

Nas

"Foul Breeze"

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[Verse 1]

Amazing man
Got a letter from an Asian fan
He asked, was I black, was I gon' play Japan soon?
Wrote back, "Yes" danced in the shower, got dressed
Old school, powdered my neck
I give, but I'm selfish
Tattoo of my chick lips on my pelvis
Well it's the pubic part, excuse me y'all
I think that I became musical
Way before rap I did wanna be the tap dance kid
On Broadway, 42nd Street, legendary
Three cart Marley, now see him drive the Harley
Now, FYI, for your info
Insects splattered on the bike window
Tatted innuendo
Just last night, don't know where it came from
Guess it's from a past life
Am I charismatic enough?
Does my charm reach people that could make a
change?
If I shoot with straight aim at the positive target
And swooned him to make a deposit into my account
Would that be progress?
I doubt

[Hook]

Something is fishy, something is bothering me
I just can't figure it out
Something right under my tongue, I can't speak it
Can't spell it, yo it's bugging me out
Somebody doin' something wrong to somebody I know
Somehow it's related to me and now I'm frustrated
Cause now I'm focusing too hard
On something that's just too plain to see

[Verse 2]

San Juan yeah radiate, conscience clear
About to have a monstrous year
Live in the spot, yeah, err night, deep ladies
Get ya harder than termite teeth

C'est la vie, I'm engaged
But the crew came to play, they fly free, check me
And they wrist is froze, like toes on a body in the
morgue
That was put there by the squad
Look here, I'm the God on the mic on the track
Like Arthur Ash with a tennis rack, tell the DJ to spin it
back
Yeah, somethin' like that
Uh, it go
San Juan yeah, radiate, conscience clear
About to have a monstrous year
Live in the spot, yeah, err night, deep ladies
Get ya harder than termite teeth
C'est la vie, I'm engaged
But the crew came to play, they fly free, check me
And they wrist is froze, like toes on a body in the
morgue
That was put there by the squad
Look here, I'm the god on the mic on the track
Like Arthur Ash with a tennis rack, tell the, nah
Everything I be in
Creme de la creme from the linen to the gold front rim
Cold stuntin'
Take a look around, what you found?
Like Master Ace, tell me the world's a bastard place
High school students will slash your face
And these white nigga hoods, I'm talkin'
'Puter rage is real
Get excited when I'm walkin'
Cause I'm used to dark shades and a limousine tint
Business managers scare me half to death
When they tell me every month what is ? being spent

[Hook]

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[Verse 3]

I don't like when my girl try to pull a MC Lyte
Jumped out the whip, through the train
Leave me like D Nice
They say we used to resemble each other
Both last name Jones so we must be brothers
My yearly salary suffers

Cause I hate work, no play make Jack lame
And I rock parts on my head that are hotter than yours
Hot rosado lines, designs your barber can't draw
Posters of Nas on the barbershop doors
Entourage, security galore
When was the last time you rode by yourself,
superstar?
Got so much love I shot Cupid in the heart
I'm awakened by my own screams
Lucifer masturbated in my dreams
It means somebody is gonna get fucked in the worst
way
And none of y'all hoes touchin' my wordplay
Janitors and men with eighty mil both feel the same
grief
The men at work, blue collars of the old men
Shinin' shoes, shoe polish go through the same
dramas
They wish for a better tomorrow
I thought only five percenters are conspiracy theorists
Thinkin' what the new world order thing is
But everybody does
The fear of the planet is contaminatin everybody's
blood
Try literal, Democratic parties
Anglo-American military alliance
Study at Oxford, scholars, they watchin'
NASDAQ, Dow Jones, got the world stocks in a shamble
Procter and Gamble
Toxins demand you understand who plans to jam you
Some random thoughts by the candlelight in Paris
As I struggle to be savvy

[Hook]

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