

Cheyney Carmina

"Untouchable"

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Nas Escobar:

Yeah, I'd like to welcome everybody that came
I know that I woke y'all up early this mornin', but shit is
real
I need all y'all to come down
so we can talk about these things that's going on man
It's gettin' real

Wizard:

Escobar, repertoire, that's my man
Blowin' up how we expand
Stack grands up, pack vans up, with wild cats
Bustin' live gats
Claimin' that you illa than me, now how's that
In the Bridge hangin' wit the thug menaces
Images of mad loot, and beatin' sentences
Now we livin' large, reminiscin' flippin' on prison
guards
Jumpin' in and out of different cars
On a weekly, Benz or Mitsubishi
Got the flip phone in the strip zone
Satellite dish, 50 inch with the Knicks on
Everday it's real in my life, you live in sitcoms
Real Dons, bustin' out this hustlin' game with the name
See it lights, bitch get it right
Scorsese, capo, black Mercedes
Miami in back, with the crack, the late 80's
Brown Timbs, and thousands
Now we on to some real doe
How does it feel to count a mil?
What you bug?
Throw a party and show love
to the same cats after your stacks who throw slugs

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