

True Dialect

Nas

1 A.M., I'm at my best
Twistin' trees at my rest
Melt with hash, sippin' Heiny, hittin' states in a G.S.
With my grimeys, - blowin' up throughout the 90's
Stayin' lit with the Chocolate Armoretta plus a dime piece
Takin' Gortex steps, 'cause - gets hot,
Pistols pop, some you hear, some you know when you drop
Twistin off the bottle top, contemplate, fake the plot
While - walk around with' all they got in one knot
For real, I build a mini-Israel, others the fish scale
Like the Red Sea, deep and deadly, though I'm a sit still
Imagine being gassed up, your time passed up
Thinking you Lord sippin wine out of brass cup your last supper
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Served, without Grace son about face
I hung a nun in '91 to captivate the rap race
Straight from the pro's or the ject's, the nine's or the tech's
Chapter One, today's Math, 'True Dialect'.