

# Purple

Nas

Light it, uhh  
Light it up, uhh[Nas]  
The whole, city is mine, prettiest Don  
I don't like the way P. Diddy did Shyne with different lawyers  
Why it's mentioned in my rhymes? Fuck it, it's just an intro  
Hate it or love it, like it bump it or dump it  
Writing, across the stomach spell GOD son  
Life is like a jungle black it's like the habitat of Tarzan  
Matter of fact, it's harder than most can imagine  
Most of my niggaz packed in correctional facilities  
Half of them passed on, mack strong, couple of shots  
May the ghost leave a body, now they hauntin' the block  
Where they used to stand at, somebody's takin' they place  
A younger man perhaps, hand slaps, can't understand that  
Same walk, same talk, I wonder can that be possible  
A thug dies, another step inside his shoes  
And they will hurt you, layin' low with a bottle  
I'm blowin' circles, my state of mind purple  
Light it, light it, uhh  
Yeah. light it up, light it up, uhhY'all just wanna deal with drama  
Talk about niggaz who got things, y'all ready to kill his momma  
Everything you went to is underworld related  
You sell your man out, not even your girl is sacred  
You don't trust a soul, hold up, you moldin' soldiers  
to pull guns quick and always look behind his shoulder  
Think of how many dudes died tryin' to be down with you  
Everybody's under six feet of ground but you  
Still standin, still roamin' through the streets, that's real  
You a survivor, knowin' all the beef is ill  
You got a bunch of thugs witchu even now that's ready  
Trustin' your judgment, quick to put it down, they deadly  
The hood love you but behind your back they pray for the day  
A bullet hit your heart and ambulances take you away  
That ain't love it's hate, think of all the mothers at wakes  
whose sons you killed, and you ain't got a cut on your face?  
Unmarked police cars roam the streets hard, the heat is God  
Somebody tell these shorties reach for the stars  
Instead they tell 'em how to reach through the bars, holdin a mirror  
Lookin' down a tier in jail, makin weapons to kill ya  
We smoke three tokes nigga pour more Henny  
He sighs with eyes that seen a war too many  
Cold-blooded murderers, universal

Hood to hood, blowin' circles, my state of mind's purple  
Light it up, light it up light it up, uhh  
Light it up. light it up, light it up, uhh  
Uhh. uhh, uhh, light it, light it, uhh These hot-headed youngsters, always get into trouble  
Reactin before thinkin, they easily irritated  
And murder's premeditated, it's a fact that we sinkin'  
when we should be climbin, in a nutshell, it's just jail  
Drug sales, liquor and diamonds, niggaz rewindin'  
instead of movin forward, to blow up so what's the science?  
People shoutin, police pushin' the crowd  
And on the ground's a young soldier, with meat hangin out him  
Am I hallucinatin off the hazin?  
Or did I just see a nigga shoot another nigga's face in  
It's a ugly nation, cops circle the block with mug shots  
Photograph pictures of, suspect faces  
It's usually, two or three niggaz who innocent  
But if they lock the wrong ones up, then someone'll snitch  
A divide and fall strategy, they aren't fair  
I dig in my bag of weed that's covered with orange hair  
This Color Purple'll make Whoopi give me the pussy  
Or Celie, Oprah and Danny Glover gots to feel me  
This is how I escape the madness, too much of anything'll hurt you  
So, my state of mind's all purple  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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