

## Nas

# "H To The Izz O (Stillmatic)"

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[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 collapsin', 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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