Getting Married

Nas

This ain't no sucka for love shit
This ain't no Huxtable kisses and hug shit, first night we fuck shit
And don't call the next day, this a thug's wedding day
In love? Will we make it? Let us prayIn a Limo, my niggas, my father, my brothers
Everybody in tuxes gettin' blunted
Hard Bottasmov costumes, this ain't no act, though
Factual, the pimp shall scoop no moreYes, I'm absolutely sure
I know that she love me, I know that she faithful
We spoke on a prenuptial agreement 'cuz Will and Jada ain't need it
Spoke on eloping but then I dreaded the thought'Cuz she deserves Cinderella's Ball and the whole shit
But know this, you fuckin' wit a slit ya throat quick
Vehicular explosions, cigar smokin'
Dark-minded, chart climbin', well-spokenSafer world of broke men to rich ones
Throw them phone numbers away 'cuz this is it, hun
Headed to the Chapel, my niggas laughin'
And it's bafflin' 'cuz just a year agoIt's weird, though, I knew I'd get married
To who? I knew not, thought of snatchin' Halle up from the dreadlock
Pumpin' Sade, my head knot
Finally, I met the perfect bitch, pardon my French, rephrase thatSomeone who made my heart stop, couldn't wait to blaze that
Tired of hoppin' from honey to honey
HIV spreadin', everybody bump the same bunnies
The game'll put niggas in they gravesRight before they part ways with the street
I want a son to greet every mornin'
Daughters and more sons tickle my feet
Wife smilin', tellin' me it's time to eat, I'm gettin' marriedSay hello to the man, goodbye to the gigolo
It was difficult for me to find a chick I want
Say hello to the man, goodbye to the gigolo
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It was difficult for me to find a chick I wantIt was my dream for my queen to put the ring on the ride
Even Martin Luther King had a fling on the side
That's what the negative ones say
Knew my wedding would be one day but quickly is this dayI know the hoes gonna miss me
Lookin' at old photos, sayin, "Damn, he used to twist me"
Start chokin' up since I woke up
Bachelor Party was crazy, tryin' hard just to sober upFather, saw me in a daze, nudged me with his left arm
Told me how him and moms went to City Hall, dressed norm'
Said, she would love me Oswald Boateng

Customized in London by guys who suit up kingsGov', you got the ring, Jung', you behave
Maxwell, he gon' sing, invited Lauryn Hill and the gang
Baltimore, North Cacky', Mississippi
Family packed in, my nigga, L is crazy tipsySpilled Pepsi on the cuff links, ginger ale got it out
Walked in the church, just all big to thug it out
My girl walked in glistenin', different stones
'Bout to go from my fiance to Mrs. JonesThat's a union that nobody can touch
I gotta be cool wit' ya crazy aunts and uncles
'Cuz I love you much 'cuz you put up wit my shit
Court cases, baby mommasI make a honest woman outta you yet
Everybody starin' at you, I'm at the alter, standin'
Heart poundin' out my chest like a cannon
I'm happy, one of my groom's menUnder the music says, "Don't do it"
But they just joke, some crew shit
They playin, I'm gleeful, I'm stayin'
I'm stayin' vows that are all true
"Will you take music as your wedded wife?" "I do"
Sike, this ain't about music, y'all know who I'm talkin' to
Gettin' marriedSay hello to the man, goodbye to the gigolo
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Gettin' married

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