

## Nas "Gotta Luv It"

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Real conversation for that ass  
(Its what they want) Huh  
(Its what they want) What you said, can't hear you man  
(Its what they want) Speak the fuck up  
(Its what they want) Word (Its what they want)

[Nas]

Nastradumas, astrologic, know when I rep  
Flow when I'm set, got the chips to a lotus my whip  
Gold on my neck was once a code of respect  
For high rollers and vets  
Now its loads of baguettes, prefer a mack-10 over a  
tech  
No matter sober or wet, I smack soldiers, cadets  
Trees that might eject my hype back  
Famous phrase "Nigga light that"  
Hoes you fuck, ask you where your ice at, dun  
Its all about playboys, when we was young  
Can only get tongue, then finally we can cum  
Busting in hoes, guzzling 4's  
Crack blitz, '86, you turn hustling pro  
From bottles, to seven in your hand  
To fake pepsi's to get to the crack, unscrew the can  
Gleam blunted, seeing 100's, stacks of boy with a lean  
on it  
We got it if the fiends want it  
The whole block singing the same theme "Don it"  
Fuck it, too many crabs in the bucket  
If its ice work, I'm gonna truck it  
You gotta love it, you gotta love it

[Chorus]

(Its what they want) fuck it  
(Its what they want) you gotta love it  
(Its what they want) fuck it  
(Its what they want) you gotta love it  
(Its what they want) fuck it  
(Its what they want) you gotta love it  
(Its what they want) (its what they want) (its what they  
want)

[Nas]

Some girls get too emotional, fanatic extremist  
Get pulsive with malice insentitives, the foulest of  
bitches  
Hung up my riches, her childest wishes  
Be suspicious of those sleeping with fishes, them hoes  
Conspicuous and it shows, tricking this dough  
Kicking this flow, slip in a new fo'  
So when your click roll, I let my clips go, Niggas on  
opposite polls  
I got that confident soul, for those locked in a hole  
Inhuman, living hostile opposed  
To living on the streets, proper from my top to my toes  
Aeropostale my clothes, Vernon niggas in suburbans  
with liquor  
Preposterous foes, frantically foul niggas  
See niggas in blast, there goes a loud difference  
Coke sniffing, tapping 13 year old chickens  
You can't be a kingpin when you snitching  
Regardless, we still make you a target  
We shoot you and chill, chrome objects  
Hit you in your projects, its street anomics  
This rhyme is edited, credited through ebonics  
Miserable cats, hunger painting  
Get off your ass, stop complaining  
My crew be in Montego Bay margariting  
While you home, waiting your arraignment  
This thug life you claimed it, I make millions from  
entertainment  
Now back in the hood, certain cats they wanna kill me  
They ice grill me, but on the low, niggas feel me  
You gotta love it, you gotta love it

[Chorus]

(Its what they want) fuck it  
(Its what they want) you gotta love it  
(Its what they want) fuck it  
(Its what they want) you gotta love it  
(Its what they want) (its what they want) (its what they  
want)

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