Suspect

Nas

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It was a murder
Jake just hit the corner people swarming
Three in the morning I jumped out my cab like "Fuck,
Niggas is buck," mega bloodshed, the tapes red
I heard some bird whisper, "Yo he should have ducked"
I puffed the lilla, just before I hit the scene for rilla
I'm all high it's late I'm looking down at the fella
Shit's pushed in, ambulance placed him on some cushion
His mom's had a stare I wouldn't dare second look when I murk
It hurt, kind of took it as a brief reminder
That the street's designed to stop your life, plot
The beast in time yeah, cell to cell suspect ass nigga you fell
First time locked in crime stop my mind blocks the frail
Bursting blasting at your forty cal shell, split your dry cell
My niggas never snitch why tell
We roll with no regrets, destiny's, fifty's and equities
Queens'll be the death of meTo the suspect witness don't come outside
You might get your shit pushed back tonight
(Suspect witness don't come outside
You might get your shit pushed back tonight)To the suspect witness don't come outside
You might get your shit pushed back tonight
(Suspect witness don't come outside
You might get your shit pushed back tonight)Dear God, I want the riches, money hungry bitches infested
Giving the jealous niggas sickness, the witness
My crew dresses, in vest-es, feel the essence
Try to test this, scientist, able and reckless
Slaughter, Nautica'd down, frames look petite
Ten millis, mix designed just for my physique
I keep a low pro as if I owe, bless the flow lovely
My pants hang low while I'm dancing, sipping the bubbly
Hey, me no worry, hashish keep my eyes Chinese
Rollin two Phillies together make blunts Siamese

I meant it, I represent it, descendant made of
Early natives that were captured and taught to think backwards
Trapped us in a cracker psychiatric, it's massive
A Million Man March, alert the masses
Ten glocks, Armani in small print, upon my glasses
Don assassins, Armageddon, the wettin'
Never freaking the beast, seven heads, got the righteous threatened
Life Was Written, the plot curves behind the settin'
Comprehend the grammar, Manfrione, are you the type of nigga
To shoot a leg to get your name known? I flip the brain tome
Niggas get hit and wrap the plastic
The mic I strike in vain giving the pain of what a Mack is
What you with? Luchi or drama, no sleep means insomnia
No need to check the clock, the streets are timing youTo the suspect witness don't come outside
You might get your shit pushed back tonight
(Suspect witness don't come outside
You might get your shit pushed back tonight)It justifies, Nas Escobar's leaving shit mesmerized
Mega live, like the third world
Decipher my deceiver make him a believer
Spitting Jim stars, words in my mic type receiver
Bond is my life so I live by my word
Never fraudulent Queens bridge don't make no herbs
Spread my name to deacons, politicians while they speaking
Rebel to America civilization caught you sleeping

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