Blaze a 50

Nas

Blaze a 50, sit back in the drop top Azure Bentley.
Of course wit me, this chick who'd make Bobby divorce Whitney.
Brazilian candy, from Miami.
Masseuse, wedding ring on, loving Celine Dion.
Hate rap, told me where she get caked at.
Shes a part time danca, part time romanca.
Tries to be a mother when she gets a chance ta.
Left her husband, alone to raise they son hes in pampers.
Modeled for a year, got her bachelors degree.
33 recovering from plastic surgery.
Went from 34B to 36 double D.
Met her in San Diego at the Super Bowl party.
Had the Heiny sipped it up, wit Terrell Davis.
MVP, we flicked it up from Sports Illustrated.
I was silked out, flossing with stout, he had the gators.
When she walked in, she lit up the room, like Las Vegas.
Terrell said our mans a full back for the Raiders.
A drunk who'd fuck cheerleaders and wind up in the papers.
Its easy to get the pussy, just dont fall in love.
Next thing u know im hugged up wit this bitch in tha tub.
Palm Springs, Al Capone's Suite washin her feet.
Is this love? somebody's wife fuckin a thug.
Hitting it raw, tasting it, wildin out on my character, taping it.
Tyra Banks face is face lift, givin head like she knew me for years.
Pillow talk, she let out tears, told me bout her husbands affairs.
Millions, she would get, if his neck got slit.
She rolled the equality, then passed the lye ta me.
Told me bout her mans life insurance policy.
He stays on the golf course, wears Drakkar Sport.
Evenings he drinks his wines on his private resort.
You can take a man here goes the keys you can slip in the rear.
Chop a nigga up, yo, meet me somewhere.
So we can make more money, then you could ever see rapping.
Split the cash 'n, move to Venezuela, adaptin'
P-11's, A-C-P Shells for blasting.
Caught him wit his Spanish maid, he had a liter wit a can of spray.
Burning her legs, she tied to the bed.
Sex S and M, sadomasochistic
Sadistic, yoked her from behind, blew him out existence.

His maid cried no, lucky she was blind fold.
Naked wit, mad burn marks, all on her thighs yo.
Twelve point five million, he kept his funds in the Lloyd's of London.
Goes to his wife and his children.
Yo I thought, what if shorty gets scared, electric chairs all I vision.
All she'll probably get is psychiatric supervision.
I'll switch the plan, then maybe fly to Switzerland.
Fake ID, forge his wife name, catch the next flight the same night.
Headed to Spain, nice game, now its back to where we meet again...Blaze a 50
Sit back in a droptop Bezour Bentley.
Of course wit me, this chick who'd make Bobby divorce Whitney.
Top down, nightmare, blow her hair
Sky black, stars glow, the face on the moon stare.
Fast lane on the nine-five, honey laughs about the cash.
Took a blast, out of her coke bag.
Snorted it, started screaming yo we almost crashed!
Earlier I took the coke out, replaced it wit crushed up glass.
Her head nodded down to her chest, slowly she fell asleep.
Overwhelmed by greed, put to death.

Songwriters
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