't  
Be easy man  
Tell you how it feels to be on top of the world  
But y'all nigga betta take it slow  
Don't body ya self  
Don't body ya self  
Don't body ya self nigga

(Nas Verse 1)

Yeah, yeah  
Everybody get low niggaz  
Dedicated to the fuck Nas coalition  
Touch my dough I'm lettin .40 cal's blow nigga  
Not cal's with four legs  
But cal's with more lead  
That add up more dead  
It's on nigga  
I'm a bury them  
Niggaz don't want beef they vegetarian  
Scared of pussy you climbed out a caesarian  
I push ya grown ass back in your mothers womb  
You need nine more mouths  
Your crews nine more punks  
You rhyme on stuff and claim I didn't sign y'all up  
If I sign y'all I'm on dust  
Ya we from the same hood but nigga what?!  
When y'all was tryin to rap y'all was makin me proud  
Man now you fucked up, down on your luck, runnin your  
mouth man  
Why don't be a real man, say you need a lil help  
And I might help your ass off the shelf  
But noooo, you're bein disrespectful  
Thinkin son so cool that he won't check you

Stand down, the king is home  
Queens is on, NASDAQ, Dow Jones

(Hook)  
Don't body ya self  
Crazy  
Take it slow man  
Slow down  
Take it slow motherfucker  
Don't body ya self  
Let's listen  
Let's just listen  
Don't body ya self  
Listen  
Slow down though man  
Slow down  
Ya'll gotta take it slow

(Nas Verse 2)  
I am De Niro after Am.Ex. commercials and "The  
Fockers"  
With Martin Scorsese after Gangs Of New York could  
rock this  
Back together with the master plan  
The rebirth of Langston Hughes, I'm that man  
I'm in the streets like old graffiti  
I'm hearin wankstas talkin greasy  
Whether broke or rich my friend  
Nasir bring that career to an end  
And I'm bored with you MCs B  
Ya'll beneath me  
And my raps bring horror like a board of Ouiji  
Of course I'm the king, get my shine on  
And I blind y'all cause they call me "The Lord of the  
Rings"  
Pinky heavy man, big stones in the weddin ban  
Smell of brimstone back from Hell again  
Next verse gets worse from God's son to Devil's sin

(Bridge)  
Ya'll need to take it slow  
Don't body ya self  
Motherfucker act like ya know (05')  
Motherfucker better take it slow  
Don't body ya self

(Nas Verse 3)  
They say Jada defeated him  
Joe to street for him  
What's next? I guess it's for Nas to ether him  
Ya'll awaiting an MC burial

This is ethereal, FM stereo to XM radio  
What does it mean he thoreal? Hmm.. whether  
heavenly or spiritual  
Extreme, delicately like in a way that seems too perfect  
for this world  
Man that is ritous, faithful and keeps law  
Will surely live to cleanse the soverend Lord  
And you are none of the above  
So you a sucka for death if I'm a sucka for love  
And ya wanna know why I don't got an answer niggaz  
Cause I truely understand these niggaz  
Scared of me so they talk about family members  
Like I can't point out your grandma to niggaz  
Damn you was my man like crew dawg  
Don't make me change your body frame to blue fog  
The Q is the borrow of true dons  
Any disrespect nigga we chose arms  
Will it be gilmore or crowes?

(Outro)

Nigga act like ya know  
Yeah  
Ya betta take it slow  
Motherfucker act like ya know  
Mess around and body ya self  
Don't body ya self

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