

## Qb's Finest

### "Street Glory NasPop"

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Nas & Pop---Street Glory

[NAS] (Intro)

Uhh, still out in these motherfuckin projects  
Still a nigga ain't never gonna get the fuck up outta  
here  
Niggaz just don't understand the story

Chorus: [Pop]

Niggaz die for the street glory  
Go to trial get tried for each story  
And each nigga got a story  
And QB the streets call me  
So if you see me slippin' reach for me  
I'm goin' after street glory  
Go to trial get tried for each story  
And each nigga got a story  
And QB the streets call me  
So if you see me slippin' reach for me  
I'm goin' after street glory

[NAS]

Yo,  
Every time I turn around niggaz shot, niggaz stabbed  
When tonight's pregnant girls struggling to get a cab  
Fiends lurkin', D's searchin' pat pockets  
Kids put to bed duck they heads from gas poppin'  
Queensbridge slingin' hoppin' our benches  
Don status, throw feeds, got sirenges  
Poppin' out they arm scratched  
Now remember parked (???)  
Cuz' else perfect ways, shell adidas  
Smellin' reefer way before purple haze  
Private stock peer nigga with ill walks like Mark Clare  
Has tilted wild niggaz lickin' shots in the air  
Me and Pop was there through the years our names  
have switched  
Ain't nothin' changed but the names Nastradamus and  
Blitz  
What project is this? QB burnin' in tint  
12th street murderous pimps, hot as hell's heat

What could you tell me? Niggas seen it all in this game  
When it's all said and done just remember our name

[Pop]

I'm familiar with the dead grass drama black gates and  
crime

Embryo of the ghetto born face and time

Niggas shatter they dreams while I'm chasing mine

Ghetto fame got a fellow's name draped and shined

How do I describe an atmosphere where streets are  
polluted?

Where corruptors and new police being recruited

Somehow I make it through the day stayin' secluded

While the blues aim leavin' another slain, executed

Many thought's cause I see the past grimly

That could've been me, explodes out on 41st and 10th  
street

Through all the pap grease and street chases

Sudden raids and confrontations leadin the  
misdemeanor weed cases

I blew smoke through hallway window

Watched the buddah clouds lingo

Pluckin the blunt brokes from my fingers

My eyes flip different shades

Similar to people you meet everyday who be displayin'  
wicked ways

Seein' nothing but another day

In this six story rat trap

Them gats clap another nigga's blazed

Events in my hood rotate

Like the battle on the 38 snob in the world of fake love

Before I blaze son, I'm kissing the slugs

Coming at you kisses and hugs

When death calls who's really a thug

The street glory got me deeply in love

Can't shake it, can't take it, can't make it

Got me needin' this drug

(Chorus)

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