

Nas

"Where Are They Now (feat. Dana Dane, Isis, Ko"

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[Sample of the late James Brown's "Get Up, Get Into it, Get involved"]

[Bobby Byrd:] ("GET INVOLVED!!!" GET INVOLVED!!!" GET INVOLVED!!!")

[Intro: Nas]

Hold up, hold up man, this is Nas, hip hop still

1980's, I need all my pioneers to set it off on this one right here

I asked where they are, here they are

[Verse 1: MC Shan (Nas)]

Hip Hop when niggas knew the art of war (Shan!!!)
Rough rhymes that's what gave the hard the core
Now it's all good best friends became gladiators
Matter fact you blow more steam than hot gladiators
Some niggas is ghost written but I ain't hatin (80's!!!)
Cause I still spit fire like the Son of Satan
Shan motherfucker and I'm Queensbridge bred
Check Myspace (Queens!!!) Forever will they bare my
face

[Verse 2: Raheem from The Furious Five (Nas)]
Who said lightnin can't strike in the same place twice
Trailblaze the game, made for life stayed nice
Yeah you made the Top 50, don't mention my name
(Here they are!!!)
I had you open before crack, cocaine grow-in

Before The Fever, before +Missy's+ first +Misdemeanor+

Before Run's, first pair of Adidas, got heaters And I pop pop, pop, pop, heaters Stop dealers, on my block was the first hot wheeler

[Verse 3: Doctor Ice from UTFO (Nas)]
You never knew (1980's y'all!!!) Somethin so butter
could come from the gutter
I'm, Doctor Ice the diamond the cutter
Like, Jacob The Jeweler and Rick is The Ruler (UTFO!!!)

Boogie Down Kris is The Teacher but Doc run the schoolin

Y'all got y'all, sneakers and beepers, your dutches and reefas

We got our, eight tracks and sneakers, our hookers and reefers

My work is, never in vain, born to insert So even when I'm buried, I'm still the diamond in the dirt, let's work

[Verse 4: Kangol from UTFO (Nas) {Ladies Screaming Kangol's name}]

{Go Kangol!!} Yeah what's up fam?

My chick for twenty years tried to cut your man She tried to take the house, the kids, the pots and pans I'm on to project Plan B, nigga fuck Roxanne!!! (Get focused y'all!!!)

Tried to take the pot I piss in, now the chick outta my system

The whooped niggas need to listen listen listen listen Cock aim fire don't you miss 'em miss 'em miss 'em And every chance you get you diss 'em diss 'em diss 'em diss 'em

[Chorus: Nas]

HEY!! Where are, where they noooooow, huuuhhhhhooohhh HEY!)

{Aww man, make me feel like I'm back in the days with my cassette player, tape in the radio y'all!!!} (Where are they now?)

{Your man Nas, I asked y'all where they at? The pioneers I got love for them man that's why I'm doin this}

{I got love for them man, so here they are two thousand and seven, yeah} (HEY! Hit me! Where are they noooooow?)

[Verse 5: Kool Moe Dee (Nas)]
Where am I? On high with a pen
Blessed manifest rhyme and transcend (Pay att

Blessed manifest rhyme god transcend (Pay attention y'all)

You call him God's Son, I call him God sent First the God sent me, then the God Rakim How can Nas not win when the God sent him To resurrect true rhyme God kingdom You should say amen when you see me When you pray I'm him then you believe me

[Verse 6: Sha Rock from Funky Four +1 (Nas)] Yeah! Sha ready to rise, ready to blaze somethin Mother of the mic so I'm here to claim somethin I got the munchies for the vultures that crushed the culture

Yo Nas brought us back on this track so bring it back (They don't stop y'all!)

From dusk to dawn equip the mic on my palm
I bring the love so you can get it on
Got the books on lock, mother of hip hop
For realla, come under from some of you niggas

[Verse 7: Tito from Fearless Four (Nas)]

You cats is foul frontin like you hard as a rock When these brothers were the buildin blocks, that made you turn up the box

Doug E. Fresh and The Get Fresh Crew, To Markie D and Cool Rock (Know your history y'all!!!)

Rest in peace to the Human Beat Box (Know your

Rest in peace to the Human Beat Box (Know your history!)

Like when I first heard Jay, Darryl and Joe, saw a UTFO I knew right then and there I wanna blow There need to be a museum where everybody could see 'em

Said everybody take some pedium, and get respect

[Verse 8: Grandmaster Caz from The Cold Crush Brothers]

You got another thing comin if you think me and my man ain't sellin

Got more gold than Mr. Drum and we sellin Through Welcome To The Terrordome, niggas are ever wrong

That's why you get no ends, but just in case you got a death wish, for flare for the dramatics
There's some static in the attic {?} hid it looking at it
I'm a 'matic, nice to the fifth power son and I'm still at it
I was about to flip power son 'til I saw a vision, Caz!!!

[Chorus: Nas]

HEY!! Where are, where they noooooow,

huuuhhhhhooohhh HEY!)

{Grandmaster Caz, y'all know what this is do y'all know what this means!!!}

{The fact, that each brother got on this track, the fact, that each sister got on this track}

(Where are they now?)

{To rap, took time out of there schedule, when y'all ain't even got no love}

{But they still givin y'all love, that's hip hop y'all} (HEY! Hit me! Where are they noooooow?) {Give it up to the OG's the original gangstas of Rap, yeah}

[Verse 9: Linque AKA Isis from X-Clan]
Nas you had to ask Linque, where you been?
Rippin on the mics with the devilish grin
Sort of like a tack cause I stay under they skin
Cause when I open up my mouth I blow them chicks to the wind

Don't get besides yourself like you Siamese twins [Professor X:] ("This is protected!") Still got the pen to make the ?message of sin? ("By the red, the black")

You bring it back I do it over again ("and the green") Exposin those who pretend, stay on my grind 'til the end

[Verse 10: Dana Dane (Nas)]

First there was a tree and a MC grew and became (Brooklyn!)

Another rapper born in Queens, 9/6 the b-day Moms moved and born $\{?\}$, dad hit the freeway My young life was screenplay, better yet a clich \tilde{A} \otimes (I can't believe it!)

To rap in the eight-tay, no lenses in the east-say? They say we were a fad but fad don't add reggae We played by the D-Day, eveyday, Eve's day Capital D-A-N-E and hip hop, must be in it

[Verse 11: Pebblee Poo from Def Committee (Nas)] C'mon! Well I'm the ?wa-say-why? with the with the same crew

First name Pebblee, last name Poo (Oh!)
Gina Parks? says a {?} I'm a leader, theiver, greeter
Last mark the game like Run and them Adidas (Do the
history ya'll!!!)

I'm a real estate investor but, I still blessed her Microphone teacher outta Alpha Four ?"Beavers? Hold on I get deeper, dope b-boy speaker Practice what I preach-a, DAMN I'm a keepr, huh

[Verse 12: Just Ice (Nas)]

Just the mic and make 'em stand up [RAW!]
Lyrics are legendary status so get ya hands up
Clap to the freestyle (Just Ice!) dance, but in the
meanwhile

Cool calm collected, smooth that's how I get down Then at the stage, hold 'em up like a twelve gauge Page after page, all you see is a pure rage! So pass the gat, grab ?taps? for the beat Just Ice signing off [Whaaat?!] Yo I'm out y'all, PEACE!!!!!

[Outro: Nas]

Yo that's incredible man play that again!!!

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