

# Like Me

Nas

Ah yeah, what's happening, mami  
How ya doin' baby  
Oh you lookin' kinda good and everything  
I see you with those stilettos baby Ah, check this out, you ain't got time to talk to me?  
Ay, let me put the bug in your ear baby  
Won't you turn those flow-shoes  
Into your hoe shoes, ya dig? Yeah check this out  
This universe fine as your royal highness  
You know what, I can do a whole lotta things for you  
Guess why? Cause I'm a motherfuckin' pimp Like me, hustlin' and grindin' baby  
I be stayin' on that paper chase  
In this life there's pimp's and hoe's  
Tell me which one are you, you little?  
Like me, hustlin' and grindin' baby  
I be stayin' on that paper chase  
In this life there's pimp's and hoe's  
Tell me which one are you, you? The good man in me say get money and stay on the path  
But the pimp shit in me say yo keep looking for ass  
But my daughter gave me a gift, something to hold  
A little city in water when you shake it, it snow I told her,? Never let a sucker nigga take off her  
clothes  
Better wait till you're grown, when he love you, you'll know?  
Everybody's got a dream, I hope and wish to own a six times two  
Chill in the whip, a fantasy, a bone to pick Revenge to get, against who, I don't know, to one  
who said you won't blow  
You won't eat, you want cake, their mistake  
Blamin' me for their failures, I'm fresh, getting tailored, single breasted  
A lint brush is senseless, some pimp shit  
A woman hates a man and stay with him for many years  
Tell him she loves then be jealous of him  
Now lame is how the ghetto judge him? cause he still with her  
She take his cash and give it to some other real nigger Like me, hustlin' and grindin' baby  
I be stayin' on that paper chase  
In this life there's pimp's and hoe's  
Tell me which one are you, you little? Like me, hustlin' and grindin' baby  
I be stayin' on that paper chase  
In this life there's pimp's and hoe's  
Tell me which one are you, you? Aye, pimpin'? bein goin' on, man, for eons and eons, man  
Since the beginnin' of time, you know what I mean?  
The only thing I need to do is get on the grind and get mine  
So, only thing I gotta tell you, man is now do what you gotta do, man  
Bring my money back, get on that track, get on your back I heard them say the NBA is a bunch

of million dollar slaves  
Or Portier wasn't real back in the days, the point I make is  
Jerry owns the Lakers, his yearly take is let's just say  
More than collectively all of his players, that's business not really pimp shit Maybe it's it but  
similar to when we rappers make big hits  
And not own the masters, that's the deal  
By the way, Portier helps all the Denzel's excel  
He kept the motto real but Hollywood could turn a girl out I knew a girl? bout 5? 9? so fine, she  
could [Incomprehensible]  
She was sleek, chic with a classic mouth  
Movie directors always fucked her on the casting couch  
She came out with a blockbuster Can't knock a hustler, she not a hooker, she focused  
A hopeless soul on a lonely road  
I showed her all my stones and gold  
I said,? Bitch, life is cold, you need to roll with a nigga? Like me, hustlin' and grindin? baby  
I be stayin' on that paper chase  
In this life there's pimp's and hoe's  
Tell me which one are you, you little? Like me, hustlin' and grindin? baby  
I be stayin' on that paper chase  
In this life there's pimp's and hoe's  
Tell me which one are you, you?

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