

The Rise And Fall

Nas

Uh, yeah turn it up, check it out

The transition from a young fool
Broke, still on his neck, he hung jewels
Live his life in the ghetto where guns rule
It was cool wasn't mad, I had to take out cabs
Made my first LP afford an h-class, my face gassed '94
Sold out in every record store
Local hood rats who wouldn't speak
Now I'm who they're checking for
Showing crazy love ran up on stage with 80 thugs
After the shows, my niggas robbed the bar and wrecked the clubs
Happy, no hating, more henny, more blunts circulating
My single in rotation on every radio station
Eyes popped when I drove my first ride on the block
Summertime, block parties, cookouts, I spend my knot
Truly niggas was fighting over who was closely to me
Happy with the new representative of QB
To hit the top first you have to gotta fall before you make it
With for 4 minutes of your time, watch me demonstrate it

This was the rise and fall of my fast lane style
(From Nasty to Nas to Nas Escobar)
(Mega popular center of attraction)
I was the main event on the TV for a while
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Came alize in the winter some of us rise to great adventure
I've brung New York back to real rap Venice
New crib, diamond rings, killers on my team
Infinites for my girl for giving birth to my queen
3G's worth of chronic and weed, promoters were mad
I stopped doing shows to spend time in the street
Loot the crime, eventually sold my shine
Repo looking for my Lex, back then I wasn't buying
You can guess niggas started saying "With all the success
Why is your mom still in the project? " I answered them best
Fuck out my face, pistol on my car four clip
I read about Pablo Escobar and got on some shit
So called mans supplied my chips, I was fronting
Niggas thought I was risk and got mad 'cause they was pumping
My assumption, niggas want me pumped in the casket
Kept the gun the same three/fifth that a nigga got bagged with

Caught a case now, I'm home staring off into space
Flashbacks of all the jewelry, cars, crossing my face
Rappers I met, hoes in video cassette
No management, no more good life and no respect
Hearing crowds roar, crystal pouring mixed drinks
Haunted by the thoughts; the second year album sophomore jinx

Where did I fell? Death threats, woke up in cold sweats
Thinking about all these murders that know where I rest
From hanging with crazy cliques that's known to take shit
Bracelets, and all that beef now I'm involved, was paperless
My cars were auctioned off, now I catch rides with kidnap niggas
Who snatched babies off to get back figures, Lessons from heaven
Every night I slept with my weapon to guard my family for a minute
I forgot my profession, not from Columbia or Nicaragua
Don't distribute coke from Antigua, that shipped out to Panama
Pablo Escobar's bloody reign came to an end
Far from my life; a kid who made his fame from a pen
Hit the studio and change the game again
Wrote down all the pain within, top of the charts
Triple platinum, got the fake love back, money stacks, more plaques
Have you seen who I was? Just to know where I was at
Saw both sides of the game, all the ups and downs
This goes out to the future rap kings coming up now