

Nas "Loco-Motive"

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[Intro]

42nd street terminal

[Verse 1: Nas]

Yo, yo, I live it and I speak it

My religion is reefer

Big money in most, an uninhibited freak to sleep with

My visions are realistic, nothing's figurative

I can wish it into existence, God want this nigga to live

Blunt big as a dread, I get high and forget who bled

Who we stomp-kicked in the head and who we left for
dead

Who are you niggas? Why argue niggas?

The truth is the truth, I really put my scars on niggas

They wait a lifetime, they tell they hoes, "Nas did this"

Pointin' to they scars like, "Right here, baby, really Nas
did this"

Like a badge of honor, not braggin' I'm just honest

War stories we tell them, nothin's realer than karma

Sip prohibition liquor, prohibition whiskey

Rap Jack Demsey, Matt Black Bentley, pimply

Shatterin' your silence, pass around the chalice

Due to my Indian ancestry at the weed dispensery

Official kings and gents is who I mix and mingle with

Fuck your ice, I rock rubies, amethyst

I fuck your wife cause she a groupie, scandalous

This for my bad hood bitches, ghetto glamorous

[Break: Large Professor]

Yo, what we talkin' 'bout niggas?

What we talkin' 'bout niggas?

This is Nas, what, Nas

What, Nasty, what, recollect,

[Verse 2: Nas]

At seventeen I made seventeen thousand livin' in public
housin'

Integrity in tact, reppin' hard

They askin' how he disappear and reappear back on
top

Sayin', "Nas must have naked pictures of God or
somethin'"

To keep winnin' is my way like Francis
As long as I'm breathin', I'll take chances
A soldier comin' home, twenty years old with no legs
Sayin' there's no sense to cry and complain, just go
'head
So much to write and say, yo I don't know where to start
So I'll begin with the basics and flow from the heart
I know you think my life is good cause my diamond
piece
But my life been good since I started finding peace
I shouldn't even be smilin', I should be angry and
depressed
I been rich longer than I been broke, I confess
I started out broke, got rich, lost paper then made it
back
Like Trump bein' up down up, play with cash

[Large Professor]
My nigga's like a locomotive
Nas, we push it, mush 'em
Queensbridge to Bushwick
Harlem, Bronx, all that
You ain't even supposed to be out here
You know where you at?

Verse 3: Nas]
At night, New York, eat a slice too hot
Use my tongue to tear the skin hangin' from the roof of
my mouth
Shit was Falicimo, melted pot, city sweltering hot
Staggerin' drunker than those cops that 2pac shot
I was a crook by the train with that iron thing, concealed
Reachin', soon as I heard them iron wheels screechin'
When it came to a halt whoever walked off got caught
Toker man safe behind a locked door for sure
Minor theif shit, minor league shit, beastin'
Lookin' for the young, but now we older chiefin'
In my truck, play The Greatest Adventures of Slick Rick
Buggin' on how his imagination was so sick
It's ghetto beef, sinister niggas snicker through yellow
teeth
Alcohol agin' my niggas faster than felonies
How dare I? Must be, somethin' in the air that corrupts
me
Look at my upkeep, owned and sublease
I'm here y'all

[Outro]
This for my trapped in the 90s niggas
For my trapped in the 90s niggas
Ha, for y'all niggas

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