

# Smokin'

Nas

Bis-Mi-Allah A-Rahman A-Rahim  
(To the Gods, to the Gods, to the Earths)  
Pass that shit homey 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'mon Zoom, 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 clothes 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 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'mon My 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 Nas  
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'mon  
Pardon 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 niggaz 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'mon  
Want to get high, come smoke with me  
Smoke with me, light it up  
Want to get high, come smoke with me  
Smoke with me, light it up  
Want to get high, come smoke with me  
Smoke with me, light it up  
Want to get high, come smoke with me  
Smoke with me, light it up

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