

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!!!" GET INVOLVED!!!")

[Intro: Nas]

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

[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 cliché (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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