

# Nas, My Worse Enemy

[Intro: Nas]

Yea, uh, uh, real niggaz dawg, ya heard  
Yea, journey to the life, just journey

[Verse One: Nas]

I'm the nigga that ain't loud  
Throw C-low, never ace out  
Only move out wit a particular crew, I hate crowds  
The observer, money and murder the hood praise it  
I was raised in it, early age  
Was presented with the ultimatum  
Be a boss with a army, drop the Atari games  
Hard cocaine that had my neighborhood strung out  
Brains numb out, guns out  
I was smart high hopes in my heart  
But dope cartels would emerge  
Bloody shirts on niggaz while they hollerin'  
'Til their lungs don't work  
Figures I end up with a scarred memory of my youth  
With dudes in the drug loot, feelin' henny "SHOOT"  
My nigga Will still here, man I wish it was truth  
Buried in his favorite shit, FILA sneakers and FILA suit  
My eyes are the window of my soul  
My niggaz let the Indo roll  
Thinkin' time flies we gettin' old  
That's the words of my right hand man, my main dawg  
We been rollin since day one, he down for the cause  
All he talk is extortion, kidnap shit, big gat shit  
I'm like - "yo think positive", but he act sick  
He only think about lettin' his Mac spit  
He like fuck who he hit  
Me it bothers, 'cause he know I'm rent 'em it regardless  
If he keep wildin' out he's makin' both of us targets  
So I pull him, tell him on some deep shit, try to school 'em  
We already lost niggaz by how we was movin'  
We still livin', but our lives need much improvin'  
I think I'm gonna lose 'em

[Chorus: Nas]

I was blind in this world  
All I thought about was diamonds and pearls  
I had beef wit a nigga, then I'm clappin' his girl  
Nappin' his kids, ransack and run through his rib  
Blow up his mom's crib, there's no way he could live  
It's gettin' clearer, starin' at the man in the mirror  
Like all this time, it's just a fragment of my mind  
Come to find out, shit wasn't what is made to be  
In reality +My Worst Enemy+ was me

[Verse Two: Nas]

Feelin' like I got the dons clout  
Trigger pawn cocked glocks spray up your moms spot  
I ain't playin' wit you, war, fuck pistols  
Bring machines, icy bell buckles, ten guns, M-1'S with ice muzzles  
Life's a struggle, get your wifey touch too, everybody involved  
Homicide, doctors patchin' up your war scars  
Task Force chargin' at us, news flash, thug crews blast at officers  
Coroners pick you up from the grass  
Livin' fast 'til somebody tries meltin' my chest  
I'm high loosin' it, could of hit my own self with the tec  
Refuse to quit, but I tried tellin' me to relax  
It's like I can't hear my words 'til I'm trapped to the max  
Even then I blame everybody else except me, pops left me  
I was just three, I cried for help, moms was busy

That don't mean nigga's stupid  
But I got a habit wit - makin' up excuses  
Was born ruthless, hated school, they ain't teach me I'm a bad seed  
Planted in this ghetto, where my niggaz can't read  
Multiply, subtract; only knowin' how to count cracks and count stacks  
Now what y'all know about that  
One side of me wanted out of this life  
Glue traps on the floor for the mice  
'Til the nigga saw the light  
I wanted money when I got it, I would spend it  
I wanted jewels, but when I heard it, yo I wouldn't listen  
All of the drama in my life I got my self into  
All the toxins my body took in, faded my mental  
I let these niggaz words get to me  
But I'm tired of my ice, tired of Bentley  
It's the end of the century  
I recognized the world is a beautiful place  
Niggaz opinions ruinin' my musical taste  
'Cause everytime I caught a case, could of got me in jail  
If you wasn't scared of jail, you more likely to fail  
I thought the whole world was cursed, from the hand I was dealt  
And +My Worst Enemy+ was my self  
Word to my self...word to my self...word to my self...

[Chorus: Nas]

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