

Nas "Got UR Self A..."

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Woke up this mornin', yeah, you got yourself a gun
Yeah, yeah, yeah, got yourself a gun

Yo, I'm livin' in this time behind enemy lines
So I got mine, I hope ya
(Got yourself a gun)
You from the hood, I hope ya
(Got yourself a gun)

You want beef I hope ya
(Got yourself a gun)
And when I see you I'ma take what I want
So you tried to front, hope ya
(Got yourself a gun)
You ain't real, hope ya
(Got yourself a gun)

My first album had no famous guest appearances
The outcome, I'm was crowned the best lyricist
Many years on this professional level
Why would you question who's better?

The world is still mine, tattoos real
With "God's Son" across the belly, the boss of rap
You saw me in belly with thoughts like that
To take it back to Africa, I did it with Biggie
Me and 2Pac were soldiers of the same struggle

You lames should huddle, your teams shook y'all feel
The wrath of a killer, 'cause this is my football field
Throwin' passes from a barrel, shoulder pads, apparel
But the Q.B. don't stand for no quarterback

Every word is like a sawed-off blast
'Cause y'all all soft and I'm the black hearse
That came to haul y'all ass in
It's for the hood by the corner store
Many try, many die, come at Nas if you want a war
Get it Buddy

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I'm the N the A to the S I R
And If I wasn't I must've been Escobar
You know the kid got his chipped tooth fixed
Hair parted with a barbers preciseness, Brave Hearted
for life

It's the return of the Golden Child, son of a blues player
So who are you playa? y'all awaited the true savior
Puffin' that Tropical, cups of that Vodka too
Papi chu', tore up, wake up in a hospital

Throw up? Never, 'member I do this through righteous
steps
You Judists thought I was gone, so in light of my death
Y'all been all happy go lucky, bunch of Sambos
Call me God's Son, with my pants low

I don't die slow, put them rags up like Petey Pablo
This is Nasdaq dough, in my Nascar with this Nas flow,
reppin'
Hit the record sto', never let me go
Get my whole collection

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It's the return of the Prince, the boss
This is real hardcore, Kid Rock and Limp Bizkit's soft
Sip criss, get chips, wrist gliss, I floss
Stick shift look sick up in that boxsta Porsche

With the top cut off, rich kids go and cop the source
They don't know about the blocks I'm on
And everybody wanna know where the kid go
Where he rest at? Where he shop at and dress at?
Know he got dough, where does he live?

Is he still in the bridge? Does he really know how ill that
he is?

Got all of y'all watchin' my moves, my watch and my
jewels
Hop in myCoupe, dodge interviews like that
It's not only my jewels, ice anything, plenty chains

Look at my tennis shoes, I iced that
Who am I? The back twister, lingerie ripper
Automatic leg spreader, quicker brain getter
Keepin' it gangsta wit' ya

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