

Stay Chisel

Large Professor

Stay chizzled like a box of white Bitdaba-Fila
Luther ain't no Arnold Schwarzenegger type steelo
Stay chizzled, check your vapor nigga
Bring the bardy of chess, then push it up harder than the rest
Stay chizzled, precisely cup, sharp the fuck
You thought this was a game we came to charge you up
So take it to the brain, laid peoples, know how throw them things
Swiff on them toes, knockout blow, so stay chizzle

Ey yo Nas, I was tellin' them niggas on the ave.
the same shit the other day (right)
Kids gotta stay sharp (no doubt) or stay chizzle (chizzle)

Yo, perform, a chest naked, I'm lookin' sharp for the peoples
Not in my physical form, strong thoughts, I'm cock-diesel
Brolic with knowledge so flow with me
Intelligence benchin', 4004-50, light a Dunbell L
Inhale the hater, lunchgirl rings, sweatin'
Working up her appetite, settin'
Mental-calisthetics got my mind stretchin', then I release it
Have my whole frame bowgin' under diamond pieces

Take the weight of the world on my shoulders, I hold it
So I consume most the pain for my niggaz I roll wit
'Cause see, the streets ain't no ghost-gym, papi
And if I feel it going down then my niggaz'll spot me
Without the mind, the body, weight don't even mean nothin'
Let's take 3 brothers and put them in the bing or something
Who's gonna survive? The wise man, the fool or the warrior
Well if all of their minds are chizzle, then all of them

I stay chizzle, like Snoop Dogg, fo' chizzle my nizzle
In them hardcore streets I'm a straight artificial
6-pack, don motivator, throw on the weight up
Kid try to front so I show him straight up
Had to smoke click, flab a gast
Way I was cutting 'em up, when kid yelled out "Grab the basket"
Tryied to rush me, luckily I wasn't rusty
Pulled out, searched them all out like a custy
Couldn't go out, highway with a blowout
Like Frank, I did it my way, no doubt
Large billionaire and I'm still here
Writing rhymes for this sphere, I do not feel fear
You heard, I'm the dude on deporture to Irv
And I tell you right now, kid, soft is word
That don't discribe me, what y'all know is _

Barbeque II, Nas right here beside me

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>