

## 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

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fast forward past the hardness  
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