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Nas f/ Boyz II Men ''Never Gonna Give it Up''

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[Nas talking] Man, we love you man, you hear me? This is coming from the General man, Nas man Bravehearts love you man, this is to all of ya niggaz Who been using my name from day one to make yourselves famous Whether you shouting me out on your records Whether you try to come at me on your records, or whether you just you know ...? You know... you know how you dick riding man? This goes out to ya Cause we love you man, I've done made a lot of niggaz famous man But I'm gon' make you...I make you make the papers, this one's for you Hey yo, word up It been a lot of times when a nigga ain't wanna fuck with this rap shit no more Fuck this shit, but you know ...? Through the year I started to see shit, you knowamsayin? Nigga see niggaz driving around with fancy cars, diamonds all that shit Niggaz thinking nigga chilling Got to go through a whole bunch of big shit, all that bullshit But you know what? Fuck that shit, you know how I feel? Yo [Nas with chorus] I'm never gonna give it up, fuck that I made a mil', but that ain't good enough Ocean and a beach so I can really live it up See, that's the life baby, you got to understand its life baby I'm never gonna give it up, fuck that I made a mil', but that ain't good enough Ocean and a beach so I can really live it up See, that's the life baby, you got to understand its life baby

[Verse 1]

Uhh... I got the mention and the nice ride Platinum chain, and an ice watch All this fame in my life's hard I entertain, been so many places, see so many different faces They look the same from the stages After the concert, hours of long work Home sick form the role, smoking my lungs hurt Even thought now I'm recording songs It's better than, when I was pedaling doing wrong I brought the crew along, we thuggin Fucking married bitches; they go to their husbands Bitches ain't shit, we laughing with them Can't even role the streets now, without the heat I bust the nigga off impost, that shit is weak On trial, what I'm gon' tell the judge He don't give me no smile, he don't give me no love, nor???? the jury That's when I need celeb status and the blackness This motherfucker's hate rappers, what a life

[Chorus: with changes]

[Verse 2]

My girl hate when I'm with my boys, think I'm cheating Every morning knocking at my door state policeman Give him a reason, but I don't give it to him They said they heard a disturbance, and I just listen to him See, I cooperate until they push me Cops hate when you know the law, you ain't pussy - you not fake Can't explain how much I miss the block When we was slinging with my niggaz, screaming "Fuck the cops!" Now when I'm dreaming I can see my dead friends smile Wake up, I get some air, hit the mall for a while - pick up some gear I'm going to the studio; my engineer put the track up from "out west" And he told me spit it clear...Uhh

Another hit is just made, another album So ones again we getting paid, and now we wilding Get hype to shoot the video, all in the city yo I'm hoping that a nigga blow, but ya don't hear me thought

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Uhh...the haters say I ain't shit Hope I fall, but I can't slip Got to ball, got to bank chips Old ladies hate my moms cause their kids ate them out to nothing Catch my moms on the bench fronting I got to stay awake, got to pray today Glad I'm still alive, fuck what them haters say So many times I ain't wanna rhyme Wanted a normal life, when I ain't Nas all the time Uhh...so many problems too, do what I got to do As long as my moms say, "Boy, I'm proud of you!" I keep laying hits, one is never quits Plus if I stop, how will I stay legit?

[Chorus]

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