

Reach Out (feat. Mary J. Blige)

Nas

This kind of love is a once in a lifetime cruise
Reach out and touch the love that I have for you
I see you standing there so lost and all alone
I wanna take you in my arms
And tell you that you're home
I look into your eyes
I said I know you very well
I see a mirror of my life
A reflection of myself
3: 45 am can't sleep, can't dream
I'm stuck, money problems pop up
How will I survive, guess it's best to decide not to decide
So that's my decision
Whatever happens happens
I keep makin' my millions
Can see myself in presidential campaign dinners
But I'm passin' blunts around a bunch of gang members
When you're too hood to be in them Hollywood circles
And you're too rich to be in that hood that birthed you
And you become better than legends you thought were the greatest
And out grow women you love and thought you could stay with
Life become clearer when you wipe down your mirror
And leave notes around for yourself to remember
I like to teach and build
With brothers about how easy it is to reach a mill
All you need is some skill, then it's grindtime
Imagination better than knowledge, say's Einstein
It's all in the mind
Nasty the nicest, I'm somewhat of a psychic
Just one minute after it's heard
You all excited, you all repeat it
So call me a genius, if you didn't
Now that I said it I force you to think it
Write in my little vignettes, sipping Moet
When you vision me, you vision the best
When I was young they called me, Olu's son
Now he Nas father, I was the good seed
He was the wise gardener
This kind of love is a once in a lifetime cruise
Reach out and touch the love that I have for you
Beautiful life, often I dream that I can bring my niggas
Conservatives don't understand slang linguistics

The burbs talking like the hood'll change with quickness
Love the skinny model chicks but I prefer the thickness
So what I rap about my riches and I'm ostentatious
Get out of gangsta business seen in me you basic
Try to compare what you live to the life I master
See the fly shit I wear, you try to rock it after
Big bracelets, golden Egyptian faces
White wine spritzers and Switzerland on vacation
The strip club scene favors Josephine Baker
Dope fiend neighbours, growing up I've seen paper
I describe it, hope you can visualize it
This is reminiscent to all the parks in the project
When my British Knights, can rival your foamposites
Don't make me pull my lotto's out the closet
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