

Nas "Like Me"

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Ah yeah, what's happening, mami
How ya doin' baby
Oh you lookin' kinda good and everything
I see you with those stilettos baby

Ah, check this out, you ain't got time to talk to me?
Ay, let me put the bug in your ear baby
Won't you turn those flow-shoes
Into your hoe shoes, ya dig?

Yeah check this out
This universe fine as your royal highness
You know what, I can do a whole lotta things for you
Guess why? 'Cause I'm a motherfuckin' pimp

Like me, hustlin' and grindin' baby
I be stayin' on that paper chase
In this life there's pimp's and hoe's
Tell me which one are you, you little?

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The good man in me say get money and stay on the
path
But the pimp shit in me say yo keep looking for ass
But my daughter gave me a gift, something to hold
A little city in water when you shake it, it snow

I told her, ?Never let a sucker nigga take off her
clothes
Better wait till you're grown, when he love you, you'll
know?
Everybody's got a dream, I hope and wish to own a six
times two
Chill in the whip, a fantasy, a bone to pick

Revenge to get, against who, I don't know, to one who
said you won't blow
You won't eat, you want cake, their mistake

Blamin' me for their failures, I'm fresh, getting
tailored, single breasted
A lint brush is senseless, some pimp shit

A woman hates a man and stay with him for many
years
Tell him she loves then be jealous of him
Now lame is how the ghetto judge him 'cause he still
with her
She take his cash and give it to some other real nigger

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Aye, pimpin' bein goin' on, man, for eons and eons,
man
Since the beginnin' of time, you know what I mean?
The only thing I need to do is get on the grind and get
mine
So, only thing I gotta tell you, man is now do what you
gotta do, man
Bring my money back, get on that track, get on your
back

I heard them say the NBA is a bunch of million dollar
slaves
Or Portier wasn't real back in the days, the point I make
is
Jerry owns the Lakers, his yearly take is let's just say
More than collectively all of his players, that's business
not really pimp shit

Maybe it's it but similar to when we rappers make big
hits
And not own the masters, that's the deal
By the way, Portier helps all the Denzel's excel
He kept the motto real but Hollywood could turn a girl
out

I knew a girl 'bout 5'9? so fine, she could
[Incomprehensible]
She was sleek, chic with a classic mouth
Movie directors always fucked her on the casting couch
She came out with a blockbuster

Can't knock a hustler, she not a hooker, she focused
A hopeless soul on a lonely road
I showed her all my stones and gold
I said, ?Bitch, life is cold, you need to roll with a nigga?

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