

I mean Nas is one of the greatest, can we get a cheers?
Woo, cheers!
I mean the echo of life is the echo of love
And the echo of love is the echo from above
And some people don't even really know what they doin', Goddamn
I mean, can you feel this, can you feel the vibe
Can you feel the zone?
The zone that we on, the zone that we own
I mean the zone that we own is the zone of our own
God damn, you can smell the cologne
Fly nigga shit, fly, fresh, yeah
Came back, god damn, double breast yeah
To suit that ass
I'm tryin' to make a building for the kids that is
I'm it's echo (Echo, echo)
Do the love, yeah
Came back like the Michael Jackson glove
Yeah, we just shinin', we just shinin'
Rewind the track, just to remind it, yeah
From Newark to BX to Queens
Came back, man, we say "Who next?" Yeah, yeah, yeah
Toast to the kings, yeah
Toast to the queens up in here, yeah
The album name damn it's the POISON
So many people may get poisoned
Man, the life can be poison
You can talk crazy, bring your boys in

Throwin' piss out the window at police
Chasin' niggas with warrants
There was never no peace
Judy's ass was enormous
I was fresh indeed, think about it sexually
Knew a bunch of Radio Raheems, rest in peace
Four finger rings, big as brass knuckles
Haters walk by, try to stab you if they hug you
Lady on the fourth floor hollering every evening
'Til she planned up, wasn't having it that evening
He was beating us, she ain't have it that evening
One shot to the neck and the juggler, now he bleeding
She beat the case, but damn the kid suffer
I'm dating a daughter, but I'm having visions of a mother
Project nights, no project lights
Hopin' a friend don't try to rob my mom at night
She work hard to bring it to the table
Channel U before we had cabel
Campbells soup before I had sushi
Fila shoes before I had the Gucci
Forty deuce for the karate movie
Outta sync mouth moving movie
Sent to the store for a loosie
Came a long way, now the same ones salute me
Haters say it must be nice, I say it must be hate
I don't like that line, that shit straight fake
Yeah, I'm talkin' the 80s not the 90s stuff
Time was real in Jamaica Queens Ronny Bumps
Queensbridge kings and all that

Rowdy white boys with baseball bats
Italians and greeks on Ditmas
Steinway Street, all the slick cars

I know some fake niggas livin' a lie
I got some real niggas ready to die, uh
I know some fake niggas livin' a lie
I got some real niggas ready to die

We was Times Square pioneers, forty deuce, forty below boots
Forty ounce brew the true Bishop from Juice
Runnin' wild loose, me and my forty troops were stupid
Style of a snorkel coach, polo goose is roofless
Goons and Rolls, bail-jumpers
Everybody from everywhere they was
Tryin' to jump us for pumpin'
True story my youngers, I'm a daily thuggish Frederick Douglas
Military persona, yeah, I'm livin' with honor
To my niggas who serving forty while I'm in my forties
I'm a walking observatory, a murder story since a shorty
On this journey 'til I'm A Weekend at Bernies dead
Burning herb, Porsche frames hang on my head
Forty years ago, memorys they never left
Special memorys my nigga, that we'll never forget
For some reason we isolate that feeling
I wouldn't change a damn thing for a billion

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Research me, you see I was never playin'
I'm who babys are talking to and you don't know what they sayin'
I'm who they communicate with
The cold of a nigga who don't tell or say shit
A dollar stay in the hood 18 hours
In white hoods it stays for days, why I never stay up in ours
I'm talking that black power, talking that white power
I'm talking that latin power, we gotta go for hours
United, yeah, I'm talking united
States of America now on war with the ISIS
Isis a Goddess outside of Egypt, look how they got us
Damn, damn god, look how they got us
Isis ain't even the original name of the black Goddess
They all twisted it up, now it's a name of some group
Tell me motherfuckers

I'ma put this drink down and get the fuck outta here
'Cause I'm livin' my dream
Shout out to all my niggas out there livin' your dream
Word up, golden