

# Money Over Bullshit

Nas

My niggaz got scarred grills, skully hats and gats be fullys  
Brat, cars peel, the East Coast cartel  
Rats get their tails snapped and trapped  
The snitches in the streets and the snitches who rap  
Pure euphoria, a dose of death to all of ya  
Coroner choruses sung from The Bridge to Astoria  
Dreams of fallin' in the elevator, passin' floors  
Suddenly stop, the doors open up to a brick wall  
I can smell the haters, wishful thinkers, bad luck prayers  
Picture your tarot cards and bodyguards gettin' sprayed up  
Sabotagin' my makeup, my watches get laced up  
Even if they indicted Jacob  
Forensics, Paramedics carry cowards off  
Defibrillators shock to your chest, try to cough  
They die and hit Hell from an iron  
I'm flyin', wire or cell, I'm paid from this shit  
Got bitches high as hell, and they fuckin' like AIDS don't exist  
They get sent to your hotel, a maid and a shit  
Put a barrel in a capo mouth, 'til his scalp come out  
You a kid, you don't live what you rap about  
King poetic, too many haters to count  
Too much paper to count, QB bitch  
Join me in war, many will live, many will mourn  
Money over bullshit, pistols over brawn  
Afraid not of none of you cowards but of my own strength  
Afraid not of none of you cowards but of my own strength  
Join me in war, many will live, many will mourn  
(My own strength nigga, that's what I'm scared of)  
Money over bullshit, pistols over brawn  
Afraid not of none of you cowards but of my own strength  
Afraid not of none of you cowards but of my own strength  
Got seven candles lit, black wallpaper, black carpet  
Thinkin' 'bout which nigga to target  
You kill a nigga today, he lives forever  
So I plotted out smarter, there'll be no Martyrs  
Black Tec on the table, Mag .44  
Black negligee on my bitch, she's at the door  
Black fish eggs, nigga, that's the caviar  
You niggaz fish-made, y'all niggaz is fifth grade

Niggaz, it's fifty ways to dissect the General  
If I give ya the top five, you will not survive  
Rule 1, cocksucker, keep my name from your tongue  
Rule 2, thought ya knew don't fuck with God's Son

Rule 3, see, matter fact, I just wait  
If y'all reach top five, then I'ma eat y'all alive  
Each one of you guys that claim Hip-Hop is still alive  
Like y'all ain't in agreement wit Nas  
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Afraid not of none of you cowards but of my own strength  
From crack pushers to Lac' pushers and ambushers  
And morticians to fortresses, case-dismisses laced in riches  
Cake ridiculous from nickel and dimin' to trickin' them diamonds  
Vegas, places in Switzerland  
From non-blastin' to auto, I don't have to blast mine  
They blast mine, black nine, you flatline, my cash climb, buy rare art  
Antique pieces, Mona Lisa's, own no leases  
Five-star restaurant eaters  
Don't forget who your peeps is  
'Sposed to dine with you, sip that good wine with you  
Only if they grind with you or slang for ya  
Seen niggaz live, laugh, party and die in that very same corner  
Pretty girls glance at us, status unconceivable  
Private planes landed out in Teterboro, weed I twirl  
Once even gave me a phobia that I be in a spot trapped  
Like Madame Zenobia's with this kid eyein' my Rolly, y'all  
Join me in war, many will live, many will mourn  
Money over bullshit, pistols over brawn  
Afraid not of none of you cowards but of my own strength  
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Join me in war, many will live, many will mourn  
(My own strength nigga, that's what I'm scared of)  
Money over bullshit, pistols over brawn  
Afraid not of none of you cowards but of my own strength  
Afraid not of none of you cowards but of my own strength  
There it is, QB bitch, yeah  
QB bitch, yeah, yeah

QB bitch

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