

Nas

"Where Are They Now (feat. Black Sheep, Das EF)"

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[Intro: Nas (Redhead Kingpin)]

Aiyyo check it out y'all this is Nas, y'all know what I do
to the business

(Yeah! Uh!!!) I bring back the business (Nas you my
dude for this B)

Awww man y'all ain't ready (Straight check it)

Here they are the remix, let's go

[Verse 1: Redhead Kingpin]

It's Kingpin plus two I'm on the guestlist fam

But if this dude ain't like thirty he don't know who I am

Boo boo my name, monetary gain is better than fame

But let's face it without the spotlight you thinkin Red is
Eddie Kane

If I was drugs then I used to be a key

Now I'm a couple ounce, on the come up hustle me

Yeah, and hip hop man ain't no 401K

I got my MPC I'll see you one day

[Verse 2: Rob Base]

("Hit it!") I'm still here, still flippin flows

Still rippin shows, Rob Base let me get ill yo!

It's the O.G., (who?) R to the O-B

B to the A-S-E, reppin N.Y.C.

I toured the country, since I dropped my first CD

(what?)

"It Takes Two", remember me?

If you don't it's the one that hit you with the WHOO

YEAH

Used to make it so hot, you couldn't breathe the air

[Verse 3: The Original Spinderella]

Ain't but too much for you to sweller

Hard body, fuckin wit a Coke bottle model

Auburn, full back and observe

while I BLAP BLAP to your nerves, uh! (OH!)

I'm that Original, S-P twelve hunnid

Anything y'all will do, Spin dunn done it

The baguettes, the Prada stilet's

On the turntables, call me Gillette

[Verse 11: Chip Fu from The Fu-Schickens]

Yo! I strip the booth anytime my lips move
And it spews, my screws and they loose, I'm a move
and it's proof
Now give me two minutes I'm still wicked and still kickin
it
With skills built and hot {?} you can't step in my shoes
YO!!
When I'm in the mood, when I'm in the booth and
whenever when you
I spit phantom in a boost you better just prepare to
make room!
Nas give me eight bars, eight stars Escobar
Yo we rule, and we still ain't got nothin to prove, yo!

[Verse 12: Dres from Black Sheep]

For the second I'm wreckin I got you double-checkin
For me to flash your big chain wheeler, shiny weapon,
step in and holla
I gotta hit the kids that shit Hip Hop
The wack gets spit lot, the man bullshit stop
Yo they call lot and I accept the invitation
But I not try and snitch upon my ?inclamation?
On the real God, I'm good, a brother been in mediation
and my mind has been kenotic, kill the pres led a
netion, Dres

[Outro: Nas]

Aiyyo Chi Ali hold ya head up in the peniles
This your man Nas, here they are
Unbelievable , Hip Hop is Dead
Let's see what happens aight!!!

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