

Never Gonna Give It Up

Nas

Man, we love you man, you hear me?
This is coming from the General man, Nas man
Bravehearts love you man, this is to all of ya niggaz
Who been using my name from day one to make yourselves famous
Whether you shouting me out on your records
Whether you try to come at me on your records, or whether you just you know.
...?
You know... you know how you dick riding man? This goes out to ya
Cause we love you man, I've done made a lot of niggaz famous man
But I'm gon' make you...I make you make the papers, this one's for you
Hey yo, word up
It been a lot of times when a nigga ain't wanna fuck with this rap shit no more
Fuck this shit, but you know...? Through the year I started to see shit, you know
Nigga see niggaz driving around with fancy cars, diamonds all that shit
Niggaz thinking nigga chilling
Got to go through a whole bunch of big shit, all that bullshit
But you know what? Fuck that shit, you know how I feel? Yo

I'm never gonna give it up, fuck that
I made a mil', but that ain't good enough
Ocean and a beach so I can really live it up
See, that's the life baby, you got to understand its life baby
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Uhh... I got the mansion and the nice ride
Platinum chain, and an ice watch
All this fame in my life's hard
I entertain, been so many places, see so many different faces
They look the same from the stages
After the concert, hours of long work
Home sick from the role, smoking my lungs hurt
Even thought now I'm recording songs
It's better than, when I was pedaling doing wrong
I brought the crew along, we thuggin
Fucking married bitches; they go to their husbands
Bitches ain't shit, we laughing with them
Can't even role the streets now, without the heat
I bust the nigga off impost, that shit is weak
On trial, what I'ma tell the judge
He don't give me no smile, he don't give me no love, nor the jury
That's when I need celeb status and the blackness
This motherfucker's hate rappers, what a life

My girl hate when I'm with my boys, think I'm cheating
Every morning knocking at my door state policeman
Give him a reason, but I don't give it to him
They said they heard a disturbance, and I just listen to him
See, I cooperate until they push me
Cops hate when you know the law, you ain't pussy - you not fake
Can't explain how much I miss the block
When we was slinging with my niggaz, screaming "Fuck the cops!"

Now when I'm dreaming I can see my dead friends smile
Wake up, I get some air, hit the mall for a while - pick up some gear
I'm going to the studio; my engineer put the track up from "out west"
And he told me spit it clear...Uhh
Another hit is just made, another album
So ones again we getting paid, and now we wilding
Get hype to shoot the video, all in the city yo
I'm hoping that a nigga blow, but ya don't hear me thought

Uhh...the haters say I ain't shit
Hope I fall, but I can't slip
Got to ball, got to bank chips
Old ladies hate my moms cause their kids ate them out to nothing
Catch my moms on the bench fronting
I got to stay awake, got to pray today
Glad I'm still alive, fuck what them haters say
So many times I ain't wanna rhyme
Wanted a normal life, when I ain't Nas all the time
Uhh...so many problems too, do what I got to do
As long as my moms say, "Boy, I'm proud of you!"
I keep laying hits, one is never quits
Plus if I stop, how will I stay legit?