Nas ''You Can't Stop Us''

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From Willie Lynch to Willie Hutch Right on, we Superfly Made Gucci the shit, Louis too Suits and ties

Player trophies

Pray to Goldie

Picture wax museums

Full of black pimps and triple OG's

Aunt Jemima hoes, historic whore shit

Girls from long time ago

Stagecoach with the horse, kid

Witchdoctors, good ol' pickpockets

Sip moonshine, so-called coon shines??????? and darkies

I love y'all

Pyramids to cotton fields to Wrigley fields

Forgotten men who did get killed

Christmas attics, the first plastered???????

Peace to the rich-lady-purse-snatcher shot in the back

I know your hunger, kid, I know they hung your dad

Burnt your mama crib, I know that hurt you bad

Minstrel shows, from gold to shackles and back to gold

We act like we home, matter fact, we are home

Bad attitudes, octoroon skin tones

Slave food turn to soul food

Collards and neck bones

Betsy Ross sewed the first American flag

Bet she had a nigga with her to help her old ass

Yo, on Dateline

The other night they showed hate crimes

Gave a blood time because he fought with his canine

Bestiality, humane society

Go to China, see how they dine

See what they eat

Better yet ask PETA, whoever

Which animal makes suede

And I persuade, would you have survived the dark

ages

Cannibal ways of the ancient Caucasians

Still you like your steak tartar

Pinot Noir; David star on the chain of Sammy Davis He helped pave the way for Southern crankers and them Harlem shakers Now we getting our papers, they try to censor the words

To stop our money coming, but you can't escape us, haters

03. Breathe (Produced by J. Myers & Dustin Moore)

In America, you'll never be free Middle fingers up, fuck the police Damn, can a nigga just breathe

Bravehearts, still QB's Finest Grinding, enough diamonds To change the climate Not only do you see a nigga shinin' You can see a nigga breathe

Jewels enchanted
Like they was new from Atlantis
Cruise with the hammer
Jealous-hearted, can't stand them
Haters are scandalous, damn
Can't a nigga just breathe

To all my niggas getting money in the streets Middle fingers up, fuck the police Light up my trees, and I just breathe

I twist them Baby-momma-beef victim Chronic leaf-hitting All kinds of heat wit him Wisdom, from pot to pissin' To high position Intense hustle It's pain like a pinched muscle 'Til it rains and my Timbs stain my socks 'Til I dodge enough shots and the presiding judge Slams a mallet and says 'life', I'ma guap Then I cop, then I yacht, then I dock Island-hopping, away from nightmare-holders Or cowboy slangers, who shoot up any club To see their names ring loud on some FBI poster Must be on X or he coked up, suggesting I post the Bail, I'm like yes, 'cause we soldiers We just getting older In time, we still in our prime I can't afford a new arrest on my folder

Nigga, breathe

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I'm fresh out of city housing
Ain't have too many options
Pennies on a pension or penitentiary-bounded
Plenty Henny in me
??Envy was simple they trend see??
My enemy was every hater that was bigger than me
The high life, the fly life
Pierre Hardy, Imitation of Christ
Iceware gaudy, since '94 flossy
The Lex was an excellent choice now fast forward me
The pestilence of the ghetto informed me, as a shorty
To push nothing less than a 740
With fresh linen
Sip Pellegrino with heirs on
They sick, mixing they water when airborne . . .

Oh, they so sick
Look how I got them going crazy
Look at that
You gotta let it out
Stress ain't good, man
You gotta breathe . . .

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