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 moreI 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 screamsJust 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 closeThem 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
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