

Meet Joe Black

Nas

Why would I ever have to cop a chain or game
When the QB chain birth moved the chains in the game?
No post office was stampin' time
Took out a slice out of the Big Apple made apple pies
Family sized
Leather bombers and Nike Sacais
Dangerous corners you better pray that tomorrow arrives
Rap Sugar Ray Robinson nothin' sweet
Y'all too out of shape to even box with me
Heavyweight I know my way around the ring
Just like shorty know her way around the store
Makin' hits with Hit-Boy all he gotta do is hit record
Record breakin' news had to show up just to fill the void
Confused spoiler oh boys y'all better keep your poise
Leave me out of the weasel shit
Be cool when you see me, I'm hotter than all that rap diva shit
The hood know you pussy so we don't buy or believe in it
Locked in on the instrumental I took back the key to this
Uh

Run me the keys, run me the B's, run me that float back
Your top 3, I'm not number 1, how could you post that?
I wear the crown, the city is mine, you cannot hold that
I'm not the one to go at, you fuck around Meet Joe Black
Run me the keys, run me the B's, run me that float back (What I'm sayin'?)
Your top 3, I'm not number 1, how could you post that? (Uh)
I wear the crown, the city is mine, you cannot hold that (Yeah)
I'm not the one to go at, you fuck around meet Joe Black

What I'm sayin' people sayin' what's already been said
Predictions I don't listen it's already in my head
No funny shit
Your most hungry place, I was past that at twenty-eight
Underground tapes, ask my ASCAP and publishing stakes
As we slide in the G-ride
I been gettin' criticized, it's keepin' me energized
Create with a business mind
I'm from where killers reside
A wild hood, only knew goons since my childhood
Niggas say anything in they raps 'cause it sound good
Don't even mean what they say, horrible outlook
Y'all ain't really 'bout this, house nigs
Y'all was in the house with it
We don't respect fake jewelry and silly outfits
Window down, blowin' out kush
Grey tints, New York's J Prince on Houston Street
I caught the bounce before my nigga even bounced the beat
I took the hard way in this shit, man it's the route for me
Uh

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Why would I?

"For real talk, the nigga who killed hip hop for real is Nas, dog
That nigga killed hip hop (Hip hop is dead)
That nigga went and told everybody about it
He came out publicly and said
Hip hop is dead"