Smokin'

Nas

Bis-Mi-Allah a-Rahman a-Rahim
To the Gods, to the Gods, to the earths
Pass that shit homeyNow tell me what y'all smokin', what kinda heat y'all holdin'
Well is your creep move potent
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns
I pass 'em to my niggaz c'monWe bi-coastin', keepin' our po-ckets bulgin'
We got the plan in motion
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns
I pass 'em to my niggaz c'monZoom, from outer space he comes
Blunt in his mouth with his hand on his gun
Bitches flappin' they gums, do he be clappin' and shootin' guys
Actor or a movie star, rapper revolutionizedWhat is his race nation or creed?
Is he Arabic, Black, Latin, Asian they read
Magazines say I walked on water, talked to the heavens
Spit at judges, stepped on peasantsBut in reality, I just entered your galaxy
September '73, up in these wild streets
Fuckin' these wild freaks, a harem of hoes
And my mystique got 'em tearin' my clothesNow tell me what y'all smokin', what kinda heat y'all holdin'
Well is your creep move potent
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns
I pass 'em to my niggaz c'monWe bi-coastin', keepin' our po-ckets bulgin'
We got the plan in motion
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns
I pass 'em to my niggaz c'monMy nigga smoke with one lung
If he cough he might die, passin' me trees
The liquor bottle's almost empty
We about to collide, with the enemyOnly way you die if it's meant to be, you fuckin' with a general
No discussion is the principle, we bustin' it's the end of you
Now we knockin' on your mama door
Like we cam to fix the sink, my kind of warDeath, angels comin' for you
Spirit horse runnin' from your body like young guns 1 and 2
Paramedics fightin' for you, who's gon' win?
The hands of time, or the hands of medicineDon't cry, witness your fate, this is your wake
Walk by your casket, spit in your face
Enter the fog dog, the light is your guide
And when you're gone all your niggaz gon' light it with NasNow tell me what y'all smokin', what kinda heat y'all holdin
Well is your creep move potent
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns

I pass 'em to my niggaz c'monWe bi-coastin', keepin' our po-ckets bulgin'
We got the plan in motion
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns
I pass 'em to my niggaz c'monPardon but I gotta question of life now
Look at the nigga next to you right now
Is he real, fake or scared
Do it like this niggaz right hands in the airBall it to a fist and put it over your heart
Now let's say it all together let the ceremony start
I shall, stay real stay true stay holdin' figures
Never put a bitch over my niggazI shall never, cooperate with the law
Never snake me I always hold you down in war
If they take one of mine, I take one of theirs
I never break the oath to the death I swearI swear that's how we pledge allegiance, to the alliance
Of underworld's killers and thugs, though the science
Of a nigga still yet to be found, so light up some green
And pass it around, just pass it aroundNow tell me what y'all smokin', what kinda heat y'all holdin'
Well is your creep move potent
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns
I pass 'em to my niggaz c'monWe bi-coastin', keepin' our po-ckets bulgin'
We got the plan in motion
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns
I pass 'em to my niggaz c'monWanna get high, come smoke with me, smoke with me, light it up
Wanna get high, come smoke with me, smoke with me, light it up
Wanna get high, come smoke with me, smoke with me, light it up
Wanna get high, come smoke with me, smoke with me, light it up

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