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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