

Wave Gods

Nas

Yeah
We're more solid
Yeah

No comparison, we more solid than they are
Me and Hit-Boy, they say we like the new Gang Starr
Me and Flacko, they say we the new Wave Gods
Shout to Max B, he could be home any day, God

Wake up out the bed scruffy, sparkin' my J
Shine my nickel plated then I'm startin' my day
My old lady called me baby, told her pardon my age
Twelve shells in the gauge like a carton of eggs
We goin' home like Eric Cartman, chromosomes on my conscience
Here's some niggas talkin' nonsense, call him Nasty Nastradamus
Rock the pearls and diamonds, break your promise, break her wallets
Break her heart and break the pockets, taking notes like guidance counselors
Aristocrat just like the Chancellor, the answer to the, uh, panhandlers
The corners with the mans is up, the jig is up, the scams is up
Yeah, they hands is up, lookin' in the crowd, yeah
Tryin' to fuck the world but my pants still up
Tryin' to invest to all, my G's before we rest in peace
Before we rest in peace
The rest is set, the record set, as soon as I release
The room is streets, I roam the streets with no security
They know a nigga overseas, uh
Kinda swag that's passed from your mom and dad
Prada bags and we cheesin' on them Calvin ads
Mighta peeped the billboards fifty feet when out in traffic
Staring at them naked pictures, shit, you bound to crash

No comparison, we more solid than they are
Me and Hit-Boy, they say we like the new Gang Starr
Me and Flacko, they say we the new Wave Gods
Shout to Max B, he could be home any day, God

A\$AP Mob got Mass Appeal
Call up Nasty Nas, niggas hit the lick like, ah, ah, ah

Wake up out the bed, wrap my durag up
Say a prayer, I'm thankin' God that Mom dukes had us
Monotone style like Guru on some Preemo cuts
Crewneck by McQueen, go nuts
Jewels over my white hoodie like Juvie in '98
It's movies that I make
Peruvian white flake
It tore the community at a high rate
Adversity I faced
I roll my own gas to make sure that it's not laced
Damn, I used to hit the block hopin' they see me
Watchin' Video Music Box sittin' close to the TV
I was inspired by Whodini and Kool G
Got my first pair of J's, thought I was 2-3 (Air)
Invest in all my G's before we rest in peace
'Cause we sure to rest in peace
My shorty is a piece, a piece of mind, a dimepiece
I might buy her a piece of property

You might'a had some joints, but ain't nuttin' like me and Rocky seen

No comparison, we more solid than they are
Me and Hit-Boy, they say we like the new Gang Starr
Me and Flacko, they say we the new Wave Gods
Shout to Max B, he could be home any day, God

A\$AP Mob got Mass Appeal
Tell Hit we got a hit ay, ay
Tell Hit we got a hit, ah
Call up Nasty Nas niggas hit the lick like ah ah ah