

Live from the Bridge

DJ Clue

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Aey yo, this is Nas with my man DJ Clue
The professional part two
Puttin' it down for you fake ass DJ's and shit like that
Straight outta Q.B. all the way around the motherfuckin' world
Black Frank Sinatra on yo' ass
Q.B. Braveheart nigga(Put it on)
Was classified as the bastard who died
Rumors say, I came back alive with an axe
And attacked niggas actin' like Nas, my passion is to capitalize
Come through my hood you get jacked for your ride
Catch you from the passengers side
My words turn the sea red, like the eyes of a weed head
Ya'll peep my led then hide like Easter eggs
I ride 'till the beef is dead, caskets dropped
Your soul go further up than Astronauts I talk it and live it, ya'll weak dudes should offer forgiveness
'Cause frontin' like you, I'll gets yourself torchered by killers
In Newyork I'm the realest predicted by fortune tellers
Sick with the talkin' methods, AK's, Berettas
My whole team is Steelers like Jerome Bettis
Rammin' niggas like St. Louis, we dough getters
And ya'll niggas is losers, nothin' fuckin' with us
Nothin' but Bravehearts gon' hustle wit' us
UhDJ Clue
This is star
Nas
Live from the Bridge When ya'll niggas fall and start makin' 800 collect
Call commercials like Arsenio Hall
I'm on times square on New Years with Dick Clark droppin' the ball
With Kool and the Gang, doin' my thing
Princess cut chains, I bend bitches like bike frames
My tight game will make Hilary leave Bill quick as lightnin'
I'll have her wearin' tight jeans, givin' nice brains in a white Range

Pullin' up to club life, turned her to a thug lifeDamn, I'm sayin', you rollin' with Nastradamus

We flowin' to St. Thomas jewelry box full of stones

So I can change diamonds

Matchin' masterpieces on black sandy beaches

Even the paparazzi tries to peep us

Disguised with dark shades and fake beards

A lucky photographer noticed Tyra Banks here

But I showed the tabloids bogus passports

I told 'em back off before I flip like Castor TroyDJ Clue, Nas

Live from the Bridge

2001

C'mon, c'monLive from the Bridge, cliques stay high from the iz'

Wear the most popular shit, niggas knockin' my shit

Denali's, fat designed rims, 2000 S Benz

Watchin' ESPN with two dime lesbians

I hit it of course, I did it to floss

The last Don, doin' hits like Pepe and Cross

Esco the boss, cash long, niggas think I'm Blacula

'Cause I'm in a castle with a bitch cold waxin' herI leave my teeth marks in hoes, scoop 'em like a spatula

Pass 'em to my peoples and party like a Bachelor

'Til I meet a gangsta bitch, give her banks to hit

In return all she wants to do is drink the dick

Fuck street clothes, we thug it out in Tuxedos

Stomp niggas with hard bottoms in casinos

A hundred Bravehearts vest' up, nigga reload

We keep low, hundred thousand bank ceelo

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