Made You Look

Nas

BraveheartsUh, uh, uh, now let's get it all in perspective
For all y'all enjoyment, a song y'all can step wit'
Y'all appointed me to bring rap justice
But I ain't Five-O, y'all know it's Nas-Yo
Grey goose and a whole lotta hydro
Only describe us as soldier survivors
Stay laced in the best, well dressed with finesse
In a white tee lookin' for wifey
Thug girl who fly and talks so nicely
Put her in the coupe so she can feel the nice breeze
We can drive through the city no doubt
But don't say my car's topless, say the titties is out
Newness here's the Anthem
Put your hand up that you shoot with, count your loot wit'
Push the pool stick in your new crib, same hand that you hoop with
Swing around like you stupid, king o'the town, yeah I been that
You know I click-clack where you and your mens at?
Do the Smurf, do the Wop, Baseball Bat
Rooftop like we bringing '88 backThey shootin', Aw made you look
You a slave to a page in my rhyme book
Gettin' Big money, playboy your time's up
Where them gangstas? Where them dimes at?They shootin', Aw made you look
You a slave to a page in my rhyme book
Gettin' Big money, playboy your time's up
Where them gangstas? Where them dimes at?This ain't rappin', this is Street-Hop
Now get up off your ass like your seat's hot
My live niggas lit up the reefer
Trunk o'the car, we got the street sweeper
Don't start none, won't be none
No reason for your mans to panic
You don't want to see no ambulances
Knock a pimp's drink down in his pimp cup
That's the way you get Timberland'd up
Let the music diffuse all the tension
Baller convention, free admission
Hustlers, dealers and killers can move swift
Girls get close, you can feel where the tool's kept
All my just comin' homeys, parolees
Get money, leave the beef alone slowly

Get out my face, you people so phoney
Pull out my waist, the eagle fo-fortyThey shootin', Aw made you look
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Where them gangstas? Where them dimes at?BraveheartsI see niggas runnin', yo my mood is real rude
I lay you out, show you what steel do
Mobsters don't box, my pump shot obliges
Every invitation to fight you punk hazas
Like Pun said, "You ain't even en mi clasa!"
Maybach Benz, back seat, T.V. plasma
Ladies lookin' for athletes or rappers
Whatever you choose, whatever you do
Make sure he a thug and intelligent too
Like a real thoroughbred is, show me love
Lemme feel how the head is
Females whose the sexiest is always the nastiestAnd I like a little sassiness, a lotta class
Mommy reach in your bag, pass the fifth
I'm a leader, at last this a don you wit'
My nines'll spit, niggas loose consciousness

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