Last Real Nigga Alive

Nas

[Intro]
Uh, uh, uh, uh[Chorus 2X]
Lord have mercy, Jesus Christ
He's just nice, he just slice like a ginsu
Look at the life that I been through
I'm the last real nigga alive, that's official
[Nas]
Y'all don't know about my Biggie wars
Who you thought 'Kick In The Door' was for?
But that's my heart, y'all still trippin of this Jigga shit
Real niggas listen up and I'mma tell you how the whole thing start
Off top I brung Queens up from hard times
Rockin at the Fever, streets was all mine
It was my version of the blues, droppin our schools
The crack epidemic had rap representin new rules
So I, got in em shoes, tried em wore them
Wasn't a perfect fit, so I couldn't sport em
Young murderers ride, I knew all them
Jungle got shot, Will died, we was warring
I wrote it in my album
I was 18 when Lake seen the Island
And Lord held me down and
My surroundings started changing
I had a baby, I was making my rounds with AZ
Niggas started noticing my flow and was open when
The Golden Child closed em in with more style than them older men
Puff tried to start a label, Prince Rakeem had formed Wu-Tang
Snoop and Dre had a new thang
So Puff drove his new Range through Queensbridge Projects
He let me drive it, before Ready to Die hit
BIG and I hit blunts performing at the Arc
Next thing you knew, BIG blew and all the balling starts
He had Kim and his crew, I found Fox, only niggas in New York with number one charts
BIG was ahead of his time, him and Raekwon my niggas
But dig it, they couldn't get along
That's when Ghostface said it on the Purple tape
Bad Boy biting Nas album cover way(?)
BIG told me Rae was stealing my slang
And Rae told me out in Shaolin BIG would do the same thing
But I borrowed from both them niggas
Jigga started to flow like us, but hit with 'Ain't No Niggas'

Had much Versace swagger
BIG admired the Brooklyn knight and it took him in as Iceberg the rapper
Today don't know nothing, about this bullshit
There's more shit than wanting to be this King of New York shit
[Chorus 2x]
[Nas]
Rap became a version of Malcom and Martin
Rest In Peace Will, Queensbridge live on
There's some ghetto secrets I can't rhyme in this song
There's some missing pieces I had to leave out
I had lot trust for Steve Stoute
At some point till I got to know him
We old friends, but what's loyal?
Puff soaked Interscope offices
With champagne bottles on Steve, and Steve thought the drama is on me
Cause previously it would have been, against whoever
Friends forever
However, I learn, with some niggas it's all business
But I'm a street dude with morals
To diss niggas with Jigga too much, he used to say Jay wanted my spot
I laughed, stayed home, never hung a lot
A quiet man who used to be alone planning
Baby moms thought I was too quiet, couldn't stand it
She hit the streets, later on she hittin the sheets
With a rapper who wanted me on his songs, thinking he strong
I taught her how to watch for cars that might follow
Tauht her street shit that I know
Her weakness was shine yo
But that's her, I ain't mad baby, it made me stronger
Now I get my paper longer
Illmatic I was boss
It Was Written I flossed
One of the most creative LPs ever to hit stores
In the Firm I learned I am Nastradamus
QB's Finest, Oochie Wally, faced more problems
I gave it all up so I can chill at home with mama
She was getting old and sick so I stayed beside her
We had the best times, she asked would I make more songs
I told her not till I see her health get more strong
In the middle of that, Jay tried to sneak attack
Assasinate my character, degrade my hood
Cause in order for him to be the Don, Nas had to go
The Gam-B-I-N-O rules I understood
What you want, see, I already had
The Gift and The Curse? Fuck that shit, the first shall be last
I'm the man's man, a rapper's rapper
G-O-D S-O-N, they'll be none after
I was Scarface, Jay was Manolo
It hurt me when I had to kill him and his whole squad for dolo (for dolo

echoes)[Outro]
Uh, Uh, Uh[Chorus 2X]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/