

Nature

"Jamboree"

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Verse 1

(Nas)

Low profile, rap style
Slick as new now
Give the crew pounds
Every time we cover them grounds
Still surviving but there's a few down
Back in the essence
I'm asking questions on the phone
With jail adolescence
Crying confession, the system's supplying the pressure
My mind is guessing
Is living and dying a lesson
But not to be obliged with the mirage
Of cars taking you off track
From with the gods focus on hard
Laid up smoking cigars
Motioning maids to bring me toast and eggs
Kosher, Ice chokers and wolves to smoke ya
My wisdom culture lives in ultra madness
Devoted coach bag bitch
Broke the average nigga's hopes to get mad rich
But what's the purpose
Only the gods can watch the Earth twist
I'm physically trapped down on the surface
With all the crack merchants
Snakes and serpents
Foul jakes the searches
Clowns with four pounds this ain't a circus.
Chorus (R. Kelly)

Street dreamer
Oh mercy mercy me
Ain't nothing I got for ya
Situations get heavy
Heavy, heavy
Trying to be a gangster.

Verse 2

(Nas)

The black clouds over the hood
I'm on the corner with the thugs
Late night under the moon
As they assume I'm slanging drugs
Cause I'm hooded up
Thought a G a night wasn't good enough
Pushed my luck
Yo they had a brother put in cuffs
Luckily, made it out of court comfortably
Judge said I need a job ain't nothing coming free
Could've got a one to three
I try to school these shorties under me
But they can't see
From life to death
So know we back to where we never left the ghetto
It's a damn shame
Knowing it's a man's game
Shorty thinks it's time to make ya plans change
All that running round trying to chase
What's already here - been there
It's going no where
Pops told me knuckle up - no fear
I wish some of these killings
They could be prevented
Whatever happens it was written
Meaning God meant it
But during ya life you put ya heart in it
Even though it seems we being targeted
Let that brother R hit it
Chorus (extended)

(Nas) Sort of wild, since a child
Hope was all we had
Drip the bust out past
Complaning the mental straining
How many in my crew is into gaining
Subtract the weak links about the chaining
Rise it start raining
Blasphemy using Nas name in vain
Some plain supreme being
Yet they lied in his name
I tried to learn the game
And the only thing I found incredible
Everything I tried to learn
See, I already knew
And it's embedded in my heart now
So I can sit back, count a stack
And play my part now
I saw my life flash in front of my eyes
He wore disguise
Put a gun to me hungry he

Went on to chastize
That's Nas ain't it
Made it rich from entertainment
Fresh wally's painted
As he told the kid he came with
My first thought was how the game flip
Yo perhaps it was somebody I smacked
Drunk in a party on yak
Or was I marked for a contract
For some foul act
A little while back or beyond that
You got me laying face flat
Saying my grace black
Woke up in a cold sweat
Yo, I hate that
My air like I lost in the battlefield
That's why I hit the mic with mad appeal
Grab ya shield and meet ya maker
Queens niggas die for paper
These the things the street dreams will take ya.
Chorus

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