

XTC

"Suspect"

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* 45 seconds of talking/skit *

[Nas]

It was a murder

Jake just hit the corner people swarming

Three in the morning I jumped out my cab like "Fuck,

niggaz is buck," mega bloodshed, the tapes red

I heard some bird whisper, "Yo he should have
ducked"

I puffed the lilla, just before I hit the scene for rilla

I'm all high it's late I'm looking down at the fella

Shit's pushed in, ambulance placed him on some
cushion

His mom's had a stare I wouldn't dare second look
when I murk

It hurt, kind of took it as a brief reminder

that the street's designed to stop your life, plot

The beast in time yeah, cell to cell suspect ass nigga
you fell

First time locked in crime stop my mind blocks the frail

Bursting blasting at your forty cal shell, split your dry
cell

My niggas never snitch why tell

We roll with no regrets, destiny's, fifty's and equities

Queens'll be the death of me

Chorus:

To the suspect witness don't come outside

You might get your shit pushed back tonight

(Suspect witness don't come outside

You might get your shit pushed back tonight)

Chorus

[Nas]

Dear God, I want the riches, money hungry bitches
infested

Giving the jealous niggas sickness, the witness

My crew dresses, in vest-es, feel the essence

Try to test this, scientist, able and reckless

Slaughter, Nautica'd down, frames look petite
Ten millis, mix designed just for my physique
I keep a low pro as if I owe, bless the flow lovely
My pants hang low while I'm dancing, sipping the
bubbly
Hey, me no worry, hashish keep my eyes Chinese
Rollin two Phillies together make blunts Siamese
I meant it, I represent it, descendant made of
early natives that were captured and taught to think
backwards
Trapped us in a cracker psychiatric, it's massive
A Million Man March, alert the masses
Ten glocks, Armani in small print, upon my glasses
Don assassins, armageddon, the wettin'
Never freakin the beast, seven heads, got the
righteous threatened
Life Was Written, the plot curves behind the settin'
Comprehend the grammar, Manfrione -- are you the
type of nigga
to shoot a leg to get your name known? I flip the brain
tome
Niggaz get hit and wrap the plastic
The mic I strike in vain givin the pain of what a Mack is
What you with? Luchi or drama, no sleep means
insomnia
No need to check the clock, the streets are timin you

Chorus

[Nas]

It justifies, Nas Escobar's leavin shit mesmerized
Mega live, like the third world
Decipher my deceiver make him a believer
Spitting jim stars, words in my mic ttype receiver
Bond is my life so I live by my word
Never fraudulent Queensbridge don't make no herbs
Spread my name to deacons, politicians while they
speakin
Rebel to America civilization caught you sleepin

* talkin to fade *

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