

## Nas "Get Down"

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"Get-get.. get down!" - *[James Brown]*

*[Nas]*

Uh.. uh.. uh..

New York streets where killers'll walk like Pistol Pete  
And Pappy Mason, gave the young boys admiration  
Prince from Queens and Fritz from Harlem  
Street legends, the drugs kept the hood from starvin  
Pushin cars, Nicky Barnes was the 70's  
But there's a long list of high-profile celebrities  
Worldwide on the thorough side of things  
Livest kings, some died, one guy, one time  
one day grabs me, as I'm about to blast heat  
40-side of Vernon, I turned well he asked me  
"Whatchu up to, the cops gon' bust you"

I was a teen drunk off brew, stumbled I wondered  
if God sent him, cause two squad cars entered the  
block

and looked at us, I ain't flinch when they watched  
I took it upstairs, the bathroom mirror, brushed my hair  
Starin at a young disciple, I almost gave my life to what  
the dice do

Yeah man, throwin them bones  
Hopin my ace get his case thrown  
His girl ain't wait for him, she in the world straight  
hoein

While he lookin at centerfolds of pretty girls  
showin they little cooch, gangstas don't die he's livin  
proof

The D.A. who tried him was lyin  
A white dude, killed his mother durin the case  
Hung jury, now the D.A. is bein replaced  
Pre-trial hearin is over, it's real for the soldier  
Walks in the courtroom, the look in his eyes is wild  
Triple-homicide, I sit in the back aisle  
I wanna crack a smile when I see him  
Throw up a fist for black power, cause all we want is his  
freedom

He grabbed a court officer's gun and started squeezin  
Then he grabbed the judge, screams out -- nobody  
leavin everybody

"Get down, get down! Get down, get down!" - [James Brown]

[sample cut and repeated]

[Nas] Everybody

"Get down, get down! Get down, get down!" - [James Brown]

[sample cut and repeated]

[Nas]

Some niggaz fuck they enemies in they ass when they catch 'em

Weird-ass niggaz are dangerous, so don't test 'em  
They make you, dissappear, this a year that I won't forget

Sold CD's double platinum, met mo' execs  
Southern niggaz, independent label, real killers  
Know the business, ran Tennessee for years, now they chillin

They had the coke game somethin crazy  
Sold music out the trunk of they car, that shit amazed me

Put me onto heron blunts, sherm or somethin  
Took a puff, what the fuck, I turned to punch them  
Southern niggaz ain't slow, nigga tried to play me  
I left from around them dudes, they cool but they crazy  
Now I'm back around the old school that raised me  
New York gangstas, we loungin, out in L.A. see  
A dude wrote my dawg from Pelican Bay  
The letter say, "Nas I got your back - the fools don't play"

I rolled with some Crips down to a Crenshaw funeral  
Never saw so many men slaughtered and I knew the ho responsible

The nigga still alive in a hospital  
Midnight they crept in his room and shot the doctor too  
See my cousin's in the game, thuggin and things  
He plugged me with a dame who was half-Mexicano  
Gave the ass up, I'ma mack daddy Soprano  
She passed me the indigo, but the imbecile  
shoulda never tippy-toed, thought my eyes were closed  
Openin the hotel room do', to let her goons in  
But I moved in a manner, on some Jet Li shit  
I let the hammers blow, wet three kids  
See honey thought I had somethin to do, with all the drama

Cause I was with a crew, that had her people killed  
Called up my cousin, told him I ain't fuckin witchu  
He responded cool, but told me out here this how motherfuckers

"Get down, get down! Get down, get down!" - [James Brown]

[sample cut and repeated]

[Nas] Everybody

"Get down, get down! Get down, get down!" - [James Brown]

[sample cut and repeated]

[unknown speaker]

All I really gotta say is that

if that's how our people gon' get down, how we ever  
gon' get up?

How we ever gon' get up if that's how we get down?

A shame when you ain't look at it

My folk is yo' folk, but we all kinfolk

Somebody gotta make a change

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