

# Nas

## "The Don"

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New York girls, them are bad over there(x4)  
Nas, the Don (x8)  
In a New York city (x4)  
Yeah,  
Smokin' an escubano  
Guzzle my second bottle  
Hope I dont catch a homo  
Simultaneously making me climb higher,  
Henious crimes behind me  
Search but can't find me  
Fuck sadness  
Had this been you, havin' this lavish  
Habitual happiness at me,  
You wouldn't look backwards  
You would have sex on condominium roof decks  
So anyone move next  
I'll hit you with two techs  
Rockin' Roberto Cavalli no shirt,  
On convertable Mazy  
My Columbiana mommy ridin' beside me  
Every tat' mean somethin'  
Thats the word on my body  
I'll have to learn somethin' with that Mossberg shotty  
My niggas is ignorant  
Put lead in your pigment  
Just 'cause y'all was mad over the years  
I was gettin' it  
In 97, the six  
98 the Bentley  
Now it's the Ghost Phantom  
And y'all can't stand 'em, but -  
Nas the Don (x8)  
In a New York city (x4)  
Army jacket swag  
Army jacket green and black  
Wit' the square top pocket that snaps  
Where the gas at?  
Pass that, not you  
You hold crack in your ass crack  
I never did that,  
My socks were where my stacks were at, yo'  
Yo', I used to listen to that red alert and rap attack

I fell in love with all that poetry, I mastered that  
Cuttin' school with Preme Team  
The phat cat was at  
Future not crystal clear yet, Baccarat  
Now I'm the one thats reppin' Queens  
Way beyond your wildest dreams  
Bottles on bottles with sparklers,  
Surround my team  
That long cash gets the baddest bitches out they' jeans  
20 years in this game, lookin' 17  
I dont lean; no codeine, promethazine  
I just blow green  
Pick which bitch to bless the king  
Although he's onto another chapter  
Heavy D gave this beat to Salaam  
For me to rap to.  
(Raaah!)

Nas the Don (x8)  
In a New York city (x4)  
New York is like an island  
A big Riker's island  
The cops be out wildin',  
All I hear is sirens  
It's all about survivin',  
Same old two steps  
Try'na stay alive when  
They be out robbin'  
I been out rhymin'  
Since born knowledge,  
Like prophet Muhammad  
Say the ink from a scholar  
Worth more than the blood of a martyr  
So I'mma,  
Keep it on till I see a billion dollars  
Keep your friends close  
And your enemies closer  
Love model Chocha,  
Mommy pop it like she s'posed to  
Eyes red shot,  
Like I'm never sober  
Big time smoker  
Indonesia doja  
Maybe means you can hold up  
Before you get all wet up from my soldiers  
Don shit  
Under fire, I remain on some calm shit  
This for every ghetto and the hood  
Nas the Don and Supercat Don Dotta  
Understood.  
Nas the Don (x8)  
In a New York city (x4)

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