

Mercedes F/ Mia X

"Street's Disciple"

Visit "[Street's Disciple](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Nas]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

You was born in the eighties, pops drove a Mercedes

Did a bid, coming home to some grown ass kid

Crack baby turn to young thug, description might fit
you

Look around it might hit you

No joke, I wanna pistol fight with you

Shit comes around faster than you think

Blood and white chalk makes pink, so what's that make
you?

Become a creature of habitat, the average cat

Won't see where it's at, or where it's going

The hood waits for no one

I've been through it from Ewings to Buicks, to body
viewings

Car chases to court cases, to fly vacations

From wanting it all, to being the object of your
admiration

Imagination is what they lack

It stops niggaz from getting stacks

feeling trapped on the block with loose cracks

Wisdom is vital for the survival of the street's disciple

[Chorus]

"From the day you were born" (Olu Daru sample)

"Starring out, a young disciple" (Nas Sample)

"You had that gleam in your eye" (Olu Daru sample)

Disciple of the projects!

"From the day you were born" (Olu Daru sample)

"Street's Disciple" (Nas Sample)

"Disciple of the projects" (Olu Daru sample)

[Nas]

Moonstruck stuck, slow as molasses in my actions

That's compliments of a fast spliff in the night life

In my flight jacket, adrenaline heightened, mimickin

Tyson

after watchin him cut up Razor Ruddock

In the gutter, which was once ghetto prophecy is now
ghetto scripture

Lookin back at it, blowjobs from pretty crack addicts
Older Gods wantin no static, told some lil' niggaz they
can have it
Coke baggin and toe-taggin
They took Will, let me describe him, a live one
I think that he was the true +God's Son+ - not Jesus,
but fearless
His ear was up on them sounds too, he'd hear
somethin
not to his likin, and say 'Son they bitin you"
He never got to see my debut, wild-mannered
But wild with them hammers, niggaz frontin couldn't
stand it
Took him off the planet, left us in 9-2
With the philosophy of what arms do, a true street's
disciple

[Chorus]

[Nas]
Plug the mics up, I'm ready to rock, knocking
Reminiscing of measuring pots of Pyrex, cook in the
kitchen
Captain Hook to these infants
It's like my folks is still on the benches
Surrounded by villains and henchmen, was a killer
convention
1991, son, gold fronts on the facial, gun buck by the
naval
Disciple could blaze you, we laced it with embalming
fluid
Rhyming to music all this time
Fighting 'bout how Kane and Rakim would do it
Seemed impossible to us that we could ever leave
From the block, where the world was forever freezing
Hell if I ever let them shovel me, son, in this cell again
Fuck these devil policemen, plush leathers, I need
them
Risking my freedom, burners in bubble coats
Fuck a sermon from the neighborhood pope
He's sexing ho's, old fart, he's busting ones when he
stroke
Multi-colored Pelle Pelle's, young stretch mark bellies
Babies born in a cycle, future disciples

[Chorus]

Visit [Mercedes F/ Mia X](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

