

Nas "Street Glory"

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[NAS] (Intro)

Uhh, still out in these motherfuckin projects
Still a nigga ain't never gonna get the fuck up outta
here
Niggaz just don't understand the story

Chorus: [Pop]

Niggaz die for the street glory
Go to trial get tried for each story
And each nigga got a story
And QB the streets call me
So if you see me slippin' reach for me
I'm goin' after street glory
Go to trial get tried for each story
And each nigga got a story
And QB the streets call me
So if you see me slippin' reach for me
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[NAS]

Yo,
Every time I turn around niggaz shot, niggaz stabbed
When tonight's pregnant girls struggling to get a cab
Fiends lurkin', D's searchin' pat pockets
Kids put to bed duck they heads from gas poppin'
Queensbridge slingin' hoppin' our benches
Don status, throw feeds, got sirenges
Poppin' out they arm scratched
Now remember parked (???)
Cuz' else perfect ways, shell adidas
Smellin' reefer way before purple haze
Private stock peer nigga with ill walks like Mark Clare
Has tilted wild niggaz lickin' shots in the air
Me and Pop was there through the years our names
have switched
Ain't nothin' changed but the names Nastradamus and
Blitz
What project is this? QB burnin' in tint
12th street murderous pimps, hot as hell's heat
What could you tell me? Niggas seen it all in this game
When it's all said and done just remember our name

[Pop]

I'm familiar with the dead grass drama black gates and
crime

Embryo of the ghetto born face and time

Niggas shatter they dreams while I'm chasing mine

Ghetto fame got a fellow's name draped and shined

How do I describe an atmosphere where streets are
polluted?

Where corruptors and new police being recruited

Somehow I make it through the day stayin' secluded

While the blues aim leavin' another slain, executed

Many thought's cause I see the past grimly

That could've been me, explodes out on 41st and 10th
street

Through all the pap grease and street chases

Sudden raids and confrontations leadin the
misdemeanor weed cases

I blew smoke through hallway window

Watched the buddah clouds lingo

Pluckin the blunt brokes from my fingers

My eyes flip different shades

Similar to people you meet everyday who be displayin'
wicked ways

Seein' nothing but another day

In this six story rat trap

Them gats clap another nigga's blazed

Events in my hood rotate

Like the battle on the 38 snob in the world of fake love

Before I blaze son, I'm kissing the slugs

Coming at you kisses and hugs

When death calls who's really a thug

The street glory got me deeply in love

Can't shake it, can't take it, can't make it

Got me needin' this drug

(Chorus)

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