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 out96 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 ClayRed 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 KingThe 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 adrenalineParty 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 legsWay 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 daylightWith 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 shitI 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 ain't the type of brother made for you to start testin'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 shineI 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 numbSpun 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 throughLeft 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 oneThat 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 hallsContemplatin' 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 upY'all know my steelo
There ain't an army that could strike back
Y'all know my steelo
There ain't an army that could strike backY'all know my steelo
There ain't an army that could strike back
Y'all know my steelo
There ain't an army that could strike backYo, 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 thoughFake 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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