

Apostles

Nas

Statik Selektah
Yeah
Uh, yeah

Filthy American nightmare, dirty, we don't fight fair
I'm talkin' old money with white hairs
Deuce deuce tucked in my Nike Airs
My name alone strike fears
To the throne, I'm an heir, debonair
Everywhere I'm posted, king like clovers
Natural, not a novice, if you haven't noticed
Explosive, West Coast shit, you gotta cope it
Ever since I went corporate, niggas wonder where the coke went
I'll bet each a bash, no one better than Fash
Biggest dog the veterinarian ever had
Veteran swag, all I'm inhaling is gas
Unleaded, that petrol, I piss on the metro
Goon, spent the afternoon with a batch of coons, passin' shrooms
Back and forth in a padded room
Insanity I embrace
Bought a new suit for the case
Plenty loot in the safe
Y'all don't hear me though

A king is often alone, even in a crowded home
He silent, let it be known
He trust nobody, not family or friends
You'd be surprised on what he relies on
Consequences of men
Who realize warmheartedness could soon betray you
It prove fatal
And soon NATO will not protect us
Who got elected? A true traitor to our respected republic
Sleep if you want, fuck it
Be my guest, sleep like an anesthesiologist put you to rest
I don't show up to events, had to grow up in the 'jects
What you expect? Execs in the game, I ain't respect
I ain't do dinners with labelheads
I knew some niggas that stayed in bed with 'em to stay ahead
And now I'm a labelhead
And I ain't sign Fash as an artist, I rock with Fash as a partner
Mass Appeal Records (Hit the record store, never let me go)

Comin' straight from Cleveland, I'm the one that they believe in
I'll deal with them heathens and them lowdown dirty demons
Ho niggas droppin' tracks, what, you got some weave in?
Y'all be way too busy chieffin', I'm busy achieving
I ain't hand a baker, we just need a single reason
Every season niggas creepin' through the evening, tryna get even
Wintertime freezin', summertime, niggas squeezin'
We be peekin' through the peephole, we don't even let the breeze in
Please, they could never blackball the black boy
The facts are you sharper than a tack or a hacksaw
When niggas act hard, that's when they get attack on
These women gettin' smashed on, don't get attached to 'em
I do the dash, I'm a dog, I'm a dasher
Me, Nas, and Fash talkin' fashion, like how'd this happen?

Came from a cold world so my heart adapted
I mastered the art of rappin' then I started rappin'

Once again we reveal the skill
Money's growin' like grass with the mass appeal
With the mass appeal
Grass with the mass appeal