Shootouts

Nas

Yo, release what's in me
Besides the Henny, it's eyes that's seen plenty
Fiends get skinny as if Queens was a Craig Jenny
Instead of diet plans it's crack 200 grams
I pump a G-pack, peeping for where the D's at
It's slow, lookin' for Rambo, the cop who got grazed
Back in the days, chasin' niggaz through my project maze
That cop he got a death wish
He run behind niggaz until you breathless
Everyday he makin' ten arrests, sheeit
My nigga check this, I know the bitch he rest with
I even blessed it, forty-dash-ten inspect it
Already checked it Dunn, near his ankle you could see his gun
Peep, he parked his Jeep in the back of the slum
To check Tanisha, fat ass real fly, with the blonde Caesar
Vetacini summer gear, she push the two-seater
I heard she brag about the way he eat her
A Irish man short slim with a tan, they say he laced her Cheeba
She do be lookin' weaker, now her teeth are foul
Speakin' loud, peep her style, in and out of every reefer cloud
Fat ass dissolvin', like cotton candy in a mouth that's starvin'
Rock the same gear daily, like a soldier in my squadron
I heard she let Jake investigate from her window
'Cause she's a nympho, suckin dick and coughin' up info
So now it's set up, her and the beast to get wet up
I know he vest up, we blazin' from the neck up
Yo let me knock first, soon as he open it your glock burst
They had the chains on, son hit the lock first
We busted in the cop jerked, jungle popped one in his shirt
I grabbed the bitch by her tits, she tried to say she Earth
We saw the cameras, tape recorders, and the monitors
They eyein' us, NaS yo he survived one from the fo'-five
Pull his shades down, they seen his last days now
There's no way now, we can be treated just like a slave now
Two in the dome, he's laid down, aiyyo the bitch is saved now
She's living in a snitch grave now
Shootouts is similar to Wild West
Broad daylight, face to face without a vest
You know the episodes, thugs camouflage the spectacles

Please God to save the life that the Devil sold
See, it was written but was never told
Peep the jewels black man, it's even better than gold
Niggaz roll with iron, police roll in hot pursuit
Tryin' to stop the loot, fuck Jake, cock and shoot
Still on the streets with my peeps so deep
We threw a block party for my man goin up creek
To do his two to four, niggaz show love, from all around the board
Peace Lord, Sony Handi-Cam on record
Pop a bottle, 'cause when you come home we still got it sewn
We can watch the tape play back and just zone
Film all the bitches, on the benches with ill extensions
We block the streets off, only crew cars can enter
Music was loud and it was crowded
Barbecued wings we fed the fiends, "Gamble in the back", Killa shouted
And Frank tried to stop the bank loss, about what a Roley cost
Guzzled his drink, and staggered off
He's a Big Will, used to slang krill, now he own the hill
Couldn't take losin' his cash, and I could feel
Somethin' in the air yeah, Frank returned with Pierre
A gunslinger, who niggaz hadn't seen in a year
I usually be holdin', especially this type of weekend
And everyone except for me had started reachin'
They had gats in each others faces, with kids
And grandmothers around, Frank's only concern was his papers
My man Killa let off, half of them fake niggaz jet off
Police blitz quick, waitin' for that to set off
Runnin' the static, it got me mad 'cause they a bunch of faggots
Startin' shit in my hood, I can't have it
Yo High, get the 40-cali stainless, Jake is still out
Let's make it real and still make them niggaz famous
Dip behind trees in fatigues and squeeze, dodge and weave
Hearin' Jake retaliatin', and Wiz was up the alley waitin'
We breeze, jump in the ride, heard Pierre died
Internal bleedin' inside, and ain't been back since ninety-five
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