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## Corinne Bailey Rae "Fuck Nas And Nature"

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(Yo Son, this person's all on your shit)
Nah what's this?
(Nigga Nas tried to commit, yeah word em up)
Not that nigga, not that nigga that nigga's too pretty
(You gotta do somethin man, you gotta do somethin man, word up)
Take that nigga to war
Yo Nature, listen man

In a ja'causezi flashin, splashin like a uzi BIASTIN Much love for thugs, God bless B.I., askin "Whattup with Cormega?" Live niggaz keep askin The exhibition, flexin, throw my extra clip in Chrome bugotti VVS's, check it Niggaz talkin bout, how real they kept it on record Screamin out, Q.B.C. but don't rep it Am I my brothers keeper or a faggot in love with reefer? My Far Rock' niggaz would love to meet ya "Life's a Bitch" but shit gets deeper, fuck gold chains and sneakers I had dat, when cocaine was cheaper Yo, who this fake nigga soundin like me? You wanna be me, but can't see a thousand like me I'm loungin, you're like bookies on housin You see my team comin and your heart starts poundin You shook, getting paid off the book Niggaz jeal-ous, my LS is off the hook You see the Lex, you fake ass thug, you need respect Or be another nigga that my fuckin heater wet My poetry is manifest, the words be correct My empire rise, now my enemies are vexed Yo Nature you finished, yo Nas you next

Yeah, clear my little man Youknowhatl'msayin, Nas It ain't nuttin personal, it's all business yaknahmsayin? You let your little faggot ass man come around me But my man got a few words he wanna say to you

Nature you fake cat, try to be down and got your chain

snatched

Took the shit, and your little brother's tape back Now you against the Mega star, puffin hundred stacks in a Lex, LS, chewing on Escobars but they too sweet, burn my teeth Firm don't want no beef, burn the wonder Five stars, Q.B. the Desert Storm The Mobb exclusive, check out the new kid on the next hit Find the illest kicks, play the strength, what the writer bent Hover from night to light, now push the tightest shit The tighest click, we're airtight Roll deep and wear Air Nikes, some to scare some the bear type But we rock mics and jams, like gats we cock twice Runnin with the pretty boys, bitches say that's not nice Straight out the 'Bridge, my DeLorean, showbiz And if you wanna sign me you can find me where the coke is I'm a nightmare to "Street Dreamin" Nigga your whole crew is twenty-two's, my dudes street sweepin Prepared, never scared, ones to bolster Flex I'm ill, everything's real, ain't no special effects Yeah, bring the drama, I like the fuckin trauma A gladiator, rocking steel plated armor Yeah, you wanna step to me, you'd better bring a referee My name is 'Mega, y'all niggaz scared to death of me Yeah your man asked, I'm like a Columbian refugee Murder any nigga in sight, any day or night You see me in a jet black Lex, the coke's white Lampin on the Hill, that nigga Nature thought he ill I fucked his ass up like I'm Holyfield The Real Deal, Montana, drama for short Of course, yeah, the fucking boss

Yeah, that nigga Nature talk about he takin my spot Took one punch to the face, and just dropped

It's over La, I don't even know why you even won't try to come at me This is Cor motherfuckin Mega You know I'm the baddest you fuckin faggot I'll fuck you up That's why my man took your fuckin gold chain And now he's wearin your shit in the projects, you're a fuckin bitch Knahmsayin Nas? You need to you need to you need to Get a fuckin fireproof fuckin van that's how you come

through The projects or niggaz'll burn your shit down Them niggaz is idiots, yo Talkin about "Street Dreams" rockin a pink ass suit What the fuck kind of dreams you niggaz workin with, man? Last crack y'all niggaz sold was y'all ass! You fuck with me, you're fuckin with the best, man, knahmsayin? But y'all niggaz ain't ready for fucking war Y'all ain't ready for the motherfuckin, the gun battles Or the beatings on sight man Don't fuck with me man, I got no more to say man Trick ass bay-atches!

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