

Nas

"My Worst Enemy"

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* appears on the Japanese release only

[Intro: Nas]

Yea, uh, uh, real niggaz dawg, ya heard
Yea, journey to the life, just journey

[Verse One: Nas]

I'm the nigga that ain't loud
Throw C-low, never ace out
Only move out wit a particular crew, I hate crowds
The observer, money and murder the hood praise it
I was raised in it, early age
Was presented with the ultimatum
Be a boss with a army, drop the Atari games
Hard cocaine that had my neighborhood strung out
Brains numb out, guns out
I was smart high hopes in my heart
But dope cartels would emerge
Bloody shirts on niggaz while they hollerin'
'Til their lungs don't work
Figures I end up with a scarred memory of my youth
With dudes in the drug loot, feelin' henny "SHOOT"
My nigga Will still here, man I wish it was truth
Buried in his favorite shit, FILA sneakers and FILA suit
My eyes are the window of my soul
My niggaz let the Indo roll
Thinkin' time flies we gettin' old
That's the words of my right hand man, my main dawg
We been rollin since day one, he down for the cause
All he talk is extortion, kidnap shit, big gat shit
I'm like - "yo think positive", but he act sick
He only think about lettin' his Mac spit
He like fuck who he hit
Me it bothers, 'cause he know I'm rent 'em it regardless
If he keep wildin' out he's makin' both of us targets
So I pull him, tell him on some deep shit, try to school
'em
We already lost niggaz by how we was movin'
We still livin', but our lives need much improvin'
I think I'm gonna lose 'em

[Chorus: Nas]

I was blind in this world
All I thought about was diamonds and pearls
I had beef wit a nigga, then I'm clappin' his girl
Nappin' his kids, ransack and run through his rib
Blow up his mom's crib, there's no way he could live
It's gettin' clearer, starin' at the man in the mirror
Like all this time, it's just a fragment of my mind
Come to find out, shit wasn't what is made to be
In reality +My Worst Enemy+ was me

[Verse Two: Nas]

Feelin' like I got the dons clout
Trigger pawn cocked glocks spray up your moms spot
I ain't playin' wit you, war, fuck pistols
Bring machines, icy bell buckles, ten guns, M-1'S with
ice muzzles
Life's a struggle, get your wifey touch too, everybody
involved
Homicide, doctors patchin' up your war scars
Task Force chargin' at us, news flash, thug crews blast
at officers
Coroners pick you up from the grass
Livin' fast 'til somebody tries meltin' my chest
I'm high loosin' it, could of hit my own self with the tec
Refuse to quit, but I tried tellin' me to relax
It's like I can't hear my words 'til I'm trapped to the max
Even then I blame everybody else except me, pops left
me
I was just three, I cried for help, moms was busy
That don't mean nigga's stupid
But I got a habit wit - makin' up excuses
Was born ruthless, hated school, they ain't teach me
I'm a bad seed
Planted in this ghetto, where my niggaz can't read
Multiply, subtract; only knowin' how to count cracks and
count stacks
Now what y'all know about that
One side of me wanted out of this life
Glue traps on the floor for the mice
'Til the nigga saw the light
I wanted money when I got it, I would spend it
I wanted jewels, but when I heard it, yo I wouldn't listen
All of the drama in my life I got my self into
All the toxins my body took in, faded my mental
I let these niggaz words get to me
But I'm tired of my ice, tired of Bentley
It's the end of the century
I recognized the world is a beautiful place
Niggaz opinions ruinin' my musical taste
'Cause everytime I caught a case, could of got me in

jail

If you wasn't scared of jail, you more likely to fail
I thought the whole world was cursed, from the hand I
was dealt
And +My Worst Enemy+ was my self
Word to my self...word to my self...word to my self...

[Chorus: Nas]

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All I thought about was diamonds and pearls
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