

# Nas

## "The General"

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\* send corrections to the typist

[Swizz Beatz]

Yo man, it's a real game out here  
Know what I'm sayin Nas?  
Beats back in effect man  
Swizz Beatz da monsta (what's poppin?)

[Nas]

Get in line, everybody get in line  
Listen the fuck up, to what's going down  
Pay attention, aight?

[Chorus]x2

Niggas salute me, bitches salute me  
The block salute me, the hood salute me  
You should salute me, they should salute me  
So fuck who you are  
I'm the motherfuckin general

[Nas]

When I walk through everything stops, silence  
Remain quiet, babies don't cry thugs don't buss  
Cops cut off sirens, oxygen freeze  
Noises to a minimum nigga, I pop and I squeeze  
I represent the pain and struggle  
Cut out your eyeballs then brain-fuck you  
Yo you testin with death  
I'm confronting the justice, expressing my voice to the  
public  
They got to free some brothas or we kidnap the judges  
They got to free some sistas or we kidnap the judges  
They got to beat the system that's enslaving the poor  
Our practicing, gun rages, they R's and .44's  
Many fought teams and for green this is war  
This is life and I'm the hardest, got ya label all scared  
Callin up the radio, don't want my records to air  
Y'all ain't playin fair, to every rapper in the game,  
I'm comin fo y'all blood, make room for the king...Nas

[Chorus]x2

[Nas]

I'm the leader, that's it, nobody higher  
Nobody touchin my crown, nobody dyin  
Nobody smoother, harder, tougher, believe it  
I'm much more smarter, much more strategic  
Scholarships and hollow tips, a lot of walkin caskets  
They talk a good one but there's never no action  
And I'm the type to poison ya sista, twist her  
Through wit her, put the gun in your face and make you  
hit her  
Make you quiver -when they silhouette of a Don,  
Benson  
Light up a Cu-ban, recite a few psalms  
Enlighten you quick, teach you how a king wins wars  
Keep your ears to the street, love your enemies more  
'Cuz hate can frustrate, and confuse  
Too eager you lose, patience, plan your attack then you  
move - ghetto  
Green Berets, got freaks got hoes  
who be jumpin out of movin cars and land at my feet -  
because

[Chorus]x2

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