

## Nas "U Wanna Be Me"

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Uhh, ooh, baby, baby  
Keep it thug and keep yo' heat  
Na nah nah nah nah

Now slowly, thinkin' of all the things that oppose me  
I think of kings who died and rappers out to dethrone  
me  
For they crown they head is cut off, bodies is laid  
Dead in the street, it's so fuckin' pitiful

First they love you, could be the bitch that even live with  
you  
Mad at your riches, now she switched, turned  
miserable  
'Cause she wanna dress like Bonnie, Robin and Crystal  
do  
But Crystal's single, Bonnie's broke and her niggaz too

I can do bad by myself, went from rags to wealth  
From Jags to Bentleys to plenty ass bitches  
Can't keep they hands to they self no more  
I'm like Hugh Hefner, you lesser

You just a wanna be me, you can't you fagot, you bitch  
You coward, you clown, you just wanna be down  
So u wanna be me, you bitch, you phony  
You clone me, u wanna be me, son, I'm the one and  
only

But u wanna be me, you suckers, you weak  
You flunkies, you fake, you couldn't come close on my  
worst day  
But u wanna be me, I burn you and learn you a lesson  
Concernin' this mic profession, turn your direction

You can't be me, not in your wildest fantasy  
It's childish, should I have to resort to violence?  
Pay me a half a million, I'll consult your album  
And show you how to stay off my dick

That's the thing I hate the most, can't even call you a  
man

When you gotta call out my name to get you some fans  
No talent, you need direction  
You a pussy with a yeast infection

You unlucky, I'm your fuckin' C-section  
Plus I'm the last real nigga alive  
Toast glass, Ill Will, the label get high  
Realize, how many classics I gave you  
Perhaps if you think back you'll realize that I made you

U wanna be me, you can't you fagot, you bitch  
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You can't be me, I'm tryin' to walk a straight line  
Why they tryin' to take mine? I'm past 8 Miles of every  
state line  
Eating, alligators and humming bird hearts  
At the player's ball, Brianni suits, y'all birds watch

As real millionaire, shit'll take place  
Evil as Hitler's hate-race people  
This is God, son and I've come  
From the God under pure peace  
To represent the streets

You'll see that my plan is not to destroy your man  
But to bring more to mankind and teach  
Every MC, reach for your pens and papers  
Lesson one be creative, what you made of junior?

'Cause soon you'll be a grown man with the mic in your  
hand  
And understand to battle Nas, not in your plan  
I'm the last real nigga alive, understand that  
And you my offspring, the boss sting

A bulletproof Porsche things, hard for you to  
understand that  
Nas the King, where my bricks, where my band at?  
Play me a gangster's theme, while you entertain me  
If I ain't cryin' laughin' to the lions, throw your ass in

What the fuck was you niggaz thinkin'?  
Guns'll clutch if I get a inklin' that you comin' for the  
kingpin  
But I laugh at you cowards, ha, ha, ha  
Take me out, try, try, try

But u wanna be me, you can't, you fagot, you bitch  
You coward, you clown, you just wanna be down  
So u wanna be me, you bitch, you phony  
You clone me, u wanna be me, son, I'm the one and  
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Concernin' this mic profession, turn your direction, you  
can't be me

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