

## Soundtrack

# "Nas - Wanna Be Me"

Visit "[Nas - Wanna Be Me](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Uh, ohhhhh, baby, baby (uh ha ha ha ha)

Keep it thug and keep your heat  
Na na na na

### Verse 1

Now slowly, thinkin of all the things that appose me,  
I think of kings who died and rappers out to de-throne  
me, (uh)  
Before they crowned there head is cut off,  
Bodies is layin dead in the street it's so fuckin pitiful,  
First they love me, could be the bitch that even live with  
you,  
Mad at your riches now she switch turn miserable, (uh)  
Cause she want to dress like bonnie, robbie and  
christal do,  
But christal single, bonnies broke and a niggas too,  
I can do bad by myself, went from rags to wealth,  
From jagz to bentlys to plenty ass bitches,  
Cant keep their hands to there self nomore,  
Im like hue hefner, you lessar, you just...

### Chorus

Wanna be me, you cant, you faggot, you bitch,  
You social coward, you clown, you just wanna be down,  
So you wanna be me, you bitch, you phony, you clone  
me,  
You wanna be me son, Im the one and only, but you,  
Wanna be me, you suckers, you weak, you flunkys,  
You fake, you couldnt come close on my worst day,  
But you wanna be me, I'll burn you and learn you a  
lesson,  
Consernin is my profession, turnin ya my direction,  
You can't be me

### Verse 2

No even in your wildest fantasy,  
Its childish, shit I haft ta resort to violance,  
Pay me a half a million, I'll consult your album,  
And show you how to stay off my dick,

That's the thing I hate the most, can't even call you a  
man,  
When you gotta call out my name to get ya some fans,  
No tallent, you need direction, your a pussy with a  
yeast infection,  
You unlucky, Im your fuckin c section,  
Plus Im the last real nigga alive,  
Toast glass I with-o the label, get high,  
Rely, how many classics I gave you,  
Perhaps if you think back, you'll relize that I made you...

Chorus

Verse 3

Im tryin to walk a straight line,  
While they tryin to take mine,  
Im pass 8 miles of every state line,  
Eating alegators and humming bird hearts,  
At the player ball preani suit, shupers watch ( ? ? ),  
As real million-airshittas take place ( ? ? ),  
Evil is hitlers hate race, people this is gods son,  
And Ive come from the garden of pure peace,  
To represent the streets, you will see,  
That my plan is not to destroy a man,  
But to bring more to mankind and teach,  
Every mc reach for your pens and papers,  
Lesson 1 be creative, what you made of junior,  
Cause soon you'll be a grown man with the mic in ya  
hand,  
And understand to battle nas is not in ya plan,  
Im the last real nigga alive, understand that,  
And you my offspring, a boss-sting( ? ? ),  
A bullet proof, posche things, hard for you to  
understand that,  
Nas the king, where my cribs ( ? ? ), where my benz at,  
Play me a gangstas theme, while you entertain me,  
If I aint cryin, laughin to the lines, throw your ass in,  
What the fuck were you niggas thinkin,  
Guns would clutch if I get an anclin  
That you commin for the kingpin,  
But I laugh at you cowards, ha, ha, ha,  
Take me out, try, try, try....

Chorus

Visit [Soundtrack](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.