

# Reach Out (feat. Mary J. Blige)

Nas

This kind of love is a once in a lifetime cruise  
Reach out and touch the love that I have for you  
I see you standing there so lost and all alone  
I wanna take you in my arms  
And tell you that you're home  
I look into your eyes  
I said I know you very well  
I see a mirror of my life  
A reflection of myself  
3: 45 am can't sleep, can't dream  
I'm stuck, money problems pop up  
How will I survive, guess it's best to decide not to decide  
So that's my decision  
Whatever happens happens  
I keep makin' my millions  
Can see myself in presidential campaign dinners  
But I'm passin' blunts around a bunch of gang members  
When you're too hood to be in them Hollywood circles  
And you're too rich to be in that hood that birthed you  
And you become better than legends you thought were the greatest  
And out grow women you love and thought you could stay with  
Life become clearer when you wipe down your mirror  
And leave notes around for yourself to remember  
I like to teach and build  
With brothers about how easy it is to reach a mill  
All you need is some skill, then it's grindtime  
Imagination better than knowledge, say's Einstein  
It's all in the mind  
Nasty the nicest, I'm somewhat of a psychic  
Just one minute after it's heard  
You all excited, you all repeat it  
So call me a genius, if you didn't  
Now that I said it I force you to think it  
Write in my little vignettes, sipping Moet  
When you vision me, you vision the best  
When I was young they called me, Olu's son  
Now he Nas father, I was the good seed  
He was the wise gardener  
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Reach out and touch the love that I have for you  
Beautiful life, often I dream that I can bring my niggas  
Conservatives don't understand slang linguistics

The burbs talking like the hood'll change with quickness  
Love the skinny model chicks but I prefer the thickness  
So what I rap about my riches and I'm ostentatious  
Get out of gangsta business seen in me you basic  
Try to compare what you live to the life I master  
See the fly shit I wear, you try to rock it after  
Big bracelets, golden Egyptian faces  
White wine spritzers and Switzerland on vacation  
The strip club scene favors Josephine Baker  
Dope fiend neighbours, growing up I've seen paper  
I describe it, hope you can visualize it  
This is reminiscent to all the parks in the project  
When my British Knights, can rival your foamposites  
Don't make me pull my lotto's out the closet  
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