

XTC**" Made You Look"**

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shotgun blast

old school break beat, thugs chant "Bravehearts!" 7X

[Verse 1: Nas]

Uh, uh, uh, now let's get it all in perspective
For all y'all enjoyment, a song y'all can step wit'
Y'all appointed me to bring rap justice
But I ain't five-O, y'all know it's Nas yo
Grey goose and a whole lotta hydro
Only describe us as soldier survivors
Stay laced in the best, well dressed with finesse
In a white tee lookin for wifie
Thug girl who fly and talks so nicely
Put her in the coupe so she can feel the nice breeze
We can drive thru the city no doubt, but don't say my
car's topless
Say the titties is out, newness here's the anthem
Put your hand up that you shoot with, count your loot
wit'
Push the pool stick in your new crib, same hand that
you hoop with
Swing around like you stu-pid, king'a the town, yeah I
been that
You know I click-clack where you and yor men's at
Do the Smurf, do the Wop, Baseball Bat
Rooftop like we bringing '88 back

[Chorus: Nas]

They shootin'! -- Aw made you look
You a slave to a page in my rhyme book
Gettin' Big/"big" money, playboy your time's up
Where them gangstas? Where them dimes at?

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[Verse 2: Nas]

This ain't rappin, this is Street-Hop
Now get up off your ass like your seat's hot

My live niggaz lit up the reefer
Trunk'a the car we got the streetsweeper
Don't start none, won't be none
No reason for your mans to panic
You don't wanna see no ambulances
Knock a pimp's drink down in his pimp cup
That's the way you get Timberland'd up
Let the music diffuse all the tension
Ball or convention, free admission
Hustlers, dealers and killers'ca move swift
Girls get close, you'ca feel where the tool's kept
All my just-comin' homies, parolees
Get money, leave the beef alone slowly
Get out my face, you people so phoney
Pull out my waist, the eagle fo-forty

[Chorus]

*thugs chanting "Bravehearts!" 4X over DJ scratching
gunshots*

[Verse 3: Nas]

I see niggaz runnin', yo my mood is real rude
I lay you out, show you what steel do
Mobsters don't box, my pump shot obliges
Every invitation to fight you punk hazas
Like Pun said, "You ain't even en mi clase"
Maybach Benz, back seat, tv plasma
Ladies lookin for athletes or rappers
Whatever you choose, whatever you do
Make sure he a thug and intelligent too
Like a real thoroughbred is, show me love
Lemme feel how the head is
Females whose the sexiest is always the nastiest
record scratched off, Nas rhymes acapella
And I like a little sassiness, a lotta class
Mommy reach in your bag, pass the fifth
I'm a leader, at last this a don you wit'
My nines'll spit, niggaz loose consciousness

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