

Nas, If I Ruled The World (Imagine That)

Intro: Nas (Lauryn Hill singing in the background)

Life..... I wonder....
Will it take me under.... I don't know

Verse One: Nas

Imagine smoking weed in the streets without cops harassin
Imagine going to court with no trial
Lifestyle cruising blue behind my waters
No welfare supporters more conscious of the way we raise our daughters
Days are shorter, nights are colder
Feeling like life is over, these snakes strike like a cobra
The world's hot my son got not evidently
It's elementary, they want us all gone eventually
Trooping out of state for a plate knowledge
of coke was cooked without the garbage we'd all have the top dollars
Imagine everybody flashin, fashion
Designer clothes, lacing your click up with diamond vogues
Your people holdin dough, no parole
No rubbers, go in raw imagine law with no undercovers
Just some thoughts for the mind
I take a glimpse into time
watch the blimp read "The World Is Mine";

Chorus: Lauryn Hill, Nas

If I ruled the world	Imagine that
I'd free all my sons, I love em love em baby	
Black diamonds and pearls	Could it be, if you could
be mine, we'd both shine	
If I ruled the world	Still livin for today, in
these last days and times	

Verse Two: Nas

The way to be, paradise like relaxin black, latino and anglo-saxon
Armani exchange the reins
Cash, Lost Tribe of Shabazz, free at last
Brand new whips to crash then we laugh in the iller path
The Villa house is for the crew, how we do
Trees for breakfast, dime sexes and Benz stretches
So many years of depression make me vision
The better livin, type of place to raise kids in
Open they eyes to the lies history's told foul
But I'm as wise as the old owl, plus the Gold Child
Seeing things like I was controlling, click rollin
Trickin six digits on kicks and still holdin
Trips to Paris, I civilized every savage
Gimme one shot I turn trife life to lavish
Political prisoner set free, stress free
No work release purple M3's and jet skis
Feel the wind breeze in West Indies
I make Coretta Scott-King mayor the cities and reverse themes to Willies
It sounds foul but every girl I meet to go downtown
I'd open every cell in Attica send em to Africa

Chorus: Lauryn Hill, Nas

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