

# Black Dust

## Hala Strana

Official, Nas, niggas  
Word up, somethin' new for youHear to make moves, get mines automatically  
Emphatically, rhyme master, be rapidly tragedies  
Guns like Butch Cassidy, nasty like Dick Dastardly  
As I be gradually like glowin', blowin', flowin'  
Goin' fast at it like Jesse Owens, make you throw in the towel  
I will do all sorts of moves through all sports  
Rhymes blew all thoughts, all crews to dust it's us  
Official, nastee, the aggy still ghastlyYou triple S nigga, soft sexy and sassy  
We crash, I break your cast and yes, we get busy  
I'ma do my show, get my dough and lick titties, I'm shitty  
I diarrhea on the globe, fire flee up on your clothes  
And like 'squito up on your hoe  
In case you didn't know, I stay free flow  
Officially, this'll be your chance to see  
How ill this nigga be, go figureFor every nigga show me love  
Two niggas hate me  
For every bitch that show me love  
Two bitches tryin' to take me  
For every nigga show me love  
Two niggas hate meYo black dust, miraculous head rush, hoes blush  
It's only us, shit's flush, shit we lust, is plush, Lexus  
My techs bust, your guns rust, to God trust  
Walk the path righteous, priceless  
Nigga you shine like ice crushed, you get your shit bust  
No more to discuss, nigga's jealeous, 'cuz bitches feel us  
The wild rebeleous, hell yes, niggas is whack, we pack dust  
Official Nas niggas back us, can't fuck with usUmm, my gun's wettin' like a open hydrant  
Got you hidin', from shots firin' from hot iron  
You gotta realize, your block's dyin'  
Put skis on your knees and start slidin'  
My clock's timin', not tryin' to see us not shinin'  
I'm eye blindin', hearts hearts like a lion  
You're not lyin', superstar then a dine in  
Your insides cryin', rip your outside inFor every nigga show me love  
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For every bitch that show me love  
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Schemin in the back  
See I'm schemin' in the back  
Act like you don't know  
I put you in the choke hold  
Rampage the logos, nigga here is loco  
I still get respect if I had no dough  
Sport Polo, always keep a low pro  
If it's a promo, this nigga here no show  
About my no low, I never drive slo-mo  
Faster than go go, if it ain't me it's so  
Kick in your door, wavin' the four four  
All you hear is shots until there ain't no more  
Hit you with the low blow, you can't go toe toe  
I rub elbow, with niggas in cell blo'  
And New York City hellhole, still in they jail clo'  
Old school niggas with Kango, and shell toe  
Mix hats with Hydro, and Cocoa  
How you gonna fuck with my click  
If you can't fuck with me solo?  
Checkmate, no go

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