

Nas**"What You Want"**Visit "[What You Want](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[CHORUS]

Here's what you want right
Here's what you need right
We got to give you more
Of what you're lookin for

So it's a secret that's been pent up inside for years
Exclusive type, only for your eyes and ears
You held it in for so long you bursted into tears
The letters spilled slowly across the page like a world
premiere
Well I ain't, the bullshit begins here
The obvious cause, the effects is unclear
The punishment for crimes of the heart could be
severe
Though to keep it on the low is a heavy cross to bear
You deep now, submerged with no signs of air
Still your sunken heart thumpin like the kick in a snare
While on the surface it's all turnin to a circus
That's why you're nervous, and you got a right to be
Cause if somebody woulda done that shit to me
I mean my best man hittin my wife-to-be
My sentiments exactly would be history
Y'know what I'm sayin my peoples in the place let's hit it
off one two

[CHORUS]

Yo, it's like nothin changed, it's all the same thang
The same characters in a book, with different names
It's a lot more to lose than you got to gain
You a lot more confused than hip to the game
The peep the script of the game the price is pain
Men and women get into things, now who's to blame?
When everybody whisperin bout whatever took place
And how the fact twist a knot with a straight face
And lies, hard to swallow from the bitter taste
Well that's a point in the past that can't be erased
So motivate, though it's hard to let it ride
Or set aside true feelings, underhand dealings
Our lost trust, I wonder if we lost us

It's bigger than me and you, it's monstrous
So I'ma, just calm down and try to relax
Before I clap ??????????

[CHORUS]

If you could only flash back and undo our actions
Change what happens, dissect the fractions
A time to rewind and be recorded absent
For real cause these memories is photographic
Pornographic, pushing me close to madness
Head heavy like I'm trippin on acid tablets
Yesterday as I recall was all fabulous I thought so
But now it feel like shots hittin my torso
Spent a lotta time and trust in the wrong place
Fought a lotta fights rollin with the wrong ace
Love, stronger than pride, we could end disgrace
I need, room the think, and space to ventilate
Was solid as a rock, shall not disintegrate
Thoughts racing like the lunatics on the interstate
For real, ya, it's ill, ya, my peoples in the place....

[CHORUS (repeat to end, with Black Thought
adlibbing)]

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