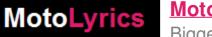
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XTC

"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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