

## **Nas F/ Pete Rock**

### **"Vital Nerve"**

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Intro/Chorus:

Soon you'll see  
As I flow fluently to frequently, another MC  
will drop off the face of this Earth, for what it's worth  
I've been the nastiest, one since birth

"New York is number one today in the house!"

[EI-P]

I'll do the simple shit, strike harder than Hoffa  
EI the maladjusted MC, Funcrusher  
Massive, a sign for my condition automatic  
Goldstar connect thoughts get jostled at your position  
Listen, abort mission without further discussion  
Dual personality, half me ?  
Doc Jekyll when I burn your paragraph down to a haiku  
So Tootsie Roll motherfuck back to your seat cause I  
don't like you  
I got a hundred beats, all nicer than your joint  
Karaoke MC's need not receive G's that's the whole  
point  
Be out within the crowd get open like herpes simplex  
sores  
on vexed pussy found that I put more crush, on crews  
than Jets  
You're just that simple plus overfronted -- but that's the  
status  
Cold caught my shit you better not sit, so stop the  
madness  
With hip-hop guidelines I state I never liked authority  
When sales control stats I place no faith in the majority

Chorus

Auto, matic, just for my people  
Auto, matic, just for my crew  
Auto, matic if you're wack then you'll get  
knocked out of the box and you'll deserve it too

"New York is number one today in the house!"

[EI-P]

I analyze, people call me EI so son catch it  
MC's be disillusioned as hell, them can't hack it  
I'ma knock you out your tax bracket  
Slipped into the wrong hands, the mental barbarian  
Stay-Freshed in Ziplock, money plot hatcher  
How the fuck you gonna bring a Go-Cart to the Grand  
Prix hee hee  
laughter, enter for irreconcilable disaster  
I'ma protect mine like a Japanese fighting sticks master  
Aim, pierce your vital nerve, the bloody conquest  
Rappers they be like ? bro, I sunk your Battleship  
Ultra-magneto, burnin pee burns my credo  
Mad men cry like when you realize you got a shirt full of  
infrared dots  
plus I'm scopin at this bitch, be prepared for the mental  
headshots  
When the CoFlow leave the room, we takin mics bitches  
and boom

(the incredible BMS...)

[BMS]

Now the mint and governor get paid, collectin off raids  
all the cash that was made from a brother, New York  
Undercover  
Don't love her, still I'm SuperHun  
Rhyme styles monstrosities, fools never stoppin me  
I swat MC's quite easily, Dunn  
Imitate styles most complain you can't begin to express  
Elevate off this, nine times to your brain  
makes your mind manifest, shit's hopeless  
Stop stop the nonsense, this could not accomplish  
Low pro interactive, go open carsnatchin  
CoFlow, by all means necessary packin rhymes is  
automatic  
Check the barrel circumfrence who done it, confirm it  
sewers done run it  
BMS just a killer plus serial  
But still ill and Sugarhill, to the fullest extent  
Tactic G represent, C-4 blowin up  
like the doors and this president (Dead, Presidents)

Chorus

Auto, matic, just for my people  
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knocked out of the box and you'll deserve it too

[EI-P]

I'm gettin fresh for my freeform  
All hold heart rocks down when I'm turnin veterans to  
greenhorn  
Beat it, make a bee-line, be lax or you'll be outed  
Spit words that's really cold, pinchin lymph nodes, EI  
The inconvenience to your master plan fell, your shit's  
abyssmal  
Decimal point, zero for the judge burnin rhyme books  
Fuck basic, iambic pentameter just dissolves  
So I'll say fuck you suck your marrow like a chicken  
wing, from pluck you  
Location I'll rock like Zeke, calamity  
What's your composure, shoot sex like Vanity it's over  
Done it again brainstorm slice in your direction  
Cut the belly of your block open over to C-Section  
Death callin one, for the dysfunctional son  
Trapped in my digital domain ... (the EI to the P)  
Yo fuck rappers that freak a fable, phony will make  
them fall out  
Frequencies painful run em as sonar, CoFlow's the  
callout  
You're misaligned, I turn benign breaks into malignant  
Knock em out the box, capture they flag and kick they  
can in  
Badlands, live one down the information highway  
Write a rhyme in braille, send a fuckin battle to your e-  
mail

Yes once again empty MC's we have had here for those  
fortune enough to feel this, blessed number one  
ichiban  
numero uno crew -- track runner stun gunner plus vocal  
freak show performance  
Company Flow rockin shit from the intro to the outro  
Nevertheless I must digress for the master  
The walking FreshFest MC's pure when in soil  
yet shallow when the bank roll  
The independant representation of what MC's can and  
should be  
Judge prosecution defendant and jury

"New York... New York... New York... New York...  
New York is number one today in the house!"

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