

## **Nas And Nature "In Too Deep"**

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Yo, yo, yo son, you ever felt a funny vibe  
What you supposed to do?  
And ya man's ain't ya man's  
And ya friend's ain't ya friend's  
And ya money ain't yours anymore  
And niggas wanna count your money  
Niggas wanna see what the fuck you got

You know what I'm sayin'  
Sometimes I gotta take long trips  
And get away from this shit  
I can't take this shit no more  
This shit right here be fucking niggas  
Like me up knowhatimsayin'  
I been exposed to too much and too long

All my niggaz out there in the hood and shit  
That be bringing that real shit, put your fucking Phillies  
in the air  
Your back woods your white owl  
Your dutchess and we goin' smoke and ride to this shit  
right here  
This that real shit here, this is the soundtrack  
To the realness right here  
Niggaz in too deep knowhatimsayin'  
It's all real, all live nigga, what, what nigga

Yo, ayo, ayo, ayo, I thank a dead homey  
Incarcerated penpal I got the feds on me a  
constipated mental  
Always ranged in the ghetto it's pain in the ghetto  
Caskets do you believe in angels or devils?  
Welfare it's dark and there's no help here  
Killing cops, shooting black kids the instill fear  
But we still here not afraid cracks is made stacks get  
made  
A "G" will get you gats sprayed

At my man's funeral it's like nobody care  
The police get shot the mayor and everybody there  
Grafitti on the lobby stairs kids with notty heads is  
greedy

Soldiers small faces painted on the walls, I was born to  
ball  
Rings you can't afford name a clothes line I then worn it  
before

Dictate the naked soul of Nas henny four fives  
Hoe's with thick thighs be the wives of rich guys  
Never trust a bitch 'cuz a bitch lies  
Enemys close 'cuz friends switch sides when shit gets  
live  
Dealin' with a lot of pressure I'm in too deep  
Life of a thug born and raised in the streets

You want war, I'mma give you war  
I'm in too deep  
You want peace, I'mma give you peace  
Raised in the streets

You want love, I'mma show you love  
Life of a thug  
There's no love for me in these streets  
I'm in too deep

It's just hustlers in the streets  
Raised in the streets

Yo, ayo  
When you in too deep you better climb out and find out  
Are you the one they looking at 'cuz when you looking  
back  
It's your time to fear if the drama's severe  
I see scars starting off at the side of they're ear  
Ending up by the jaw of the throat another law broke  
I try to patch it white kids is buying acid  
Closing down spots popping a knot  
Heard the foremores use binoculars watchin' the  
blocks

Calling phantom on the tape, I'm the phantom of the  
wax  
Now meat the man behind the music examing the facts  
I use it, to my advantage do this shit everyday  
Like sneaking gats up in grade eight  
Six Flags catch me getting on the popular rides  
If a nigga violate he get top of the line  
Small hot ones locked in the spines  
Transformed roll out pass it off to my man no doubt

I keep shits disguising six shirts in the trunk  
Imagin it gets six times worse when I'm drunk  
Prepare for death first of the month

Open and rise, t's right here in front of you open your  
eyes  
I can't explain it 'cuz it's not normal, is niggas loyal  
I talk about life and live it for you this shit is soil  
Like the dirt that I walk on you talk on  
You say I had love for ya know it's all gone all gone

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