Smokin'

Nas

Bis-Mi-Allah A-Rahman A-Rahim
(To the Gods, to the Gods, to the Earths)
Pass that shit homeyNow tell me what y'all smoking
What kinda heat y'all holdin'
Well is your creep move potent
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns I pass 'em to my niggaz c'mon
We bi-coastin, keeping our pockets bulging
We got the plan in motion
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns I pass 'em to my niggaz c'monZoom, from outer space he comes
Blunt in his mouth with his hand on his gun
Bitches flapping they gums, do he be clapping and shooting guys
Actor or a movie star, rapper revolutionized
What is his race nation or creed?
Is he Arabic, black, lating, Asian they read
Magazines say I walked on water, talked to the heavens
Spit at judges, stepped on peasants
But in reality, I just entered your galaxy
September '73, up in these wild streets
Fuckin these wild freaks, a harem of hoes (God damn)
And my mystique got 'em tearing my clothesNow tell me what y'all smoking
What kinda heat y'all holdin'
Well is your creep move potent
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns I pass 'em to my niggaz c'mon
We bi-coastin, keeping our pockets bulginh
We got the plan in motion
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns I pass 'em to my niggaz c'monMy nigga smoke with one lung
If he cough he might die, passing me trees
The liquor bottle's almost empty
We about to collide, with the enemy
Only way you die if it's meant to be
You fucking with a general
No discussion is the principle we busting it's the end of you
Now we knocking on your mama door
Like we cam to fix the sink, my kind of war
Death, angels coming for you
Spirit horse running from your body like Young Guns 1 and 2
Paramedics fighting for you, who's gon' win?
The hands of time, or the hands of medicine
Don't cry, witness your fate, this is your wake

Walk by your casket, spit in your face
Enter the fog dog, the light is your guide
And when you're gone all your niggas gon' light it with NasNow tell me what y'all smoking
What kinda heat y'all holdin'
Well is your creep move potent
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns I pass 'em to my niggaz c'mon
We bi-coastin, keeping our pockets bulging
We got the plan in motion
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns I pass 'em to my niggaz c'monPardon but I gotta question of life now
Look at the nigga next to you right now
Is he real, fake or scared
Do it like this niggas right hands in the air
Ball it to a fist and put it over your heart
Now let's say it all together let the ceremony start
I shall, stay real stay true stay holding figures
Never put a bitch over my niggas
I shall never, cooperate with the law
Never snake me I always hold you down in war
If they take one of mine, I take one of theirs
I never break the oath to the death I swear
I swear that's how we pledge allegiance, to the alliance
Of underworld's killers and thugs, though the science
Of a nigga still yet to be found
So light up some green, and pass it around (just pass it around)Now tell me what y'all smoking
What kinda heat y'all holdin'
Well is your creep move potent
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns I pass 'em to my niggaz c'mon
We bi-coastin, keeping our pockets bulging
We got the plan in motion
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns I pass 'em to my niggaz c'monWant to get high, come smoke with me
Smoke with me, light it upWant to get high, come smoke with me
Smoke with me, light it upWant to get high, come smoke with me
Smoke with me, light it upWant to get high, come smoke with me
Smoke with me, light it up

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