

Dedicated

Nas

Yeah
When Carlito was dying
He see the shadow of his girl dancing with the baby
Like fuck it, it's my time
But if God save me
Maybe I'll erase any vice that could potentially bring harm to me
Before I make a move, I think about it karmically
Everything come back like a boomerang
I'm black as Paul Mooney slang
And all I pray for is health and a sustainable business and a faithful missu
s
I see a lotta people try to be who they ain't
We don't want money that fit in the bag, we want the bank
Just to spread it around like icing on the cake
White tiger in a cage, Mike Tyson in '88
Dedicated like jack boys on Melrose
Smash and grab, yo this world became a hell hole
Stay cool is what I tell those youngin's
So they don't end up in jail clothes, come on

I dedicated my life, my life
Dedicated my life, my life
I dedicated my, my
Uh, uh (Yo, that is inspiration)
Dedicated my

Whole damn life, if I wanted to now, I could live an old man life
Confronted with how the hood can use more funding
More budgets for more teachers
Financial literacy, more speeches
Chefs come cook for me
Look what it took for me
The streets had its hooks in me
Yeah, people ask me what books to read
Destruction of black civilization, that's history
Journal of Chris Columbus, that is what interests me
Juneteenth holiday finally came and it pisses me
Off, for the fact that we came in chains
You'll be physically in pain
Dedicated like Ricky Walters, Dougie and Dana Dane

I dedicated my life, my life
I dedicated my life, my life
I dedicated my
Uh
Dedicated my
I dedicated my life, my life
I dedicated my life, my life
I dedicated my

Test, test, yeah
You know
To get to this point
I might have to write a script, a manuscript
Yo, yo, ghetto manners is you thuggin' me or asking?
Finessin' me or pressin' me, well none of that is happenin'
Accessory to murder, not necessarily Manson

I'm just a G in constructs a Pelle Pels or a Vanson
Ratty clothes we haven't spoke in years, pat his coat
Check his waistline, he spyin' on who has the most
Best to leave me alone, I get in my zone
Laughin' with African presidents while over the phone
Shit be feeling like the last days, cash made
Mirrors on the ceiling with a bad babe
Same age but niggas be having mad grays
Million Man March with real niggas never last place
Blazin' gats like young Haitian Jack
Me and money go together like the 80's and crack
Shorty aura like Kimora rockin' Baby Phat
I'm droppin bars nigga like I'm on stage with SMACK
To my niggas who have staples from the navel up
Healed up, had to chill a while, lay in the cut
Shorty tried to WAP me down in the Mercedes truck
Pulled up, cobblestone ground in my palatial hut
Paradis for niggas still doing deals in the street
Original Backwoods, I fill 'em with green
Am I a musician?
Or am I a magician?
No tricks, just real shit, straight out the kitchen

Pure magic
No tricks, no tricks
No tricks
No tricks, pure magic