

Nas f/ AZ, Biz Markie

"Understanding"

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[Biz] Yo this is funky - Ayo wussup fellas?
[AZ] Wussup Biz and peace, how you?
[Biz] Yea, I'm aight, I'm aight
[AZ] Yea, yea, check it out
I see today's mathematics as being understanding,
you know?
Understanding is having the ability to see things
clearly
for what they are not what they present theyself to be
It completes the cipher, youknowwhatI'msaying?
It's also about to the black child which is the best part
Ayo, son, represent

[Nas]
Now I'm the average nigga in the street like God
I try to beat trife art, ride my elite through the night fog
and park
It's Buddha 'til we spark, it's consistent
The beast smells the el because it travels long distance
Cruising in his Chrysler, perusing niggas in my ciphers
Thoughts wilding like insane asylum on Rikers Island
Verbal assassin, I murder freestyling
One two for the gun crew, three drinking Cristal and
I play the side 'cause the words of man kill
Proverbs, buck out my grill, real as Ill Will, peep still
Nobody move nobody die, why must be I high?
Busting in trife bitches, touching mic switches
It's like a hot spoon of heroin, a Dom like Perignon
Females love the guns I be wearing
Plant my seeds to live infinite, indeed in my sentences
I pull demanding, that's understanding

[Nas]
850 Tempo but rugged like a Pinto
Chop shop hip-hop, burning block intro
High priests release voodoo, dÃ©jÃ vu and this taboo
Illmatic shit and what have you
Chef cocaine cook, no brain got the proper diction
My competition bleeds words and weed blurs my vision
I'm freezing in time, stops the rhyme
I'm sober in stolen Range Rover much crime

I, stick up America, Nas in your area
Disrupt the sound barrier, clowns get pounds of terror
A full whip for more clips then Clint has in his era
Dirty Harry, cold black the uncanny, a Kojak
A beretta sticking up trucks carrying amaretto
Clever to entice 'em, herbs I'm mic'ing while I'm pricing
niggas like they're slaves, best behave I'm the nice one
Nas; broke it down for Nasir, please protect your
Pop Dukes, resurrection international hoes, I'm sexing
Or you'll be fucking one section, question?
Does a lonely mic give me an erection?, yes, son
On a float like the jets of futuristic papamistic
Bust it, try and diss while my finger is on the iron and
biscuit
I rhyme terrific spark a land like the diamond district
It's understanding

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