

**Nas****"You're Da Man"**Visit "[You're Da Man](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uh uh, yo  
They plan was to knock me out the top of the game  
But I overstand they truth is all lame  
I hold cannons that shoot balls of flames  
Right in they fat mouth then I carve my name  
Nas - too real, Nas - true king  
It's however you feel, g'head, you swing  
Your arms too short to box with god  
I don't kill soloists only kill squads  
Fame went to they head, so now it's "Fuck Nas"  
Yesterday you begged for a deal, today you tough  
guys  
I seen it comin  
Soon as I popped my first bottle I spotted my enemies  
tryna' do what I do  
Came in with my style, so I fathered you  
I kept changin on the world since "...Barbeque"  
Now you wanna hang with niggas I hung with  
Fuck bitches I hit, it's funny I once said...  
If I, ever make a record  
I take a check and put something away for a rainy day  
to make my exit  
But look at me now, ten years deep  
Since in the project, crack in my socks weep  
I never asked to be top of rap's elite  
Just a ghetto child tryna' learn the traps of the streets  
But look at me now

(Chorus)

"You're the man" "You're the man"  
"You're the man" "You're the man"  
"You're the man" "You're the man"  
"You're the man" "You're the man"  
"You're the man" "You're the man"

now wait a sec', give me time to explain, women and  
fast cars  
And diamond rings can poison a rap star  
It's suicidal, how I smoke in so much la'  
I saw a dead bird flyin through a broken sky  
Wish I could flap wings and fly away

To where black kings and Ghana stay  
So I could get on my flesh right away  
But that'll be the day when it's peace  
When my gat don't need to spray  
When these streets are safe to play  
Sex with death, indulge in these women  
Vision my own skeleton swimmin in eternal fire  
Broads play with pentagrams in they vagina  
Like the Exorcist, then they gave birth to my seeds  
I beg for God's help, why they love hurtin me?  
I'm your disciple, a thug certainly  
I'm the N the A to the S-I-R  
If I wasn't I must've been Escobar  
Forty-five in my waist, starin at my reflection  
In the mirror, sittin still in the chair like my conception  
When everything around me got cloudy, the chair  
became a king's throne  
My destiny found me  
It's clear why the struggle was so painful  
Metamorphosis, this is what I changed to  
And God, I'm so thankful

(Chorus to fade)

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