In Too Deep

Nas

Yo Yo Yo Son
You ever felt a funny vibe
What you supposed to do?
And ya man's ain't ya man's
And ya friend's ain't ya friend's
And ya money ain't yours anymore
And niggas wanna count your money
Niggas wanna see what the fuck you got

You know what I'm sayin
sometimes I gotta take long trips and get away from this shit
I can't take this shit no more
This shit right here be fucking niggas like me up Knowhatimsayin
I been exposed to too much and too long
All my niggaz out there in the hood and shit
That be bringing that real shit
Put your fucking Phillies in the air
Your Back Woods your White Owl
Your Dutchess and we goin smoke and ride to this shit right here
This that real shit here
this is the soundtrack to the realness right here
Niggaz in too deep knowhatimsayin
It's all real all live nigga what what nigga

Yo A yo A yo A yo
I thank a dead homey
Incarcerated penpal I got the feds on me
A constapated mental
Always ranged in the ghetto it's pain in the ghetto
Caskets do u believe in angels or devils?
Welfare it's dark and there's no help here
Killing cops shooting black kids the instill fear
But we still here not afraid cracks is made stacks get made
A "g" will get you gats sprayed
At my man's funeral it's like nobody care
The police get shot the mayor and everybody there
Grafitti on the lobby stairs kids with notty heads is greedy
Soldiers small faces painted on the walls
I was born to ball
Rings you can't afford name a clothes line I then worn it before
Dictate the naked soul of Nas henny four fives
Hoe's with thick thighs be the wives of rich guys
Never trust a bitch cuz a bitch lies
Enemys close cuz friends switch sides when shit gets live
Dealin' with a lot of pressure I'm in too deep
Life of a thug born and raised in the streets

[Nature:] You want war I'mma give u war
[Nas:] I'm in too deep
[Nature:] You want peace imma give u peace
[Nas:] Raised in the streets
[Nature:] You want love imma show u love
[Nas:] Life of a thug
[Nature:] There's no love for me in these streets
[Nas:] I'm in too deep
[Nature:] It's just hustlers in the streets
[Nas:] Raised in the streets

Yo A yo
When you in too deep you better climb out and find out
Are you the one they looking at cuz when you looking back
It's your time to fear if the drama's severe
I see scars starting off at the side of they're ear
Ending up by the jaw of the throat another law broke
I try to patch it white kids is buying acid
Closing down spots popping a knot
Heard the foremores use binoculars watchin the blocks
Calling phantom on the tape
I'm the phantom of the wax
Now meat the man behind the music examing the facts
I use it, to my advantage do this shit everyday
Like sneaking gats up in grade eight
Six Flags catch me getting on the popular rides
If a nigga violate he get top of the line
Small hot ones locked in the spines
Transformed roll out pass it off to my man no doubt
I keep shits disguising six shirts in the trunk
Imagin it gets six times worse when I'm drunk
Prepare for death first of the month
Open and rise, t's right here in front of you open your eyes
I can't explain it cuz it's not normal, is niggas loyal
I talk about life and live it for you this shit is soil
Like the dirt that I walk on you talk on
You say I had love for ya know it's all gone all gone

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