

Nas "Film"

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Life's a fog at night red brake lights
The freeway beside a restaurant
Cold egg whites sat on my plate like
3 AM this is a spot frequented by some made men
I'm high on hemp a fly old pimp
Just walked in, his suit was shark skin,
He woke me up from some of the thoughts I'm lost in
What fame does to niggas, change love to bitterness
Friends to fiends for the audience screams ridiculous
Jumped up, paid the tab got in my Benz and went
To my old housing tenement, visit my old friends
Some show love and some are envious
Some got the heart of gold, some venomous
At times I wanna go back to being penniless
Ignorance is bliss, i love being innocent
Ugh, but life's got me on the fence again
And all is real so all's worth mentioning.

CHORUS:

If I could press pause, or fast forward past the
hardness
Visions written bring words to life like I'm smitten with
Memories real, still ill, now I appeal (appear?) crisp like
film

Ice on gold from mossbergs to golf clubs
Ninth hole, the white rose, the life I chose
Bandanna over the eye, Dior sandals
Car doors rise with no touch of the handles
Capiche? Capri style, it's on beaches and islands
Far from police sirens at least for a weekend
then it's back to the streets creepin
I'd like to make a free toast of champagne on behalf of
this nigga speaking
Add a splash to the Seagrams
Roll the hash for my world renowned goons this
evening
As i circle the table like Babe Ruth
Louisville Slugger in my grip for a fake dude
Bat to the brain with brute force
Splatter my cream velour suit
They hit me with lawsuit

I slip in your whore coupe
Your b*tch hate you, word to Jesus

Bet you never knew she toot yay and play with a gay
crew
OGs hate to make way for the new
Young niggas want Polo ain't f*cking with J Crew
It's safe to say I was once young and innocent
But look what I know now, is all worth mentioning

CHORUS:

If I could press pause, or
fast forward past the hardness
Visions written bring words to life like I'm smitten with
Memories real, still ill, now I appear (appeal?) crisp like
film

I speak to the street life
The executive chief types
The felons, young mothers with kids they trying to feed
right
The bottega wearers modern day Che Guevaras
Cuz I barely survived crazy eras
Honest, always make good on my promise
I don't talk it I do it you can hold me to it
I was born to this life I didn't invent it
But I'd be wrong not to take a few meal tickets
You and I are real different, we don't share the same
beliefs
Fight in the ring or buy ringside seats
Either you like beef or you like to spectate
Give me gloves, and I'ma do it how the refs say
We touch em and we come out tussling
The ghetto is my garden of eden
So I keep bobbing and weaving
It's intense so I'm hardly breathing
KO, and the winner is Nas, that's how the scene ends

CHORUS:

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