

Nas**"H To The Izz O"**Visit "[H To The Izz O](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Nas having conversation with himself]

Ayo Nasty Nas, what up?

~Ain't nothing, a lot of cowards frontin'.

I hear what you're saying, but yo, this is all love for me,
you know?

~No doubt, smoke them cowards, you STILLMATIC

Ma, I'm sorry who the fuck I AM, I can't trust my fans

Out of luck, no constructive plans

My friends stay powdered up, I'm so drunk, can't stand

You said if I would sober up, I'd be a powerful man

Turned out the street life, you prayed I wouldn't

But every church in the world can't save our children

I stayed out late, you heard shots, thought it would be

Your older son on the ground dead, but fortunately

The bullets had some other names on it, the brother
was blind

I hit the el, than we yell out, "It wasn't my time!"

I loaded up shells, one by one, you smelled blunts from
my room door

Little Nasir was at war

And little did I care what you saw

Crew deep with a few heat, now it's time we settle the
score

But in the projects, I visit Muhammad, in linen
garments

Preaching Man, Woman, and Child, the living Prophet

And I'm similar, Nasir Bin Aluda Ra

Visqu Allah, fist full of dollars in the dice game God

The Ice King, God, the Black Christ, elegant stance

Clothes fit me like a crime boss, the menacing man

I see the world collapsing, young pregnancies

Young girls are fast and in their Sasoon jeans, no
prophylactic

All this fast shit and fly jewelry, now makes my eyes
teary

N Y City, grab a hold and ride with me

Rip the FREEWAY, shoot through MEMPHIS with money
bags

Stop in Philly, order cheese steaks and eat BEANS fast

And bring it back up top, remove the fake king of New

York
You show off, I count off when you sample my voice
I rule you, before, you used to rap like the FU-
SHNICKENS
NAS designed your BLUEPRINT, who you kidding?
Is he H TO THE IZZO, M TO THE IZZO?
For shizzle you phony, the rapping version of SISQO
And that's for certain, you clone me, your wack clothes
line
I'd rather Sean John, bore me with your fake ass
rhymes
And those times, they never took place, you liar
UN was your first court case, you had no priors
You master fabricated stories of streets and sound
slick
Have you surrounded, you and the bitch you down with
While they riding NAS, trying to boost their careers
Corny as CORMEGA, all you Hip-Hop queers
Since ILLMATIC, IT WAS WRITTEN: I AM...NASTRADAMUS
That's the answers to the puzzle I gave you, now here's
a promise
My next few albums, instead of projects,
They'll be a difficult test inside the cover for the mind's
optics
Come in my hood, but bring the guns with you, it's dark
Headed through Brooklyn, Queens, Harlem, Staten,
and Bronx
Headed through Compton, Oaktown, South Central,
and Watts
New Orleans, Mississippi, Chi-town, every block
I'm trying to have my positive ways, I put my rhymes on
page
Did crimes and headline on stage
I Signed a contract, so here it is, you have it
Streets disciple, I'm STILLMATIC

[Female voice sample] You make me feel so good

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