

Amy Winehouse "Like Smoke"

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[Chorus]

I never wanted you to be my man
I just needed company
Don't want to get dependent on
Your time or who you spend it on
But you lose it when you love the man
Like smoke, I hung around in the unbalanced
Woah, ohhhh!

[Nas]

It's not a movie, this is not a script to proofread
I'll spit some untruths to dumb fools and groupies
Fun to punctuate, pronounce the funds I make
The miles I take, put in your face
Oh my mistake, you're not a floozy? Then excuse me
Before I talk, my style introduced me
Get your name and phone number like 1-2-3
Y'all know the story, y'all know the commentary
I kick the narrative, this is legendary
The good Samaritan, hood thespian
Like a polygamist, with a twist
Will I marry again? Maybe, I guess
I hold a lady's interest, I just met
The love scholar, she the teacher's pet
Every other eve we meet and make each other sweat
I feel triumphant, no strings
Just a fling to have fun with
I be out in London, Camden
Huntin' for the answers, why did God take away the
homie?
I can't stand it
I'm a firm believer that we all meet up in eternity
Just hope the big man show me some courtesy
Why? 'Cause I'm deemed a heart breaker
Like smoke, girls linger 'round a player
Yeaha

[Chorus]

I never wanted you to be my man
I just needed company
Don't want to get dependent on
Your time or who you spend it on

But you lose it when you love that man
Like smoke, I hung around in the unbalanced
Woah, ohhhh!

[Nas]

Yo, this recession is a test
It's affecting my complexion
Misdirection my affection
My concerns are bill collections
The facts is the taxes, they after me
Chapter three, my property
My handlers, they dealt with me improperly
I say some things I should probably keep privately
Evaluate the world bank trusts like I'm IEG
Those fly suites and my bourgeoisie
Tall freak, she wouldn't protest with me at Wall Street
She says, no you're so deep
I said, no let's go through it
Historically so ruthless feds came for Joe Louis
She said, my man you need to laugh sometimes
Classify me as a whore, I tell her have some wine
You colder than penguin pussy, at her dismay
She's thinkin' that shit's so silly to say
But if you really think about it, hussy
See a penguin, he drags his ass on the ground all day
And it's a drag, and it's a bust,
You're in tune with just lust
I'm through with you after I crush, so is that humorous
enough?
The smoke I puff
Tell the car to go to Aura, Funky Buddah, Whisky Mist
on Mayfair
I hope I meet some Monie Love so she can show me
love
NYC to UK I might stay there
Everybody in the club tonight say, "Yeah"
You know how me and Amy are, straight players

Ohh, ohh, ooooohh, ohh

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