

Office Hours

Nas

Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Yeah, yeah
No reason to stop
That shit just flowin' like water
Let it float
Bruce Lee said, "Be like water"
Flow like water
Just coast
Don't even think about that
Hip Hop's back

Esco, they know over 808's or fatal over samples
I go yayo, crack music like the yayo, so I'm plugged in
Jumper cables, trap, bumpin' like pre-Nato 70's
I played with Play-Doh, all I see a bunch of Fredos
Godfather, they on payroll
They on go, when I say so
Not to kill, not a halo
They gon' build, plant tomatoes in the field
Now those Jada white negotiator on the phone
Talkin' paper, office hours all day though

I'm from the hood that started the YERRR
Go and check and do your research, I started the surge
That big necklace shit
After the 80's, after Rakim, I resurrected it
Chest is lit, freezin' I'm polar vortexin' it
Got it, quiz me, am I gonna step from the business?
A lot of fillings in this game like I just left the dentist
Without a numbing needle
I feed the people 'cause I love the people
Two series at once, yeah, let's run the sequel

If I really got it dumb it down for some of y'all
That's that Magic and that KD at the same time
Not Dumber or Dumber
This ain't a Dumb or Dumber sequel
Jeff Daniels, Jim Carrey's my mans (Yeah)
But here's the plan

Multitasker
I don't need an OG pass
See my trajectory is everlasting, like Curtis Jackson
Hit 105 and did a crazy tirade
I'm surprised that I acted that way
A baby Mac-10, on my yac shit
Carhartt in the cold
Don't get confused or used or let them bother your soul
Rap what I live, I sleep good, I have no vendettas
We the reason you spelling why with capital letters, listen

And for those who want my position
You gotta step inside a time-machine, come back with a vengeance
You should go study my analytics
I shouted people on verses that ain't deserve it
When it's turnt shit, I stand on business
Shout to the ones that hold and gave passes

Could've been a lot of graves full of caskets
Damn, I'm a good guy
For that I think I'm blessed more
All these Fredos could've been added to the death score
There'll be second line dancin' on St Charles Street
New Orleans band was jammin', playin' a raw beat
They gon' miss him, sad, they say they stopped his heartbeat
Like his arteries clogged from feasting on some hard meat

Innocent victim
Stick 'em, get 'em, book 'em, good you got 'em
Glad you took 'em
Black and wasn't lookin', headshot
Drill shit up the pole
Pure shit, 40 Glock
Kill snitch, run, but you still hit
Ratpack 'em, jump 'em, gun butt 'em, rub 'em
He fight back, snuff 'em
This shit ain't bout nuttin'

You saw it but you ain't seen shit
This is Queens shit
No ifs, ands, or buts in between shit

It's 50, nigga
You already know how I get when I get on my bullshit
He's tweakin' and geekin'
Southside, nigga
QB nigga, yeah
So what we gon' do? Where Jungle at?
What we gon' do?
We stayin' in here? Or we goin' out?
Shit, we should go out, we rich as a muthafucka

Esco, they know over 808's or fatal over samples
I go yayo, crack music like the yayo, so I'm plugged in
Jumper cables, trap, bumpin' like pre-Nato 70's
I played with Play-Doh, all I see a bunch of Fredos

All I see a bunch of Fredos
All I see a bunch of Fredos, all I
All I see is a bunch of Fredos
Ha, ayo Fif, I might put my next album out on G-Unit
You let 'em slap you around out here
You can't let 'em slap you around out here, it's bad for the family
They put a hand on you, you put two on them
Fuckin' Fredos
One thing I hate is a fucking Fredo
It's bad for the family