

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