

# Nas

## "Mile Soundtrack - NaS - U Wanna Be Me"

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Uh, ooh, baby, baby  
Keep it thug and keep your heat  
Na na na na

Now slowly, thinkin' of all the things that appose me  
I think of kings who died and rappers out to de-throne  
me  
Before they crowned there head is cut off  
Bodies is layin' dead in the street it's so fuckin' pitiful

First they love me, could be the bitch that even live with  
you  
Mad at your riches now she switch turn miserable  
'Cause she want to dress like Bonnie, Robbie and  
Christal do  
But Christal single, Bonnie's broke and a nigga's too

I can do bad by myself, went from rags to wealth  
From Jagz to Bentley's to plenty ass bitches  
Can't keep their hands to there self no more  
I'm like Hue Hefner, you lesser, you just

Wanna be me, you can't, you faggot, you bitch  
You coward, you clown, you just wanna be down  
So U wanna be me, you bitch, you phony, you clone me  
U wanna be me son, I'm the one and only

But U wanna be me, you suckers, you weak, you  
flunky's  
You fake, you couldn't come close on my worst day  
But U wanna be me, I'll burn you and learn you a lesson  
Consernin' is my profession, turn ya direction, you cant  
be me

No even in your wildest fantasy  
It's childish, shit I haft ta resort to violence  
Pay me a half a million, I'll consult your album  
And show you how to stay off my dick

That's the thing I hate the most, can't even call you a  
man  
When you gotta call out my name to get ya some fans

No tallent, you need direction, you're a pussy with a  
yeast infection  
You unlucky, I'm your fuckin' C section

Plus I'm the last real nigga alive  
Toast glass, ill Will, the label get high  
Realize, how many classics I gave you  
Perhaps if you think back you'll realize that I made you

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can't be me

I'm tryin' to walk a straight line and why they tryin' to  
take mine?  
I'm past 8 Miles of every state line  
Eating, alligators and hummingbird hearts  
At the player's ball, Brianni suits, y'all birds watch

As real millionaire, shit'll take place  
Evil as Hitler's hate-race people, this is God son  
And I've come from the God under pure peace  
To represent the streets

You'll see that my plan is not to destroy your man  
But to bring more to mankind and teach  
Every MC reach for your pens and papers  
Lesson one be creative, what you made of junior?

'Cause soon you'll be a grown man with the mic in your  
hand  
And understand, to battle Nas not in your plan  
I'm the last real nigga alive, understand that  
And you my offspring, the boss sting

A bulletproof Porsche things, hard for you to  
understand that  
Nas the king, where my bricks, where my band at?  
Play me a gangster's theme, while you entertain me  
If I ain't cryin' laughin', to the lions, throw your ass in

What the fuck was you niggaz thinkin'?  
Guns'll clutch if I get a inklin' that you comin' for the

kingpin

But I laugh at you cowards, ha ha ha

Take me out, try, try, try, but you

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