

# The Message

Nas

Fake thug, no love, you get the slug, CB4 Gusto  
Your luck low, I didn't know 'til I was drunk though  
You freak niggaz played out, get fucked an' ate out  
Prostitute turned bitch, I got the gauge out  
96 ways I made out, Montana way  
The Good F E L L A, verbal AK spray  
Dipped attache, jumped out the Range, empty out the ashtray  
A glass of 'Ze make a man Cassius Clay  
Red dot plots, murder schemes, thirty-two shotguns  
Regulate wit my dunns, 17 rocks gleam from one ring  
Yo, let me let y'all niggaz know one thing  
There's one life, one love, so there can only be one King  
The highlights of livin', Vegas style, roll dice in linen  
Antera spinnin' on Milleniums, twenty G bets  
I'm winnin' them, threats I'm sendin' them  
Lex with TV sets, the minimum, ill sex adrenaline  
Party with villains, a case of Demi-Sec to chase the Henny  
Wet any clique, with the semi-tech, who want it?  
Diamonds, I flaunt it, chickenheads flock, I lace 'em  
Fried broiled with basil, taste 'em, crack the legs  
Way out of formation, it's horizontal how I have 'em  
Fuckin' me in the Benz wagon  
Can it be Vanity from Last Dragon?  
Grab your gun, it's on though  
Shit is grimy, real niggaz buck in broad daylight  
With the broke Mac, it won't spray right  
Don't give a fuck who they hit as long as the drama's lit  
Yo, overnight thugs bug 'cause they ain't promised shit  
Hungry ass hooligans stay on that piranha shit  
I never sleep 'cause sleep is the cousin of death  
I ain't the type of brother made for you to start testin'  
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I peeped you frontin', I was in the Jeep  
Sunk in the seat, tinted with heat, beats bumpin'

Across the street, you was wildin'  
Talkin' 'bout how you ran the Island in '89  
Layin' up, playin' the yard with crazy shine  
I cocked a baby 9, that nigga grave be mine  
Clanked him, what was he thinkin'?  
On my corner when it's 'Pay me time'  
Dug 'em, you owe me, cousin, somethin' told me, ?Plug him?  
So dumb, felt my leg burn, then it got numb  
Spun around an' shot one, heard shots an' dropped, son  
Caught a hot one, somebody take this biscuit  
Fore the cops come  
Then they came askin' me my name, what the fuck?  
I got stitched up an' went through  
Left the hospital that same night, what?  
Got my gat back, time to backtrack  
I had to drop so how the fuck I get clapped?  
Black was in the Jeep watchin' all these scenes speed by  
It was a brown Datsun an' yo, nobody in my hood got one  
That clown nigga's through, blazin' at his crew daily  
The 'Bridge touched me up severely, hear me?  
So when I rhyme, it's sincerely yours  
Be lightin' Ls, sippin' Coors on all floors in project halls  
Contemplatin' war, niggaz, I was cool with before  
We used to score together, Uptown coppin' the raw  
But uhh, a thug changes an' love changes  
An' best friends become strangers, word up  
Y'all know my steelo  
There ain't an army that could strike back  
Y'all know my steelo  
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There ain't an army that could strike back  
Y'all know my steelo  
There ain't an army that could strike back  
Yo, to them thug niggaz gettin' it on  
In the world, you know?  
To them niggaz that's locked down  
Doin' they thing survivin', ya' knowmsayin'?  
To my thorough niggaz, New York an' world wide  
Yo, to the Queensbridge Militia  
9 6 shit, The Firm clique, 'Illmatic', nigga  
'It Was Written' though  
It's been a long time comin'  
Y'all fake niggaz, tryin' to copy  
Better come with the real though

Fake ass niggaz, yo  
They throw us slugs, we throwin' 'em back, what?  
Bring the shit, man, live, man  
Fuck that, son, 9 6 shit

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