

## Wanna Be Me - 1/2

**Interprété par 8 Mile.**

Uhh, ooooooooooooooh baby, baby  
Keep it thug, and keep yo' heat, na nah nah nah nah

[Nas]

Now slowly, thinkin of all the things that oppose me  
I think of kings who died and rappers out to dethrone me  
For they crown they head is cut off, bodies is laid  
Dead in the street, it's so fuckin pitiful  
First they love you, could be the bitch that even live with you (hoe)  
Mad at your riches, now she switched, turned miserable  
Cause she wanna dress like Bonnie, Robin and Crystal do  
But Crystal's single, Bonnie's broke and her niggaz too (ha)  
I can do bad by myself; went from rags to wealth  
From Jags to Bentleys to, plenty ass bitches  
Can't keep they hands to theyself no more  
I'm like, Hugh Hefner, you lesser, you just a

[Chorus]

Wanna be me, you can't you faggot, you bitch  
You coward, you clown, you just wanna be down  
So you - wanna be me, you bitch, you phony  
You clone me, you wanna be son, I'm the one and only  
But you - wanna be me, you suckers, you weak  
You flunkies, you fake, you couldn't come close on my worst day  
But you - wanna be me, I burn you and learn you a lesson  
Concernin this mic profession, turn your direction

[Nas]

You can't be me, not in your wildest fantasy  
It's childish; should I have to resort to violence?  
Pay me a half a million, I'll consult your album  
And show you how to stay off my dick  
That's the thing I hate the most, can't even call you a man  
When you gotta call out my name to get you some fans  
No talent, you need direction; you a pussy with a yeast infection  
You unlucky, I'm your fuckin C-section  
Plus I'm the last real nigga alive  
Toast glass, Ill Will, the label get high  
Realize, how many classics I gave you  
Perhaps if you think back you'll realize that I made you

[Chorus]

[Nas]

You can't be me, I'm tryin to walk a straight line  
Why they tryin to take mine? I'm past +8 Miles+ of every state line  
Eating, alligators and, hummingbird hearts

## Wanna Be Me - 2/2

At the player's ball, Brianni suits, y'all birds watch  
As real millionaire, shit'll take place  
Evil as Hitler's hate-race people  
This is God son, and I've come from the God under pure peace  
To represent the streets, you'll see that my plan  
is not to destroy your man  
But to bring more to mankind and teach  
Every MC reach for your pens and papers  
Lesson one be creative; what you made of junior?  
Cause soon you'll be a grown man with the mic in your hand  
And understand, to battle Nas not in your plan  
I'm the last real nigga alive, understand that  
And you my offspring, the boss sting  
A bulletproof Porsche things, hard for you to understand that  
Nas the king, where my bricks, where my band at?  
Play me a gangster's theme, while you entertain me  
If I ain't cryin laughin, to the lions, throw your ass in  
What the fuck was you niggaz thinkin?  
Guns'll clutch if I get a inklin that you comin for the kingpin  
But I laugh at you cowards, ha ha ha  
Take me out, try try try, but you

[Chorus]

You can't be me