Nasty

Nas

Yeah, word
Got some Remy Martin and some good-ass cigars, check it outAyo, late night, candlelight, fiend with diesel in his needle
Queensbridge leader, no equal
I come from the Wheel of Ezekiel
To pop thousand-dollar bottles of scotch, smoke pot and heal the people
Any rebuttal to what I utter get box-cuttered
Count how many bad honeys I slut, it's a high number
Name a nigga under the same sky that I'm under
Who gets money, remain fly, yeah, I wonder
Eyes flutter, it's love when Nas pops up
Stars get starstruck, panties start drippin'
The ways of Carlito, blaze, torpedo cigars
Drop Rolls, hoes drop clothes
Louis the XIII, freaks, women nice size
I ride like Porsches, thick, brown and gorgeous
It ain't my fault, semiautomatic weapons I brought
The world crazy, I'm rich and I'm girl-crazy
Dick 'em, convince 'em all to praise me
They ideology is confusion, I lose 'em
Fellates me, who hate me? My gun off safety
Since the Tunnel and Skate Key, my jewelry in HDSilent rage, pristine in my vintage shades
I'm not in the winters of my life or the beginning stage, I am the dragon
Maserati, pumpin' Biggie, the great legend
Blastin', I'm after the actress who played Faith Evans
My little Jackie Onassis, dig?
I'm so high, I never land like Mike Jackson's crib
Vest on, .45 still crack ya rib sacrilege
Talk trash about the nasty kid
Past nasty now, I'm gross and repulsive, talk money
Is you jokin', cash everywhere, in my bank, in the sofa
In the walls, in the cars, in my wallet, in my pocket
On the floors, ceilings, the safe, bitch, I got all you envy
But don't offend, I'm skinny, but still I'm too big for a Bentley
You are your car, what could represent me
Too Godly to be a Bugatti, you honestly
Must design me somethin' Tommy Mottonic from Queens had before the '90s
Drug dealer call, rush to the bar
Move, niggas, we don't give a fuck who you are

Black card heavy like a magnet, in my stitched denims
Pretty women see them them saggin', bet a hundred stacks
Niggas'll run it back just havin' fun
I ain't even begun to black, light another blunt in fact(Nasty) Yeah, nasty kidFor the hustlers, thick as yellow bitches for the suck of it
Got a bunch of niggas in prison braggin'
Saying it was Nas I used to hustle with
I display fashions while my lungs engage hashish, guns on my waist past his
Since I'm cakin' up, put funds in my safe, laughin'
And joining the blunt passin' you niggas was straight assin'Excuse the vulgarity, I'm still not fully adjusted
Or used to the new fans hearin' me spit rapidly
I never see the whips niggas be claimin' they drivin'
I guess entertainment means blatantly lyin'
Fake it 'til you make it, I've driven those toys
Been in the wars, in the streets, cops kickin' in doors
For my deen niggas, your flow cheap as limousine liquor
I'm no fake rap CD listenerSit back and roll a mean swisher
For my Gs, tell these clowns make room for the king, nigga

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