

# Who Killed It?

Nas

Look here see  
Pretty Mike shanked Two-Face Al over some gal  
Found the body dead in the isles  
Death by strangulation, microphone cord, a dirty broad  
Guess they'll never play it again Sam  
Damn that was my jam, now she's on the lam  
She made it out with 200 grand, what a scam!  
While these two compete on who's the star of the show  
Golden legs there makes off with the dough  
I read the paper there with Joe the Butcher  
He says one glance is all it took ya, she's a real looker  
They say her old man's a bootlegger  
Transporting in any weather, and at this rate we'll never get her  
Fellas, think it's time to call it a night  
All this talk of this mystery dame's gettin' me tight  
Thought I saw her in my eyesight, right  
Hate to spoil the party, what are you guys havin', the same?  
Waiter, another round for the gang  
It's strange how I always felt outta place  
Joe The Butcher's my ace, but in comes Freckle Face  
So I said 'S-see you later'  
'Fore I hurt him and his two ugly thumb breakers  
He met them in Louisiana wrestling gators  
An idiot can tell they're involved with the caper  
So I pulled the revolver on my waist up  
Between the patrol car and the gray truck  
Behind the street lamp was a silhouette  
White gloves and a real long cigarette  
What do ya know all this time she's got me in her scope  
She spoke says the Devil got you guys by the throat  
Your conspiracy theories won't work without evidence  
That's the reason why Eric B is not president  
Well, what do ya say

Ya see?

Ya see?

Ya see?

Look here see

I know you got soul your trying to hide it

How did you kill a man out in Cypres  
One Eyed Charlie, he only hangs with the criminal minded  
Says you guys did it doggy style is he lyin'  
She says, 'Walk this way I'll tell you a children's story'  
We hit the bodega got her a few 40's  
We jumped in my ride we drove and she cried  
Twisted off the cap there and opened her mouth wide  
Swallowed it, whole bottle's half empty  
Drinks like a fish now she's past tipsy  
The truth came out as we got to her suave house  
Chopped and screwed, her mouth and sat me on the couch  
I said it's gettin' late c'mon give it to me straight  
Who's ya sponsor lady? She says Bill Gates  
What are ya born '77 or '78?  
She says, 'Nah it goes way to an earlier date?  
Slave times, claims the slaves said rhymes  
But she fell in love with some fella named Clive  
Who? Clive Campbell from Sedgwick Ave  
The Bronx, now she shows me the cash  
I said who's Clive, don't play with me skirt  
She said Clive Campbell, he's Kool Herc  
Listen up sweetheart, now we gettin' somewhere  
As she's talkin' she starts vanishing in thin air  
But before she drops the money bag on the floor and died  
She said, 'If you really love me I'll come back alive'  
Hip hop is so fucking dead!

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