

# Speechless

Nas

I don't even know what's goin' on no more  
I don't even know what's happenin' man  
Ain't no answers  
I'm a figure some shit out tho, ya heard  
Yunno  
Yeah, yeah  
Just try to get my weight up  
Try to get all my watches in order  
Get my safe up  
Get great

I'm 21 years past the 27 club  
It's like I went back into may past and then I sped it up  
Robert Johnson, Winehouse, and Morrison found where heaven was  
Heaven on Earth, this shit is magic with no fairy dust  
Home of the gully, gangsta, the gruesome, and the scary stuff  
I told my brother Jung fuck em they gon' go thru hell with us  
They don't have the history in the streets that compare with us  
Hood niggas they wanna be us, thugs in the St. Regis  
Only thing undefeated is time  
Second is the internet  
Number three is this rhyme  
Before security my dog had to sneak in the nine  
God must be on my side  
I had to eat and provide  
My winning streak is divine  
I told thun leave the street shit behind  
Don't let em hype you a slow run beats cheatin' the grind  
Dog I'm tellin' it like it is  
You gotta deal with the consequence  
When you run in a nigga's crib nigga you better be ready to sit

Dope dealers, street hustlers, pot cases  
Throw dice, on pavement, cop chases  
Big gamblers, scullies, hide faces  
Gang wars, hot spots, police raid it  
Left 'em speechless  
Left 'em speechless

Pick a down on his luck rapper  
Bet he broke the arrogance of a crackhead  
Mad at a weed smoker, or a pill taker  
Who hate a distilled wine drinker  
A killer who use a gun to hate on a knife swinger  
Aiight I get it  
It's who the lit-est we in competition  
Ya'll did adversity to death I got a proposition  
You and your brothers stop plottin' on eachother, plot on millions  
Educate yourself, find ten different areas of interest  
Spread your bets out, double down on what's working  
Then you double up  
Hands on your paper, they sending hate no matter what you touch  
Honestly I'm speechless  
Fly to Greece 20-pointers on the chain I freaked it  
Lawn chair in the hood, sittin' comfortably  
I must be insane givin' you bars runnin' companies  
I'm done with the redundancies

Checking on my history, making content for Viacom  
License music to Tiffany's  
I come from

Dope dealers, street hustlers, pot cases  
Throw dice, on pavement, cop chases  
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Gang wars, hot spots, police raid it  
Left 'em speechless (Just like when the judge read the sentence threw your life away in minutes)  
Left 'em speechless (The bounce back, the greatest feeling when they thought that you was finished)  
Leave 'em speechless  
Speechless