

**XTC****"Nazareth Savage"**

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\*Man laughing\*

[Verse 1: Nas]

I had bad chicks that blow cum bubbles like bubblegum  
Plus they ass lick, summer house be sippin' rum  
Layin' lazy in the recliner, couple days  
In my ashtray, smoke signals from the haze  
I stick my finger through it, the ring of smoke broke  
That symbolize weak guys, pop the strong link off  
The infrastructure caves in, amazin'  
I ain't have to read The Art of War to slay men  
Serve niggaz, bird niggaz speakin' reckless  
When their momma love the kid's records I made  
You gutless, you don't know struggle  
Throw a couple slugs at you, hell grabs you  
Nail stabs a hand of the Nasirine  
I carried the cross to help you afford that plasma  
screen  
Gave you chumps a path to walk, hold my hand  
I'ma guide you like the OG, but don't talk, don't get it  
confused  
'Cause none'a y'all can fit in my shoes  
Y'all made of chemicals, artificial actions  
God'll forgive you bastards  
Only if you repent to the Nazareth Savage

[Verse 2: Nas]

I squeeze nipples like pimples to get the puss, get it?  
Form a crew, swallow forty cal' bullets after dinner's  
finished  
Wash it down with a shot of tequila, pocket full'a scrilla  
Can't come close to, Francis Copala, Samson -- no  
Delilah  
You're pint-sized, I'm mic's eyes with the gladiator  
tattoos on it  
You scared to look too long at, sit on a don's lap  
Tell you a story shorty, spicy like lories  
Chickenheads and orgies, criminals that draw heat in  
their late forties  
Drug habits, love grabbin' kids up like yours  
Sendin' you a picture of them in their drawers with

black eyes  
Savage guys, you hire Magnum PI's to bag up my guys  
Said you was a thug with a good disguise, try to protect  
your cabbage  
You're runnin' from the Nazareth Savage

[Verse 3: Nas]

Son's backward flows, they say mine is very scary  
Smell fear like a canine that finds buried babies  
And all of y'all wear that same aroma  
How to blow on your eighth LP, I'll show ya  
You're wack nigga, face it  
In the history of the game, you have no placement  
Liquor and weed just massacred their mind, or thee  
celebrity  
Or they couldn't change with time, so now they run they  
mouth  
But when the sun go south, them comes come out  
My cavalry woulda been threw ten in your skin  
Casualty you don't wanna be, don't want it with me  
Straight savage

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