

# Nas

## "Rest Of My Life"

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**(feat. Amerie)**

*[Chorus: Amerie singing]*

The rest of my life  
The rest of my life

*[Verse 1: Nas]*

LIFE, dead presidents, devilish meant  
Overthrow king thrones just 'cause of their negligence  
DEATH, real shit'll start comin' to light  
Niggaz you ain't like dickin' your wife, WHAT?  
Kind and undermining, grimy, stiff corpse shapin'  
Pork bacon, double-cross Satan  
HEATHENS, non-god-fearing, lace thong wearing  
demons  
But glory go to God, y'all BENEATH HIM  
If y'all don't know that, rap with a old cat  
He'll show you streets where them big dealers DROVE  
AT  
Where low-key killers let the fo' clap  
Blocka-blocka-blocka -- OH  
The glow, the 'dro, the dough for shows  
Everything a hood brother thing he needs -- YO  
You'll find a goal in a ghetto superstar's roadmap  
And I'ma use that for the

*[Amerie singing]*

For the rest of my life  
For the rest of my life

*[Verse 2: Nas]*

Burnt-out, kicked to the curb  
So I had to learn how to turn around a hundred thou'  
REAL FAST  
In '95 that was my last, I went back to the ave thinkin'  
rap's a thing of the PAST  
Rest in peace E Money Bags, no more cabs, got caught  
with the ratchet in the stash  
Lawyer want CASH, my ba'y bro blast burners at cats  
who gell

They burnt a range with a mollet of COCKTAIL

My little man got fourteen-years for car-jackin' a  
undercover  
Them cops SWEAR, my little nigga told on me  
I'm thinkin, "Hello, where's the L-O, V-E"  
Pigs play games, my little man'll never say names  
Word to his pops with elephant veins  
They both locked-up still, word to Will  
I'll make it and chill for the

*[Chorus: Amerie singing]*

For the rest of my life  
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*[Verse 3: Nas]*

My man gave his mommy coke  
So she wouldn't hit the block all crazy for the smoke  
DAMN NIGGA, could you picture you supplyin' your own  
moms  
so she don't have to bone for DIMES?  
Or give dome for nicks' in the roofs of the projects  
where dogs shit and PISS  
Yeah, we all plan to get rich but it's all about how it's  
executed  
Lexus coup-ed, brigettes from cubics  
Mighta been stupid, but I got far from twenty-six BARS  
To ten LP's, what can him tell me? Of them? Of y'all?  
I'M NAS, on a track that's unorthodox  
Like my life coulda been offed by THE COPS  
Told y'all, Nas will prevail by the book when it's up for  
sale  
About the rest

*[Chorus: Amerie singing]*

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For the rest of my life

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