

Nasty

Nas

Yeah, word

Got some Remy Martin and some good-ass cigars, check it out
Ayo, 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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