

# Nasty

Nas

Yeah, word  
Got some Remy Martin  
Some good-ass cigars  
Check it out Ayo, late night  
Candlelight  
Fiend wit'  
Diesel  
In his needle  
Queensbridge leader  
No equal  
I come from the Wheel  
Of Ezekiel  
To pop  
Thousand-dollar bottles 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 HD Silent 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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