

# Come Get Me

Nas

And as a special treat this evening  
I have asked America's foremost young poet  
To read his latest poem for us Ladies and gentlemen, na-na-Nastradamus  
Everybody, watch him  
Ladies and gentlemen, na-na-Nastradamus  
We, we, we came a long way Ladies and gentlemen, na-na-Nastradamus  
Everybody watch him  
Ladies and gentlemen, na-na-Nastradamus Yo, yo, yo  
Power and crime, the thugs slingin' powder and dimes  
Twenties of D, is yo' niggaz wilder than mine?  
My niggaz bust nines, puff lye and stick up cowards  
For they shine, you resist, then you push up flowers  
I'm like Lou Cabrasi, Vito's best hit-man  
That's Godfather shit, back seat, next lit plans  
Revolvers spit, I'm too tough to bargain with  
And you don't want the God to pull up the cars that's sick Arms and wrists is lit up,  
Queensbridge Kings  
Plaques awards applause when I do my thing  
Streets is black as midnight, the concrete gray  
With stains of blood and germ and piss all day Come on the ave, get sized up, plus appraised  
Duck and pray that my guns don't bust your way  
Niggaz with names, livin' off reputation  
Sometimes gotta remind you ain't nothin' changin' Ladies and gentlemen, na-na-Nastradamus  
Everybody, watch him If you ill, come get me, 'cause I ain't runnin'  
If your gun's off the hook then we'll both be gunnin'  
Come get me if you real, 'cause I ain't scared  
It's all fair in love and war and I'm well prepared  
If you ill, come get me, 'cause I ain't runnin'  
If your gun's off the hook then we'll both be gunnin'  
Come get me if you real, 'cause I ain't scared  
It's all fair in love and we can take it there You don't like me clown? Now, you wanna take me  
down?  
If I bring my face around, you gon' do what? You butt  
Your crew knew I blew up, I been shinin', baseball diamonds  
Dick rings for your chick lings Niggaz know what my nine pearl handle's about  
Fuck you, say girlie mouth? Get it krunk like the Dirty South  
And I know you see me flossed out, multi mill i  
Hear your bitch talk about me, you give her the cold eye? Girls dig you, imagine what she feel  
for me?  
You make hot songs, but she know you steal from me  
Who ill as me? I wild on haters in album three  
Next level, I take y'all niggaz to 3-DCan't find a nigga shook from Queens

I'll be with the most grimy killers  
(What nigga?)  
And they all look clean  
Who put bombs underneath cars, if you want beef then start  
Your next stop is to the graveyard If you ill, come get me, 'cause I ain't runnin'  
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Come get me if you real, 'cause I ain't scared  
It's all fair in love and we can take it there You too feminine to kill again, jail got you soft  
You talk but you scared to go back up North  
Keep your face twisted, but you don't really want nuttin'  
Talk a bunch of shit motherfucker and stop frontin' You don't wanna flip again, and sell drugs  
again  
Be on the run again, catch you at the Comfort Inn  
Shoot up your door, bust in on you and your whore  
Put y'all in bags, clean the blood off of the floor So play tough, I want y'all to get out of line  
I got nines, every color shape and design  
I sent killers every race to put one in your spine  
Two in your ear, get your crew, who do I fear?  
Nobody never get involved and none of em dyin' I think like you do, roll with about two irons  
Catch me flyin', high in the aircraft winin'  
And dinin', you die, then we laugh, you bitch ass  
You bitch ass to gauze up, your stab wounds While I'm gettin' head, in a Lear jet, bathroom  
With all my goons, all my ice, and suitcases  
Full of paper, not money it's bank statements  
The Illmatic that explains how we rock  
Yachts and co-ops, we buy the hood and sell you a block If you ill, come get me, 'cause I ain't  
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