

Store Run

Nas

G's
Yeah
Yeah
QB, AQ, Ravenswood, Woodside, let's go

My thumbs struck a lot of lighters
Pulled a lot of all nighters
Banned from some after hours spots
My crew would choose violence move in silence
Who knew I grew to build an empire
Streets had me against the ropes woulda thought I was zip lining
Techs in a dresser
Money off tech pushing a Tesla
Rolled up a fresh one
It's one IPO to the next one
Rich from corporate or thuggin'
Expensive mistakes
It's all a racket it's the same thing
Just a risk that you take
Movin' too fast
Blues on yo' ass
Them boys came thru with the task
Peep thru the blinds
You knew it was curtains
Bread winner take a -L
Leave the whole family hurting
Seen it a million times system wash 'em out with the verdict

So I'm clean as a whistle, drinking premium liquor
In between two Argentinian sisters
They countin' up for me until they fingers get blisters
What I blew that on I cannot seem to remember
It's not even bragging
It's okay, it's gonna be okay
Flyest nigga in this rap shit

Yo
As I'm looking at the New York skyline
Reminiscing on night times
Shootouts with my guys
Pouring this white wine
You can Richard Mille your left wrist
Keep in perspective we on God's time
The world is yours
What happens when dealers reduced to addicts?
What happens when kings don't see they potential status?
What's your exit plan?
Face to face with my omens, I never ran
Stood on stages most never can
Pyrotechnics and leather pants
Shifting the culture
Mention me with Mick Jagger and Bono like you 'posed to
I'm standing next to rookies somehow they lookin' older
The altitude I'm at is so cold it'll make ya nose run
How you expect to get love if you don't show none
I should send you lil' niggas on a store run
How we movin' it's no cut

I'm from the era of razor blades and coke dust
People living with no trust
Champagne and the soap suds

So I'm clean as a whistle, drinking premium liquor
In between two Argentinian sisters
They countin' up for me until they fingers get blisters
What I blew that on I can't seem to remember
The world is yours
Scarface Tony Montana shit
It's yours
Yours, yours
RIP Ecstasy from Whodini
DMX
Prince, Markie Dee
Shock G
Real Rap Gods
Do you know the meaning?
All the rap brothers we lost this year
And last year

Aye yo, check it out
Run to the store for me man
Get me veggie chips, blunts, and a bottle
You got this shit all twisted man
It's about rank
You ain't there yet, think you gon' send me to the store I own the store man
, I'm just testing you

I got the hood playing golf while bossed out
Crucifixes over the chrome hearts you get crossed out
People battered down Asian hate gettin' passed around
Tiger happy both his parents lives matter now
Marble floors is my common law
We company builders
I inspired those who inspired you to run up millions
Not perfect, persistence, keep it more pure than a purist
I do this for the 'jects
And them good hearted jurors