Nasty

Nas

Yeah, word
Got some Remy Martin
Some good-ass cigars
Check it outAyo, late night
Candlelight
Fiend wit'
Diesel
In his needle
Queensbridge leader
No equal
I come from the Wheel
Of Ezekiel
To pop
Thousand-dollar bot-
tles of scotch
Smoke pot
And heal the people
Any rebuttal
To what I utter
Get box-cuttered
Count how many bad honeys I slutted
It's a high number
Name a nigga under
The same sky
That I'm under
Who gets money, remain fly
Yeah, I wonder?
Eyes flutter
As love
When Nas pops up
Stars get starstruck
Panties start drippin', the ways of Carlito
Blaze, torpedo
Cigars drop robes
Hoes
Drop clothes
Louis
The XIII freaks
Women nice size

I ride
Like Porsches
Thick, brown, and gorgeous
It ain't my fault
Semiautomatic weapons I brought
The world "Crazy"
I'm rich and I'm girl-crazy
Dick 'em
Convince 'em
All appraise me
They ideology is confusion
I lose 'em
Fellates me
Who hate me?
My gun off safety
Since a tunnel and escape key
My jewelry in HDSilent rage
Pristine in my vintage shades
I'm not in the winters of my life or the beginning stage
I am the dragon
Maserati, pumpin' Biggie, the great legend
Blastin'
I'm after the
Actress
Who played Faith Evans
My little Jackie Onassis, dig?
I'm so high
I +Neverland+ like Mike Jackson's crib
Best on 45
Still crack ya rib
Sacrilege
Talk trash about the Nasty Kid
Past nasty now, I'm gross
And repulsive
Talk money, is you jokin'?
Cash everywhere, in my bank, in the sofa
In the walls
In the cars
In my wallet
In my pocket
On the floors, ceiling, the safe, bitch I got it, you envy
But don't offend me
I'm skinny
But still I'm too big for a Bentley
You are

Your car
What could represent me?
Too Godly
To be a Bugatti
You honestly
Must design me
Somethin' Tommy
Montana
From Queens had before the '90s
Drug dealer car
Rush to the bar
Move niggas, we don't give a fuck who you are
Black card
Heavy like a magnet
In my stitched denims
Pretty women
See them
Saggin'
Bet a hundred stacks
Niggas'll run it back
Just havin' fun
I ain't even begun to black
Light another blunt in fact(Nasty)
Nasty Kid
(Nasty)
Yeah
(Nasty)
The Kid!
(Nasty)
Yeah
(Nasty)
Nasty Kid
(Nasty)For the hustlers
Thick
As yellow bitches
For the suck of it
Got a bunch of niggas in prison braggin'
Sayin' "It was Nas I used to hustle wit'"
I display fashions
While my lungs engage hashes
Guns on my waist, pass this
Since I'm cakin' up, put funds in my safe, laughin'
And joining the niggas passin'
You niggas was straight assin'
Excuse the vulgarity

I'm still not fully adjusted or used to the new fans hearin' me spit rapidly
I never see the whips niggas be claimin' they drivin'
I guess entertainment means "blatantly lyin'"
Fake it
'Til you make it
I've driven those toys
Been in the wars
In the streets, cops kickin' in doors
For my Deen, nigga
Your flow cheap as limousine liquor
I'm no fake rap CD listener
Sit back and roll a mean swisher
For my G's, tell these clowns make room for the king, nigga

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