

**Nas****"True Dialect"**Visit "[True Dialect](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

1 A.M., I'm at my best  
Twistin' trees at my rest  
Melt with hash, sippin' Heiny, hittin' states in a G.S.  
With my grimeys, - blowin' up throughout the 90's  
Stayin' lit with the Chocolate Armoretta plus a dime  
piece  
Takin' Gortex steps, 'cause - gets hot,  
Pistols pop, some you hear, some you know when you  
drop  
Twistin off the bottle top, contemplate, fake the plot  
While - walk around with' all they got in one knot  
For real, I build a mini-Israel, others the fish scale  
Like the Red Sea, deep and deadly, though I'm a sit still  
Imagine being gassed up, your time passed up  
Thinking you Lord sippin wine out of brass cup your last  
supper's  
Served, without Grace son about face  
I hung a nun in '91 to captivate the rap race  
Straight from the pro's or the ject's, the nine's or the  
tech's  
Chapter One, today's Math, 'True Dialect'.

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