Who Killed It?

Nas

Look here see
Pretty Mike shanked Two-Face Al over some gal
Found the body dead in the isles
Death by strangulation, microphone cord, a dirty broad
Guess they'll never play it again SamDamn that was my jam, now she's on the lam
She made it out with 200 grand, what a scam!
While these two compete on who's the star of the show
Golden legs there makes off with the doughI read the paper there with Joe the Butcher
He says one glance is all it took ya, she's a real looker
They say her old man's a bootlegger
Transporting in any weather, and at this rate we'll never get herFellas, think it's time to call it a night
All this talk of this mystery dame's gettin' me tight
Thought I saw her in my eyesight, rightHate to spoil the party, what are you guys havin', the same?
Waiter, another round for the gang
It's strange how I always felt outta place
Joe The Butcher's my ace, but in comes Freckle FaceSo I said 'S-see you later'
'Fore I hurt him and his two ugly thumb breakers
He met them in Louisiana wrestling gators
An idiot can tell they're involved with the caperSo I pulled the revolver on my waist up
Between the patrol car and the gray truck
Behind the street lamp was a silhouette
White gloves and a real long cigaretteWhat do ya know all this time she's got me in her scope
She spoke says the Devil got you guys by the throat
Your conspiracy theories won't work without evidence
That's the reason why Eric B is not presidentWell, what do ya say
Ya see?
Ya see?
Ya see?Look here see
I know you got soul your trying to hide it
How did you kill a man out in Cypres
One Eyed Charlie, he only hangs with the criminal minded
Says you guys did it doggy style is he lyin'She says, 'Walk this way I'll tell you a children's story'
We hit the bodega got her a few 40's
We jumped in my ride we drove and she cried
Twisted off the cap there and opened her mouth wideSwallowed it, whole bottle's half empty
Drinks like a fish now she's past tipsy
The truth came out as we got to her suave house
Chopped and screwed, her mouth and sat me on the couchI said it's gettin' late c'mon give it to me straight
Who's ya sponsor lady? She says Bill Gates

What are ya born '77 or '78?
She says, Nah it goes way to an earlier dateSlave times, claims the slaves said rhymes
But she fell in love with some fella named Clive
Who? Clive Campbell from Sedgwick Ave
The Bronx, now she shows me the cashI said who's Clive, don't play with me skirt
She said Clive Campbell, he's Kool HercListen up sweetheart, now we gettin' somewhere
As she's talkin' she starts vanishing in thin air
But before she drops the money bag on the floor and died
She said, If you really love me I'll come back aliveHip hop is so fucking dead!

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