

Nas

"Last Real Nigga Alive"

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Uh, uh, uh

Lord have mercy, Jesus Christ
He's just nice, He just slice like a Ginsu
Look at the life that I been through
I'm the last real nigga alive, that's official

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Y'all don't know about my Biggie wars
Who you thought 'Kick In The Door' was for?
But that's my heart, y'all still trippin' of this Jigga shit
Real niggas listen up and I'mma tell you how the whole
thing start

Off top I brung Queens up from hard times
Rockin' at the Fever, streets was all mine
It was my version of the blues, droppin' our schools
The crack epidemic had rap representin' new rules

So I, got in 'em shoes, tried 'em, wore 'em
Wasn't a perfect fit, so I couldn't sport 'em
Young murderers ride, I knew all 'em
Jungle got shot, Will died, we was warring

I wrote it in my album
I was 18 when Lake seen the Island
And Lord held me down and
My surroundings started changing
I had a baby, I was making my rounds with AZ

Niggas started noticing my flow and was open when
The Golden Child closed 'em in with more style than
them older men
Puff tried to start a label, Prince Rakeem had formed
Wu-Tang
Snoop and Dre had a new thang

So Puff drove his new Range through Queens bridge

Projects

He let me drive it, before Ready to Die hit
BIG and I hit blunts performing at the Arc
Next thing you knew, BIG blew and all the balling starts

He had Kim and his crew, I found Fox
Only niggas in New York with number one charts
BIG was ahead of his time him and Raekwon my niggas
But dig it they couldn't get along

That's when Ghost face said it on the Purple tape
Bad Boy biting Nas album come awake
BIG told me Rae was stealing my slang
And Rae told me out in Shaolin BIG would do the same
thing

But I borrowed from both them niggas
Jigga started to flow like us, but hit with 'Ain't No
Niggas'
Had much Versace swagger BIG admired the Brooklyn
knight
And it took him in as Iceberg the rapper
Today don't know nothing, about this bullshit
There's more shit than wanting to be this King of New
York shit

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Rap became a version of Malcolm and Martin
Rest in peace Will, Queens bridge live on
There's some ghetto secrets I can't rhyme in this song
There's some missing pieces I had to leave out

I had lot trust for Steve Stoute
At some point till I got to know him
We old friends, but what's loyal?
Puff soaked Interscope offices
With champagne bottles on Steve
And Steve thought the drama is on me
'Cause previously it would have been

Against whoever friends forever

However, I learn with some niggas it's all business
But I'm a street dude with morals
To diss niggas with Jigga too much
He used to say Jay wanted my spot
I laughed, stayed home, never hung a lot

A quiet man who used to be alone planning
Baby moms thought I was too quiet, couldn't stand it
She hit the streets, later on she hittin' the sheets
With a rapper who wanted me on his songs thinking he
strong
I taught her how to watch for cars that might follow
Taught her street shit that I know her weakness was
shine yo

But that's her, I ain't mad baby, it made me stronger
Now I get my paper longer
Illmatic, I was boss it was written I flossed
One of the most creative LPs ever to hit stores
In the Firm I learned I am Nostradamus
QB's Finest, Oochie Wally, faced more problems
I gave it all up so I can chill at home with mama
She was getting old and sick so I stayed beside her

We had the best times, she asked would I make more
songs
I told her not till I see her health get more strong
In the middle of that, Jay tried to sneak attack
Assassinate my character, degrade my hood
'Cause in order for him to be the Don, Nas had to go
The Gam-B-I-N-O rules I understood
What y'all want, see, I already had

The Gift and The Curse?
Fuck that shit, the first shall be last
I'm the man's man, a rapper's rapper
G-O-D S-O-N, they'll be none after
I was Scarface, Jay was Manolo
It hurt me when I had to kill him and his whole squad
for dolo

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