

# 1-800-Nas&Hit

Nas

No, my brother, you've got to buy your own  
Yeah  
Yeah, woo

Yo, it's like the box sets  
Star Wars, Fast & Furious franchises  
Six projects, six sagas, it's hood science  
4 A.M. infomercials tellin' you where to buy it  
1-800-Nas&Hit, all six like a greatest hits  
No, my brother, you got to cop your own  
Whether we did diamond or hardly sold  
We did it for our soul  
Hop out the V and park by Neiman Marcus  
Hope I don't see a snatch and grab  
They shop for free, I pay the charges  
Straight up  
If Huey was a rapper, he would say some wild things over a sample, think about it  
Shh  
If Malcolm was a rapper, he would say some shit over the breaks, come out with neck snappers, I promise  
Shh  
They would be singin' the same song as me  
Probably not killed by the CIA or the industry  
Know where black hands be on black Glocks  
No back stabs or sad plots, we let them rot

1-800-Nas&Hit, don't call us with no politics  
And when you talk to us make sure you talk to us with common sense  
This one is goliath, big, leaped over a giant bridge  
Called my counterparts, I told 'em they gotta try this shit

Let's win  
Let's win  
Let's win  
Let's win

Finally killed the King's Disease, I see what a genius see  
Unclutter your mind for once, let me set the scenery  
Put down the diamonds and blunts, put down the wine and the cups  
Put your ideas in play, it ain't what it seem to be  
Don't get stuck in the Hollywood shuffles  
Did a show they snuck in the trailer and stole the duffle  
You thinkin' major, they thinkin' tiny, they tried to Deebo  
Please don't remind me the reason I bought these Desert Eagles  
Got Ron Isley age difference on my missus wishes  
Hit a store the receipt look like a Christmas wish list  
Cougars waist trainin', salute, amazin' ain't it?  
Health, I praise the single mom life, casual datin'  
I can put a love story on the silver screen  
Then put the song in the trailer, you see it in-between  
The nightly news and the shows you be watchin' on the sofa  
She text me, "Come over, let's play your discography"  
She in disbelief just from my 2020's run  
I'm the inspiration, I ain't gotta look for none  
This one is goliath, big, leaped over a giant bridge  
Called my counterparts, I told 'em they gotta try this shit

We holdin' leadership conferences

Ha, yeah

For the hood, for the kids

Let's win

Let's win

Let's win

Let's win

Credits Roll

Six albums, in how many years?

We havin' fun

A crazy run

Time flies

Dial the number

1-800-Nas&Hit

That's 1-800-Nas&Hit

Leave us a message

Let us know when ya'll want us back again

We'll spin the block to be there for you

Nothin' but love

Hit-Boy on the boards

Your man, the maestro himself, Mr. Jones

It's just natural like

That's what it gotta be

Shout the engineer, David Kim

I know we been drivin' you crazy, you like, "What? Again?

Another one, you just, when do y'all take a break?

Shoutout to Gabe, Big Double, Peter

My man Ant Saleh

Did you ever imagine?

Aye yo

Shout out to my man Big Hit, just came home

He already takin' over the whole shit, ya know

Shoutout to C3

That's third generation

You be in here goin' crazy in the studio, havin' fun watchin' cartoons, playin' video games while we recordin', vocalin'

That's my man!

Shout out Big Des and Knight

It's all about the next generation

That's what we here for

The next generation

Of course to Jung, the crew, the family

Big Lef, Modo, Jav

Kevinsky

My geysers

Che, what up?

All my peeps, yeah

Haz

I said Haz, yeah, let's hear it back

Hazimoto

Too many to name

Em, The Company

Exit, what up?

Mass Appeal

Annie, everybody, thank you

Peace