

# Shootouts

## Nas

Yo, release what's in me  
Besides the Henny, it's eyes that's seen plenty  
Fiends get skinny as if Queens was a Craig Jenny  
Instead of diet plans it's crack 200 grams  
I pump a G-pack, peeping for where the D's at  
It's slow, looking for Rambo, the cop who got grazed  
Back in the days, chasing niggas through my project maze  
That cop he got a death wish  
He run behind niggas until you breathless  
Everyday he making ten arrests, shit  
My nigga check this, I know the bitch he rest with  
I even blessed it, forty-dash-ten inspect it  
(Already checked it Dunn, near his ankle you could see his gun)  
Peep, he parked his Jeep in the back of the slum  
To check Tanisha, fat ass real fly, with the blonde Caesar  
Vetacini summer gear, she push the two-seater  
I heard she brag about the way he eat her  
A Irish man short slim with a tan, they say he laced her cheeba  
She do be looking weaker, now her teeth are foul  
Speaking loud, peep her style, in and out of every reefer cloud  
Fat ass dissolving, like cotton candy in a mouth that's starving  
Rock the same gear daily, like a soldier in my squadron  
I heard she let Jake investigate from her window  
Cause she's a nympho, sucking dick and coughing up info  
So now it's set up, her and the beast to get wet up  
I know he vest up, we blazing from the neck up  
(Yo let me knock first) Soon as he open it your glock burst  
They had the chains on, son hit the lock first  
We busted in the cop jerked  
Jungle popped one in his shirt  
I grabbed the bitch by her tits, she tried to say she Earth  
We saw the cameras, tape recorders, and the monitors  
They eying us (Nas yo he survived one from the fo'-five)  
Pull his shades down, they seen his last days now  
There's no way now, we can be treated just like a slave now  
Two in the dome, he's laid down, hey yo the bitch is saved now  
She's living in a snitch grave now Shootouts is similar to Wild West  
Broad daylight, face to face without a vest  
You know the episodes, thugs camouflage the spectacles

Please God to save the life that the Devil sold  
See "It Was Written" but was never told  
Peep the jewels black man, it's even better than gold  
Niggas roll with iron, police roll in hot pursuit  
Trying to stop the loot, fuck Jake, cock and shoot  
Still on the streets with my peeps so deep  
We threw a block party for my man going up creek  
To do his two to four, niggas show love, from all around the board  
Peace Lord, Sony Handi-Cam on record  
Pop a bottle, cause when you come home we still got it sewn  
We can watch the tape play back and just zone  
Film all the bitches, on the benches with ill extensions  
We block the streets off, only crew cars can enter  
Music was loud and it was crowded  
Barbecued wings we fed the fiends (gamble in the back) Killa shouted  
And Frank tried to stop the bank loss, about what a Roley cost  
Guzzled his drink, and staggered off  
He's a Big Will, used to slang krill, now he own the hill  
Couldn't take losing his cash, and I could feel  
Something in the air yeah, Frank returned with Pierre  
A gun slinger, who niggas hadn't seen in a year  
I usually be holding, 'specially this type of weekend  
And everyone except for me had started reaching  
They had gats in each others faces, with kids  
And grandmothers around, Frank's only concern was his paper  
My man Killa let off, half of them fake niggaz jet off  
Police blitz quick, waiting for that to set off  
Running the static, it got me mad cause they a bunch of fagots  
Starting shit in my hood, I can't have it  
Yo High, get the 40-cali stainless, Jake is still out  
Let's make it real and still make them niggas famous  
Dip behind trees in fatigues and squeeze, dodge and weave  
Hearing Jake retaliating, and Wiz was up the alley waiting  
We breeze, jump in the ride, heard Pierre died  
Internal bleeding inside, and ain't been back since ninety-five  
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