

Jay-Z F/ Pharrell Williams , Young Chris

"Rest of My Life"

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[Chorus: Amerie singing]

The rest of my life

The rest of my life

[Verse 1: Nas]

LIFE, dead presidents, devilish meant
Overthrow king thrones just 'cause of their negligence
DEATH, real shit'll start comin' to light
Niggaz you ain't like dickin' your wife, WHAT?
Kind and undermining, grimy, stiff corpse shapin'
Pork bacon, double-cross Satan
HEATHENS, non-god-fearing, lace thong wearing
demons
But glory go to God, y'all BENEATH HIM
If y'all don't know that, rap with a old cat
He'll show you streets where them big dealers DROVE
AT
Where low-key killers let the fo' clap
Blocka-blocka-blocka -- OH
The glow, the 'dro, the dough for shows
Everything a hood brother thing he needs -- YO
You'll find a goal in a ghetto superstar's roadmap
And I'ma use that for the

[Amerie singing]

For the rest of my life

For the rest of my life

[Verse 2: Nas]

Burnt-out, kicked to the curb
So I had to learn how to turn around a hundred thou'
REAL FAST
In '95 that was my last, I went back to the ave thinkin'
rap's a thing of the PAST
Rest in peace E Money Bags, no more cabs, got caught
with the ratchet in the stash
Lawyer want CASH, my ba'y bro blast burners at cats
who gell
They burnt a range with a mollet of COCKTAIL
My little man got fourteen-years for car-jackin' a
undercover

Them cops SWEAR, my little nigga told on me
I'm thinkin, "Hello, where's the L-O, V-E"
Pigs play games, my little man'll never say names
Word to his pops with elephant veins
They both locked-up still, word to Will
I'll make it and chill for the

[Chorus: Amerie singing]
For the rest of my life
For the rest of my life

[Verse 3: Nas]
My man gave his mommy coke
So she wouldn't hit the block all crazy for the smoke
DAMN NIGGA, could you picture you supplyin' your own
moms
so she don't have to bone for DIMES?
Or give dome for nicks' in the roofs of the projects
where dogs shit and PISS
Yeah, we all plan to get rich but it's all about how it's
executed
Lexus coup-ed, brigettes from cubics
Mighta been stupid, but I got far from twenty-six BARS
To ten LP's, what can him tell me? Of them? Of y'all?
I'M NAS, on a track that's unorthodox
Like my life coulda been offed by THE COPS
Told y'all, Nas will prevail by the book when it's up for
sale
About the rest

[Chorus: Amerie singing]
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For the rest of my life

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