

Miocene

"Intro"

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{*speaking softly, gradually getting louder*}

One time yeah yeah

Yo, all I need is one mic, one beat, one stage

One nigga front, my face on the front page

Only if I had one gun, one girl and one crib

One God to show me how to do things his son did

Pure, like a cup of virgin blood; mixed with

151, one sip'll make a nigga flip

Writin names on my hollow tips, plottin shit

Mad violence who I'm gon' body, this hood politics

Acknowledge it, leave bodies chopped in garbages

Seeds watch us, grow up and try to follow us

Police watch us {*siren*} roll up and try knockin us

One knee I ducked, could it be my time is up

But my luck, I got up, the cop shot again

Bus stop glass bursts, a fiend drops his Heineken

Richochetin between the spots that I'm hidin in

Blackin out as I shoot back, fuck gettin hit! {*more

sirens*}

This is my hood I'ma rap, to the death of it

'til everybody come home, little niggaz is grown

Hoodrats, don't abortion your womb, we need more

warriors soon

sent from the stars sun and the moon

In this life of police chases street sweepers and

coppers

Stick-up kids with no conscience, leavin victims with

doctors

IF YOU REALLY THINK YOU READY TO DIE, WITH NINES

OUT

THIS IS WHAT NAS IS BOUT, NIGGA THE TIME IS NOW!

{*whispering again*}

Yo, all I need is one mic..

All I need is one mic.. that's all I need

All I need is one mic.. all I need niggaz

All I need is one mic.. yeah

{*gradually getting louder*}

All I need is one blunt, one page, and one pen

One prayer - tell God forgive for one sin

Matter fact maybe more than one, look back

at all the hatred against me, fuck alla them

Jesus died at age 33, there's thirty-three shots
from twin glocks there's sixteen apiece, that's thirty-t

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