

# You Know My Style

Nas

Cup'a hen', cup'a goose, cup'a Cris'  
White chain, colored watch on a wrist  
Switch lanes in monster whips, ambiance  
Specially dressed, guess who? Nas, it's obvious  
Step to bars, we just order dark liquors  
Clear liquors, y'all niggaz are SEX  
Yes, we get respectic, eclectic messages  
Left our brains, grit into a female's estrogen  
She feels electric, her breasts she's touchin' them  
Wet 'tween the legs from this thug seduction  
NAS, then they ass, over-spank it  
Whisperin' she loves intelligent gangstas  
Call fatties, bubbles, call head skull  
Before I get either I need some Red Bull  
She'll scream as I pushed in her freezing cold pool  
When she piss she gon' bleed in the whole stool  
That's how much I wanna bang and touch her pretty thing  
Won't pluck no chicken wing, don't fuck with just anything  
Gotta come up, run up and get touched up  
Suicide, that's if you confront us  
Don't talk, just hold your breath  
Been here a while, there's only one nigga left  
And all'a y'all know my style  
I spend dough but I still let it pile  
Mama shake ya thing  
Coochie get wet while the bass beat bang  
You put it on and on and on and on  
Everybody talkin' 'bout the new Nas song  
Uh, from a boy to a King  
Love the rock diamonds and fancy rings  
I'm a thoroughbred, real heavy mayn  
I'm fuckin' something tonight that's on everything  
Fellas who beat bodies with me  
  
Kidnappers and stick-up kids, they all poli' with me  
Pop bottles with me, button-up shirts and throwbacks  
Old cats only roll when I'm in the city  
And the dance floor it's disgustin'  
Move your waistline to the basic percussion

I'm that, cool laid-back don who won't say nuttin'  
And laugh when a nigga start frontin'  
And all'a y'all know my style  
I spend dough but I still let it pile  
Mama shake ya thing  
Coochie get wet while the bass beat bang  
You put it on and on and on and on  
Everybody talkin' 'bout the new Nas song  
Bass beat bang  
Bass beat bang  
Everybody talkin' 'bout the new Nas song  
Rock Tims, rock Chucks, rock Bapes  
Her light eyes, pretty lips, fly face  
First you said you would spread for me in an instant  
See me with the next chick, now you act different  
Power of the stick shift, now I embarrass her  
Play your position, you way outta character  
Do the knowledge, graduated hood college with honors  
Pay homage to Nas, Dickies and Converse  
On the eyes shades in the nighttime regardless  
The army's so thick you can't harm us  
And all'a y'all know my style  
I spend dough but I still let it pile  
Mama shake ya thing  
Coochie get wet while the bass beat bang  
You put it on and on and on and on  
Everybody talkin' 'bout the new Nas song

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