

E-40**"N.A.S.A Music"**

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Intro: (E-40 and Method Man)

Uhh! Hey Meth Merchant!

Method Man Meth, what's up boy? What's upper? Trying
to get my ones up...

Crack Alley Studios mang,

It's Freezy mang, Paul Revere mang, we doin thi shit,

You know it's good, 40 Water, you'se a pimp nigga,
look out!

Verse: (E-40)

They call me Paul Revere, 40 Water cause I like to
Ball. Things be going in one ear,
And out the other one y'all.

Never had a chance to be an infant,

I had to walk before I crawled, had to dang near raise
my siblings

Mama worked 3 jobs,

Seen a lot of pan handlin' and gritt'in,

Chicken flippin and dealin,

Dudes coming up missing,

Empty banana clippin

It's been happening quite often

They pull up on the side and turn your car into a coffin

And ain't nobody talking because that's the rules of the
soil

We beef over rap, the government beef over oil

We beef in the track

They beat on sacred, royal, ancient hold grounds...

Thinking that it's righteous, way out of bounds!

Chorus:(Method Man)

From New York to the Bay yo

Sao Paulo to LA yo, nobody move until we say so

They wanna know who got that N.A.S.A. music

From New York to the Bay yo

Sao Paulo to LA yo, nobody move until we say so

They wanna know who got that N.A.S.A. music

Verse: (Method Man)

Another day, another dollar,

Meth squeeze a dollar til it holler

Miss holler you either spit or swallow
Meet me at the same place, same time tomorrow
Take the R out of brotha, but I ain't trying to botha

Verse: (E-40)

MP5's, bush masters, Chinese AKs,
Alley ways, Shallow, grim, dark murky days.
Slappin dominos on the porch wid it
Real mannish wid it, I rip it
Spit for the less fortunate, me and Meth Merchant
I call him Meth Merchant because he's dope
We in this booch perkin and we stoked
They say there ain't no future in our hope
No life in our breath, scared to die

But quick to take a death

Verse (Method Man)

Little Johnny on the block, about to glot like clot
With his body in the drop, damn a little mommy hot
Off top, I want everything that little mommy got
And if I look sober that means I'm probably not

Chorus: (Method Man and E-40)

From New York to the Bay yo
Sao Paulo to LA yo, nobody move until we say so
They wanna know who got that N.A.S.A. music
From New York to the Bay yo
Sao Paulo to LA yo, nobody move until we say so
They wanna know who got that N.A.S.A. music

Verse: (Method Man and E-40)

I'm with the kid from The Yay
40 Water man I'm missing them days
When we took swallows of the good life and pissed it
away
Real drama daddy listen to Slay
He got the kid from the Big Apple
With the biggest fish in the bay
We off the books money, now look money
See I ain't laughing when it look funny
Or at them funny niggas that took from me
That's why the crook of the crooks honey, I'm hungry
Trying to find this snow bunny to cook for me
This nigga got his own repertoire
A beast and I rep, blase blah
The greatest Allahu Akbar!
What's famous when you're dangerous and what's a
star
When the cops hate us cause of who the fuck we are?
If I was Paris Hilton you wouldn't stop my car

You'd be in the passenger seat trying to pop a bra
Nigga I play for keeps while y'all just play
With Crack Alley Music got em hooked N.A.S.A.

Chorus: (Method Man and E-40)
From New York to the Bay yo
Sao Paulo to LA yo, nobody move until we say so
They wanna know who got that N.A.S.A. music
From New York to the Bay yo
Sao Paulo to LA yo, nobody move until we say so
They wanna know who got that N.A.S.A. music

Outro: (Method Man and E-40)
Y'all thought it was safe muhfuckers! (N.A.S.A. Music)
Aww shit we bridging the gap! (N.A.S.A. Music)
Weast coast, West coast, let's go! (N.A.S.A. Music uhhh)

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