

## Like Me

Nas

Ay yeah, what's happenin mommy? How you doin baby?  
Oh you lookin kinda good and everything, I see you with them stilettos on ba  
by  
Ay check this out, you ain't got time to talk to me?  
Ay let me put the bug in your ear baby  
Want you turnin them hoe shoes into some flows shoes, you dig?  
Yeah, check this out, this Universe Finest, your Royal Highness  
You know what baby? I can do a whole lot of thangs for you  
Guess why, cause I'm a motherfuckin pimp

(Like me...) Hustlin and grindin babe  
(I be...) Stayin on that paper chase  
In this life there's pimps and hoes  
Tell me which one are you, you a nigga  
(Like me...) Hustlin and grindin babe  
(I be...) Stayin on that paper chase  
In this life there's pimps and hoes  
Tell me which one are you

The good man in me say "Get money and stay on the path"  
But the pimp shit in me say "Yo, keep lookin for ass"  
But my daughter gave me a gift, somethin to hold  
A little city in water, when you shake it, it snow  
I told her never let a sucker nigga take off her clothes  
Better wait till you grown, when he love you, you'll know  
Everybody's got a dream, a hopeful wish to own a six times two  
Cylinder whip, a fantasy, a bone to pick  
With friends to get against who I don't know  
Someone who said you won't blow, you won't eat, you won't cake  
They mistake blamin me for they failures, I'm fresh, gettin tailored  
Single breasted, a lip brush, it's senseless, some pimp shit  
A woman hates a man and stays with him for many years  
Tell him she loves him and be jealous of him  
Now lame is how the ghetto judge him, cause he still with her  
She'll take his cash and give it to some other real nigga

Ay pimpin been goin on man for eons and eons man since the beginnin of time  
You know me, the only thing I need to do is get on the grind and get mine  
So the only thing I gotta tell you man is you know, do what you gotta do man  
Bring my money back, get on that track and get on your back

I heard 'em say the NBA's a bunch of million-dollar slaves  
A portea wasn't real back in the days, the point I make is  
Jerry owns the Lakers, his yearly takings  
Let's just say more than collectively all of his players  
That's business, not really pimp shit  
Maybe a titbit similar to when we rappers make big hits  
and not own the masters, that's the deal  
By the way, portea helps all the Denzels excel  
He kept it more than real, but Hollywood can turn a girl out  
I knew a girl bout, 5'9", so fine, she could result grind  
She was sleek, sheek, with a classic mouth  
Movie directors always fucked her on the casting couch

She came out with a blockbuster, can't knock a hustler  
She not a hooker, she focused, a hopeless soul on a lonely road  
I showed her all my stones and gold  
I said "Bitch, life is cold, you need to roll with a nigga"