Nas' Angels...The Flyest

Nas

I come through in a new double are listening to smiling faces
Check out my jewelry pound in your faces
Italian air forces leather laces with the basket weave
Iron in your face so fast from the draft so sneeze
It's the nastiest, flashiest, turn girls to Massicast
'Cause I be giving them pain, it's a cold world
Bernie Mac will be snappin' on you
But I ain't a joke; you think I'm here to entertain you
Fallen angel after them halos
Nobody moves until I say so, take the money out the safe slow
Escape route and I'm out, I cake out like intimates
like the brightest, the flyestYou got to be the flyest
I know your ass is mean, like you be strappin them
jeans, but you can work it like that
You got to be the flyest
You just take my pumps while standing in your pumps
cause you can work it like that
You got to be the flyest
You just breathe and stare while I'm pulling your hair
cause you can work it like that
You got to be the flyest
You can be Nas's angel, let the largest train you but
you work it like thatUh, Philly rap a hydro, puffing on a line slow
You sea deep need me keep me kickin' like Del Reco
Pull up at the Delano South Beach I know
For King Solomon jury security in the Tahoe
Spandex for money, I stay on the tight
G-packs and weed stacks stay on the flight
Elbow out the left window, okays on the right
Canary out our ears, you know she playing them right
Hilton style, billionaire boys club
Braveheart, ya'll don't want no war with us
Dump a semi-auto made by, I made girls bust
When I hit them full thrust, full throttleYou got to be the flyest
I know your ass is mean, like you be strappin them
jeans, but you can work it like that
You got to be the flyest
You just take my pumps while standing in your pumps
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You got to be the flyest
You just breathe and stare while I'm pulling your hair
cause you can work it like that
You got to be the flyest
You can be Nas's angel, let the largest train you but
you work it like thatBig living, what it tastes like, tapes right, used to hate life
To move an eight, every night was my passion
Pipe bombs safe from stashes, Aston's, Rolls Royces
Cold oysters and many sorts of women shake like horses
I got them peeling out their clothes, really about this dough
Problem, hear me out just scone from my pistol poppin'
It's at my mind, just a mystery school
Brainwash them, then fix them with my tools
Mami hit me with some moves
I'm addicted to spinning, dipping these women in different waters
Watching for dudes with tape recorders on them cause they informants
I been okay with these warmers
Girls harass me and gas me and say that I'm enormousMove your waist girl yeah yeah
Move your waist girl yeah yeah
You got to be Nas's angel
You can be Charlie's angel
You can be Nas's angel

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