

# Disciple

Nas

[Nas] "Two-thousand-four, yeah. L, whattup?"  
[L.E.S.] "Prophecy!"  
[Nas] "Yeah."  
[L.E.S.] "Prophecy baby!"

Disciple, Disciple (What?!) Disciple (STREET'S!)  
Disciple (Let's go!)

Word to mama, any lineup of rhymers  
Could bring any drama, anytime, the city's mine  
Nas Is Like, Love Undying, Money's My Bitch  
In Thugz Mansion, thugs dancin' around the fly shit  
Pharaoh garment's Prada, Egyptian camelback-riders  
Pyramid architects, Perignon bottles, money, jewelry want me to come  
Get me, hit me but don't miss me, you history  
Lead flowin' around like a Frisbee, Italian dons from Sicily kiss me  
This ain't 50, this ain't Jigga, this ain't Diddy, this ain't Pretty  
Pain, power, pussy and pistols, lyrically no one, hold none near me, hear me  
Kids cheer me like The Count of Monte-Cristo  
Steady poundin' soundin' like G without the lisp though  
My big bro told me plain and simple, "Nas do not look back"  
Watch where you took rap, no bookbags and trucker hats  
Just army jacks and diamonds that's flashin'  
What the fuck is that, freestyle

Disciple, Disciple (STREET'S!)  
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Disciple (STREET'S!)  
Disciple (STREET'S!)  
Disciple (Esco!)

Like Paul, Michael and Matthew, Peter, James and Andrew  
Phillip, Simon and Judas -- I'm disciple of music  
Street beats is the main thing minus the traitor  
And I'm not a dictator, I'm the righteous invitin' you haters  
Inside the life of the greatest, it'll take you through something real  
Get a smack in your face, 'cause I hurt up, trauma-tize, llama  
Bust shells, destroy yet try'ta prevent violence  
If I present iron somebody dyin', don't even worry 'bout it  
Then dress warm for the cemetery climate  
When I speak I need cemetery silence, terror  
See me, gold Hummers, Lamborghinis, man who stole the summer  
Hand straight gleamin', if I don't know you toe-tag you  
Drag you through the cement, fo-fo maggie  
Body parts in my man's Maserati car, then party hard in Madagascar

While rigor mortis'll grab ya, him retarded, I'm pass that  
Gloves on, where the mask at? Too many love songs  
All the thugs gone, what happened? Where's the passion?  
Rappers battlin' non-rappers, carryin' on backwards  
Laughin' sayin' Nas thinks he's Farrakhan preachin' blackness  
Hell yeah, awareness is my alias  
Word to the 'Braveheart' written on my bare chest  
The realest, HERE IT IS!

Disciple, Disciple (STREET'S!)  
Disciple (Esco!)