

# Roses (featuring Nikki Flores)

Nas

Just like a rose  
Everybody knows that you are so beautiful  
But I feel a thorn in my hide  
I should've known, we can't repair what we broke  
But I held you close  
Too close  
I should've left your roses at the door  
They're sharper than before  
And I don't want them no more  
I should've left your roses at the door  
They're sharper than before  
And I don't need them no more I have no time to give you guidance  
Barely have any fuck time either  
Hefner minded like, I think you're fine, but  
I seen the finest women that ever came out a beaver  
Mind reader, can tell she vegan or not when I meet her  
Or if she insecure, most are  
If she's mixed, a possible psycho alert goes off  
Not a judge cause a judge don't wear no draws, yet he allows  
Everything to go to your spouse when you end your vows  
My tax bracket not enough blacks have it  
Who should I date? Project chick or Cuban actress?  
A white chick, they might flip talking that blackness  
Should only attract black shit, I'm an ass magnet  
If you mad at that, you'll be mad forever  
Never played you, I prayed we would stay together  
Wished it'd last forever, know what I mean  
Heard you tear a rose from the roots, the rose screams Just like a rose  
Everybody knows that you are so beautiful  
But I feel a thorn on my hide  
I should've known, we can't repair what we broke  
But I held you close  
Too close Them Xanax can't manage your maniac manic depressive expressions  
They some silent killers, that stress shit  
That put ulcers in a lot of niggas  
I'm blowing medical, it helps chill a violent temper  
I done went to hell and back, you always think you right  
You know when you wrong, and still you want to fight  
When people like my song, you want to kill 'em right?

You resent me every time I make a million right?  
You want to experience life when you calling all the shots  
Ordering bottles for all your girls up in the spot  
Have your own cash, own your own Benz  
Your own house, everything, me, I understand  
Thought you would bask in the glory as Queen Bee  
Put you on under Martin Scorsese: Mean Street  
The first movie he made, thought that was fly  
I thought you was flyer, you a fuckin' liar

Songwriters

FLORES, NIKKI / FENTON, SEAN / SHUCKBURGH, ALEXANDER / JONES, NASIR / WILSON,  
DAN

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