

Ether

Nas

[gunshots][Nas talking]
("Fuck Jay-Z")
What's up niggas, ay yo, I know you ain't talkin 'bout me dog
You, what?
("Fuck Jay-Z")
You been on my dick nigga, you love my style, nigga
("Fuck Jay-Z")[Chorus:]
(I) Fuck with your soul like ether
(Will) Teach you the king you know you
(Not) "God's son" across the belly
(Lose) I prove you lost already
Brace yourself for the main event
Y'all impatiently waitin
It's like an AIDS test, what's the results?
Not positive, who's the best? Pac, Nas and Big
Ain't no best, East, West, North, South, flossed out, greedy
I embrace y'all with napalm
Blows up, no guts, left chest, face gone
How could Nas be garbage?
Semi-autos at your cartilage
Burner at the side of your dome, come outta my throne
I got this, locked since '9-1
I am the truest, name a rapper that I ain't influenced
Gave y'all chapters but now I keep my eyes on the Judas
With Hawaiiin Sophie fame, kept my name in his music
Check it[Chorus]
[talking]
Ay yo, pass me the weed, pour my ashes out on these niggas man (no doubt)
Ay, y'all faggots, y'all kneel and kiss the fuckin ring[Chorus]I've been fucked over, left for
dead, dissed and forgotten
Luck ran out, they hoped that I'd be gone, stiff and rotten
Y'all just piss on me, shit on me, spit on my grave (uh)
Talk about me, laugh behind my back but in my face
Y'all some "well wishers," friendly actin, envy hidin snakes
With your hands out for my money, man, how much can I take?
When these streets keep callin, heard it when I was sleep
That this Gay-Z and Cockafella Records wanted beef
Started cockin up my weapon, slowly loadin up this ammo
To explode it on a camel, and his soldiers, I can handle
This for dolo and it's manuscript, just sound stupid
When KRS already made an album called Blueprint
First, Biggie's ya man, then you got the nerve to say that you better than Big

Dick suckin lips, whyn't you let the late, great veteran live[talking]

(I... will... not... lose)

"God's son" across the belly, I prove you lost already

The king is back, where my crown at?

(Ill... will) Ill Will rest in peace, let's do it niggas[Chorus]Y'all niggas deal with emotions like
bitches

What's sad is I love you 'cause you're my brother

You traded your soul for riches

My child, I've watched you grow up to be famous

And now I smile like a proud dad, watchin his only son that made it

You seem to be only concerned with dissin women

Were you abused as a child, scared to smile, they called you ugly?

Well life is hard, hug me, don't reject me

Or make records to disrespect me, blatant or indirectly

In '88 you was gettin chased through your buildin

Callin my crib and I ain't even give you my numbers

All I did was gave you a style for you to run with

Smilin in my face, glad to break bread with the god

Wearin Jaz chains, no teecs, no cash, no cars

No jail bars Jigga, no pies, no case

Just Hawaiian shirts, hangin with little Chase

You a fan, a phony, a fake, a pussy, a Stan

I still whip your ass, you thirty-six in a karate class

You Tae-bo hoe, tryna' work it out, you tryna' get brolic?

Ask me if I'm tryna' kick knowledge

Nah, I'm tryna' kick the shit you need to learn though

That ether, that shit that make your soul burn slow

Is he Dame Diddy, Dame Daddy or Dame Dummy?

Oh, I get it, you Biggie and he's Puffy

Rockefeller died of AIDS, that was the end of his chapter

And that's the guy y'all chose to name your company after?

Put it together, I rock hoes, y'all rock fellas

And now y'all try to take my spot, fellas?

Philly's hot rock fellas, put you in a dry spot, fellas

In a pine box with nine shots from my glock, fellas

Foxy got you hot 'cause you kept your face in her puss

What you think, you gettin girls now 'cause of your looks?

Ne-gro please

You no mustache havin, with whiskers like a rat

Compared to Beans you wack

And your man stabbed Un and made you take the blame

You ass, went from Jaz to hangin with Caine, to Herb, to Big

And, Eminem murdered you on your own shit

You a dick-ridin faggot, you love the attention

Queens niggas run you niggas, ask Russell Simmons

Ha, R-O-C get gunned up and clapped quick

J.J. Evans get gunned up and clapped quick

Your whole damn record label gunned up and clapped quick

Sean Carter to Jay-Z, damn you on Jaz dick

So little shorty's gettin gunned up and clapped quick
How much of Biggie's rhymes is gon' come out your fat lips?
Wanted to be on every last one of my classics
You pop shit, apologize, nigga, just ask Kiss

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>