The Message

Nas

Fake thug, no love, you get the slug, CB4 Gusto
Your luck low, I didn't know til I was drunk though
You freak niggas played out, get fucked and ate out
Prostitute turned bitch, I got the gauge out
96 ways I made out, Montana way
The Good-F-E-L-L-A, verbal AK spray
Dipped attache, jumped out the Range, empty out the ashtray
A glass of 'ze make a man Cassius Clay
Red dot plots, murder schemes, thirty-two shotguns
Regulate wit my Dunn's, 17 rocks gleam from one ring
Yo let me let y'all niggas know one thing
There's one life, one love, so there can only be one King
The highlights of living, Vegas style roll dice in linen
Antera spinning on Milleniums, twenty G bets I'm winning them
Threats I'm sending them, Lex with TV sets the minimum
Ill sex adrenaline
Party with villains, a case of Demi-Sec to chase the Henny
Wet any clique, with the semi-tech who want it
Diamonds I flaunt it, chicken-heads flock I lace em
Fried broiled with basil, taste em, crack the legs
Way out of formation, it's horizontal how I have em
Fucking me in the Benz wagon
Can it be Vanity from Last Dragon
Grab your gun it's on though
Shit is grimy, real niggas buck in broad daylight
With the broke Mac it won't spray right
Don't give a fuck who they hit, as long as the drama's lit
Yo, overnight thugs, bug cause they ain't promised shit
Hungry-ass hooligans stay on that piranha shit"I never sleep, cause sleep is the cousin of death"
"I ain't the type of brother made for you to start testing"
"I never sleep, cause sleep is the cousin of death"
"I ain't the type of brother made for you to start testing"
"I never sleep, cause sleep is the cousin of death"
"I ain't the type of brother made for you to start testing"
"I never sleep, cause sleep is the cousin of death"
"I ain't the type of brother made for you to start testing"I peeped you fronting, I was in the Jeep
Sunk in the seat, tinted with heat, beats bumpint
Across the street you was wilding
Talking bout how you ran the Island in eighty-nine

Laying up, playing the yard with crazy shine
I cocked a baby 9 that nigga grave be mine, clanked him
What was he thinking on my corner when it's pay me time
Dug em you owe me cousin something told me plug him
So dumb, felt my leg burn, then it got numb
Spun around and shot one, heard shots and dropped son
Caught a hot one, somebody take this biscuit 'fore the cops come
Then they came asking me my name, what the fuck
I got stitched up and went through
Left the hospital that same night, what
Got my gat back, time to backtrack
I had to drop so how the fuck I get clapped
Black was in the Jeep watching all these scenes speed by
It was a brown Datsun, and yo nobody in my hood got one
That clown nigga's through, blazing at his crew daily
The 'Bridge touched me up severely hear me?
So when I rhyme it's sincerely yours
Be lighting L's sipping Coors, on all floors in project halls
Contemplating war niggas I was cool with before
We used to score together, Uptown copping the raw
But uhh, a thug changes, and love changes
And best friends become strangers, word up"Y'all know my steelo"
"There ain't an army that could strike back"
"Y'all know my steelo"
"There ain't an army that could strike back"
"Y'all know my steelo"
"There ain't an army that could strike back"
"Y'all know my steelo"
"There ain't an army that could strike back"

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/