

Nas "Street's Disciple"

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[Intro]

[Nas] "Two-thousand-four, yeah. L, whattup?"

[L.E.S.] "Prophesy!"

[Nas] "Yeah."

[L.E.S.] "Prophesy baby!"

[Chorus: Nas & L.E.S.]

Disciple, Disciple (What?!) Disciple (STREET'S!)

Disciple (STREET'S!)

Disciple (STREET'S!)

Disciple (STREET'S!)

Disciple (STREET'S!)

Disciple (STREET'S!)

Disciple (STREET'S!)

Disciple (Let's go!)

[Verse 1: Nas]

Word to mama, any lineup of rhymers

Could bring any drama, anytime, the city's mine

Nas Is Like, Love Undying, Money's My Bitch

In Thugz Mansion, thugs dancin' around the fly shit

Pharaoh garment's Prada, Egyptian camelback-riders

Pyramid architects, Perignon bottles, money, jewelry

want me to come

Get me, hit me but don't miss me, you history

Lead flowin' around like a Frisbee, Italian dons from

Sicily kiss me

This ain't 50, this ain't Jigga, this ain't Diddy, this ain't

Pretty

Pain, power, pussy and pistols, lyrically no one, hold

none near me, hear me

Kids cheer me like The Count of Monte-Cristo

Steady poundin' soundin' like G without the lisp though

My big bro told me plain and simple, "Nas do not look
back"

Watch where you took rap, no bookbags and trucker
hats

Just army jacks and diamonds that's flashin'

What the fuck is that, freestyle

[Chorus: Nas & L.E.S.]

Disciple, Disciple (STREET'S!)

Disciple (STREET'S!)
Disciple (STREET'S!)
Disciple (STREET'S!)
Disciple (STREET'S!)
Disciple (Street's!)
Disciple (Street's!)
Disciple (Esco!)

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