

Nazareth Savage (feat. Kelis)

Nas

I had bad chicks that blow cum bubbles like bubblegum
Plus they ass lick, summer house be sippin' rum
Layin' lazy in the recliner, couple days
In my ashtray, smoke signals from the haze
I stick my finger through it, the ring of smoke broke
That symbolize weak guys, pop the strong link off
The infrastructure caves in, amazin'
I ain't have to read The Art of War to slay men
Serve niggas, bird niggas speakin' reckless
When their momma love the kid's records I made
You gutless, you don't know struggle
Throw a couple slugs at you, hell grabs you
Nail stabs a hand of the Nasirine
I carried the cross to help you afford that plasma screen
Gave you chumps a path to walk, hold my hand
I'ma guide you like the OG, but don't talk, don't get it confused
Cause none'a y'all can fit in my shoes
Y'all made of chemicals, artificial actions
God'll forgive you bastards
Only if you repent to the Nazareth Savage I squeeze nipples like pimples to get the puss, get it?
Form a crew, swallow forty cal' bullets after dinner's finished
Wash it down with a shot of tequila, pocket full'a scrilla
Can't come close to, Francis Copala, Samson -- no Delilah
You're pint-sized, I'm mic's eyes with the gladiator tattoos on it
You scared to look too long at, sit on a don's lap
Tell you a story shorty, spicy like lories
Chickenheads and orgies, criminals that draw heat in their late forties
Drug habits, love grabbin' kids up like yours
Sendin' you a picture of them in their drawers with black eyes
Savage guys, you hire Magnum PI's to bag up my guys
Said you was a thug with a good disguise, try to protect your cabbage
You're runnin' from the Nazareth Savage Son's backward flows, they say mine is very scary
Smell fear like a canine that finds buried babies
And all of y'all wear that same aroma
How to blow on your eighth LP, I'll show ya
You're wack nigga, face it
In the history of the game, you have no placement
Liquor and weed just massacred their mind, or thee celebrity
Or they couldn't change with time, so now they run they mouth

But when the sun go south, them comes come out
My cavalry woulda been threw ten in your skin
Casualty you don't want to be, don't want it with me
Straight savage

Songwriters

Remi, Salaam / White, Barry Eugene / Jones, NasirPublished by

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