

The Second Coming

Nas

Third grade, singin Star Spangled Banner
Using proper manners, learned to handle anger
Animal behavior
Later on my block rockin wit my jocks on
Eating Bon Ton cheese popcorn, hummin a KISS rock song
Socks long to my knees
Summer breeze runnin through the leaves
Playin freeze tag, can I stay out, please dad?
Can I hang wit my little gang out?
Hearin shots rang out, heard my moms call my name out
Come upstairs, run up stairs
Take a bath, shit stained underwears
Wipe yourself wit paper
Bad little ass in my bed at 8:30
Wash my plate, ate dinner up late
Gazing at the wall, prayin basketball
Was my future for this young one
Hooping in the sun, proud to be where I come from
Later shootin guns fantasizing
Fascinated by gold rope chains
Looking back at my hood days but things ain't change

"Nasty-Nasty-Nasty Nas is a rebel to America"
"Lyrical professor, keep ya under pressure"
"It's like that, you know it's like that"
"Nas-Nas'll catch wreck", "You got the mad fat fluid"

Bumpy Johnson style, old timers, crocodile shoes
Pinky rings, bank robbers wit two's, boss of wild crews
Slacks overlapped, apple jack hats, quarter field coats
Cadillacs wit white walls and chrome wheel spokes
They was organizing, investing in a piece of the hood
They had drugs, bettin numbers, police understood
They played the Cotton Club, red carpet, hoes on they arm
Plush minks, pimped out gangstas, civil rights wasn't won
E'ry Christmas they was Santa Claus
Nixon was the anti-christ
Bitches ass was bigger than sniffin nose candy white
Listenin to Malcom speak, talcum powder shaving cream
Layin back, barber chair, straight razor clean
Babies is born, big families started to blossom
Mad people just applied for apartments and got em
Used to be rules to this game of hustlers and dealers
From tommy guns to mac 10's
QB's new born killers (shit is changed)

Yo everytime I turn around, niggas shot, niggas stabbed
Winter nights, pregnant girls strugglin to get a cab
Fiends lurkin, D's searchin, pat pockets
Kids quick to bed but they heads from gats poppin
Queensbridge slingers hoppin out Benzes, don status
Dope fiends got syringes, poppin out they arms sractchin
I remember park jams
Gazelles, perfect wave shell

Adidas, smellin reefer way before purple haze
Private stock bare, niggas wit ill walks like Mark Clare
Hats tilted, wild niggas lickin shots in the air
Me and Pop was there, through the years our names would switch
Ain't nuttin changed but the names Nastradamus and Blizz
What project is this?
QB, Vernon and Tenth
12th Street, murderous pimps, hot as hell's heat
What could you tell me, nigga's seen it all in this game
When it's all said and done, just remember my name