

**XTC****"Getting Married"**

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[Nas Yelling]

Picture us married, you and me what?

(Crowd) K-I-S-S-I-N-G

I remember the first time, girl you and me (you and me repeat)

[Verse 1: 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 pray

In the limo my niggaz, my father, my brothers

Everybody in tuxes gettin' blunted

Hard bottles, mob costumes this ain't no act though

Factual, the pimp shall scoop no more

Yes I'm absolutely sure

I know that she love me, I know that she faithful

We spoke on a prenumptial agreement

Cuz Will and Jada ain't need it

Spoke on eloping, but then I deaded the thought

Cuz she deserves cinderella's ball and the whole shit

But know this

You fuckin' wit' a slit your throat quick

Vehicular explosion, cigar smokin', dark minded, chart climbin

Well spokin say farewell to broke men or rich ones

Throw them phone numbers away cuz this is it hun

Headed to the chapel, my niggaz laughin, and its baffling

Cuz just a year ago, it'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 nod

Finally I met the perfect bitch, pardon my French

Rephrase that, someone who make 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, will put niggaz in they grave

Right 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 getting married

[Chorus: Nas] (3X)

Say hello to the man, goodbye to the gigalo  
It was difficult for me to find the chick I want

[Verse 2: Nas]

It was my dream for my queen to put the ring on and  
ride  
Even Martin Luther King had a fling on the side  
That's what the negative one's say  
Knew my wedding would be one day, but quickly its this  
day  
I know the hoes gonna miss me  
lookin' at ol' photos, sayin' damn he used to twist me  
Start chokin' up since I woke up  
Bachelor party was crazy, tryin' hard just to sober up  
Father saw me in a daze, nudged me wit' his left arm  
Told me how him and moms went to city hall, dressed  
norm  
Said she would love me in my Ozwald Boateng  
Customized in London by guys who suitup kings  
Girl, you get the rings young, you behave  
Maxwell he gon' sing, invited Lauryn Hill and the gang  
Baltimore, North Cacky, Mississippi  
Family packed in, My nigga L is crazy tipsy  
Spilled Pepsi on the cuflings, ginger ale got it out  
Walked in the church, chest all big to thug it out  
My girl walked in, glistenin', different stones  
'Bout to go from my fiance' to Mrs. Jones  
That's a union that nobody could touch  
I gotta be cool, wit ur crazy aunts and uncles  
Cuz I love you much, cuz you put up wit' my shit  
Court cases, baby mamas  
I make a honest woman outta you yet  
Everybody starin' at you, I'm at the alter standin  
Heart poundin out my chest like a canon  
I'm happy, One of my groomsmen, under the music,  
says don't do it  
But they just jokes, some crew shit, they playin', I'm  
gleeful  
I'm stayin I'm sayin vowels 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  
I'm getting married

[Chorus]

I'm getting married

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