

Blaze A 50

Nas

Blaze a 50, sit back in the drop top Bezour Bentley
Of course wit me, this chick who'd make Bobby divorce Whitney
Brazilian candy, from Miami
Masseuse, wedding ring on, lovin' Celine Dion
Hate rap, told me where she get caked at
She's a part time dancer, part time romancer
Tries to be a mother when she gets a chance ta
Left her husband, alone to raise they son hes in pampers Modeled for a year, got her bachelors degree
33 recoverin' from plastic surgery
Went from 34B to 36 double D
Met her in San Diego at tha Super Bowl party
Had the Heiny sipped it up, wit Terrell Davis
MVP, we flicked it up from Sports Illustrated
I was silked out, flossin' wit stout, he had the gators
When she walked in, she lit up the room, like Las Vegas Terrell said our mans a full back for the Raiders
A drunk whod cheerleaders and wind up in the papers
It's easy to get the, just don't fall in love
Next thing you know I'm hugged up wit this in tha tub
Palm Springs, Al Capone's Sweate washin' her feet
Is this love? Somebody's wife a thug
Hittin' it raw, tastin' it, wildin' out on my character, tapin' it
Tyra Banks face is face lift, givin' like she knew me for years Pillow talk, she let out tears, told me bout her
husbands affairs
Millions, she would get, if his neck got slit
She rolled the equality, then passed the lie ta me
Told me 'bout her mans life insurance policy
He stays on the golf course, wears Drakkar Sport
Evenings he drinks his wines on his private resort
You can take a man here goes the keys you can slip in the rear
Chop a up, yo, meet me somewhere so we can make more money
Then you could ever see rappin' Split the cash 'n, move to Venezuela
Adaptin' P-11's, A-C-P shells for blastin'
Caught him wit his Spanish maid
He had a liter wit a can of spray
Burnin' her legs, she tied to the bed
Sex S and M, sadomasochistic
Sadistic, yoked her from behind
Blew him out existence His maid cried no, lucky she was blind fold
Naked wit, mad burn marks, all on her thighs yo

Twelve point five million, he kept his funds in the loines of London
Goes to his wife and his children
Yo I thought, what if shorty gets scared, electric chairs all I vision
All she'll probably get is psychiatric supervision
I'll switch the plan, then maybe fly to Switzerland
Fake ID, forge his wife name, catch the next flight the same night
Headed to Spain, nice game, now it's back to where we meet againBlaze a 50, sit back in a drop top Bezour
Bently
Of course wit me, this chick who'd make Bobby divorce Whitney
Top down, nightmare, blow her hair
Sky black, stars glow, the face on the moon stare
Fast lane on the nine-five, honey laughs about the cash
Took a blast, out of her coke bag
Snorted it, started screamin' yo we almost crashed
Earlier I took the coke out, replaced it wit crushed up glass
Her head nodded down to her chest, slowly she fell asleep
Overwhelmed by greed, put to death

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