

Nas, One Time 4 Your Mind

Intro: Nas and Large Professor

Yeah, it's Illmatic (yeah)

It's Illmatic (yeah!)

It's Illmatic, huh

(yeah kick that shit)

[LP] One time 4 your mind, one time

[Nas] Yeah whatever

[LP] One time 4 your mind, one time

[Nas] Yo whatever

[LP] One time 4 your mind, one time

Aiyyo Nas (whattup Paul) kick that fuckin rhyme

Verse One: Nas

Check it out

When I'm chillin, I grab the buddha, get my crew to buy beers

And watch a flick, illin and root for the villian, huh

Plus every morning, I go out and love it sort of chilly

Then I send a shorty from my block to the store for Phillies

After being blessed by the herb's essence

I'm back to my rest, ten minutes some odd seconds

That's where I got the honey at, spends the night for sexing

Cheap lubrication, Lifestyle protection

Picking up my stereo's remote control quickly

Ron G's in the cassette deck, rockin the shit, G

I try to stay mellow, rock, well acapella rhymes'll

make me richer than a slipper made Cinderella fella

Go get your crew, Hobbes, I'm prepared to bomb troops

Got niggaz who's born, I shot my way out my Mom Dukes

When I was ten, I was a hip-hoppin shorty wop

Known for rocking microphones and twisting off a 40 top, yeah

Chorus: Nas and Large Professor

[LP] One time 4 your mind, one time

[Nas] Yeah whatever

[LP] One time 4 your mind, one time

[Nas] It sound clever

[LP] Hey yo Nas, fuck that, man that shit was fat

But kick that for them gangstas man, fuck all that

Verse Two: Nas

Right, right, what up niggaz, how y'all, it's Nasty the villian

I'm still writin rhymes but besides that I'm chillin

I'm trying to get this money, God, you know the hard times, kid

Shit, cold be starvin make you wanna do crimes kid

But I'ma lamp, cuz a crime couldn't beat a rhyme

Niggaz catching 3 to 9's, Muslims yelling free the mind

And I'm from Queensbridge, been to many places

as a kid when I would say that out of town, niggaz chased us

But now I know the time, got a older mind

Plus control a nine, fine, see now I represent mine

I'm new on the rap scene, brothers never heard of me

Yet I'm a meance, yo, police wanna murder me

Heine(ken) Dark drinker, represent the thinker

My pen rides the paper, it even has blinkers

Think I'll dim the lights then inhale, it stimulates

Floating like I'm on the North 95 Interstate

Never plan to stop, when I write my hand is hot

And expand alot from the Wiz to Camelot

The parlayer, I'll make ya heads bop Pah

I shine a light on perpetrators like a cop's car

From day to night, I play the mic and you'll thank God

I wreck shit so much, the microphone'll need a paint job

My brain is incarcerated

Live at any jam, I couldn't count all the parks I raided

I hold a Mac-11, and attack the Reverand

I contact 11 L's and max in heaven

Outro: Nas, Large Professor, and ?

[LP] Yo, one time 4 your mind, one time
[?] It sound clever
[LP] But one time 4 your mind, one time
[Nas] Yeah whatever
[LP] One time 4 your mind, one time
[Nas] Yo, from ninety-two to ninety-nine
[?] Yeah that shit was greasy fat Paul, knowwhat!msayin?
But check it, you gotta another verse for me
I want you to kick it, youknowwhat!msayin?
Kick that shit from the projects...