

Nas F/ Foxy Brown**"I'll Be There"**

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Yo man sure is hard out here
Believe that, I keep looking on
Ya know, expecting you to be there for me again
When I need you
You got that time but I need you coming back strong
Don't be silent ya heard me?
Dawg, just let it be known bro I got much love for you
bro
Come on home here
I miss ya

Chorus: Mr. Serv-On (repeat 4X)

I'm fightin tears for the time you spent
When your nights are dark, but in your heart you got a
friend

[Mr. Serv-On]

You chose a destiny of prison terms and crack pipes
I fell victim to a world full of hard women and gang life
You did nine, now you got five
And every day I feel like I'm fighting myself just to stay
alive
I got a little money but it ain't all that
What's the use of having it if it'll keep you from going
back
I saw a look in your eyes like you wasn't scared to die
You lost your mom and your sister in three months
and never once I saw you cry
Maybe it was a soldier thing or you didn't know how
Cause so many nights I pray to God, just look at our life
and smile
Cause somewhere in this ghetto life we lost our heart
Now we just a bunch of helpless souls searching for
heaven, play your part
I witness you fight the demons in your mind
You told me they come late at night, you know that he
was hard to find
But sometimes you gotta sit back and relax, and say a
prayer
Cause when all the pain goes away I'll always be there

Chorus 4X

[Mr. Serv-On]

Some of the ??? around the way on they third and
fourth babies
I wonder if you was home one of them would be yours
You gotta laugh at that, life is crazy
The other day Larry Tunes got twenty
He said he had to feed his baby,
pay some bills and take care of his lady
I went around the way and the new thing seemed to be
wheelchairs
Either they too blind to see or they just don't care
I saw your grandmother and she looked okay
But you know black women, they strong, they only cry
when they pray
And I'm still tryin to bang all the tricks you used to hit
up
And as usual they ask me where you at, and tell me
whats up
But lately every day, now I caught my hands without a
bottle
I guess I feel the pressure of these magazines callin
me a role model
I look in these kids eyes and I see confusion
We never knew how bad it was,
we just wanted to represent, never losin (New Orleans)
And no matter how times get hard
You just think about it, you look in your heart, I'll play
my part

Chorus 4X

[Mr. Serv-On]

Oh man
I'm still thinkin bout all the times we had
It ain't the same no more, man you know
The game, the hustlin, none of that
I talked to moms the other day
We tryin to get that appeal together

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