

## Joe Esposito

### "Tick Tock"

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[Intro - Nas]

Uhh yeah yeah yo

It goes Tick Tock this is for my niggaz in the Bridge,  
blocks

Comin' through better hide your wristwatch

Because niggaz well live they shits pop

Hey hey

Tick Tock this is for my hoes make your hips rock

Light a L baby let the Crys' pop

Get your Tick Tock from this hip hop, anyday

[Verse 1 - Nas]

5-8 with double-X-L pen saggin' blunts draggin'

But never lived well, imagine, a felon on a two-way  
street

One way is where blood money coke and homicide leap

The other street opportunity the chance to live sweet

Think positive k-knowledgement k-cypher complete

So you can be an architect design appartments and  
shit

Or you can wind up on a jail bus dirty in clip

Soon as I'm on the set I'm never on a chick I play it cool

But still ain't pussy muscles get wet it's just the booze

Check my niggaz, what's the gossip, what's the word

Puff some herb, all I see is niggaz runnin', chin shots

All I heard, dip behind the car, see somebody on the  
ground

Ambulance came and got 'em they start calmin' down

Now it's back to the same old shit, you know, the

Tarzan and Jane-o shit

In the jungle swingin' on vines, I saw the gat with the  
same old clip

Another nigga layin' the hit, bloodied up, scream that  
I'm dyin'

I be in Queens where the famous hood rats and ghetto  
stars are

Pimps do the shuffle at night with slutty bars pah

[Hook - Nas]

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[Verse 2 - Prodigy]

It's like this nigga  
It's on, toilet up for me, roll that shit big  
While I reveal the story of a wild street kid  
Cock your seat back, relax, while I spit  
The spittin' image of how I live  
Well first I was hollyin' for years by them old timer  
clicks  
I was like twelve, they was like, blood, listen  
Keep your mouth closed and your eyes and your ears  
wide open  
Gangsta, I soaked it all in, my first ammo was a one  
shot  
Deuce deuce, had my pockets full of bullets I was real  
loose  
Thug parties out in wave crash always got shot up  
Thug parties out in Queensbridge always got shot up  
No wonder we bugged out it gets so frantic  
Niggaz aim on the fight, we cut yo melon  
Drinkin' that old english red bull and blue bull  
Mean I draggin' with that cheap shit fuck it we was  
broke  
Little badass, my nigga Rap sat me down, like this  
He said: P you gon' wind up dead  
You and Hav' real good with that music shit  
You need to stick to it, dunn, get your mind of the  
street  
And it stuck in the back of my head, though  
I still did my little bit of menacin'  
Ain't nothing in bringin' out some broad daylight  
Like these things really happen niggaz get cut up  
I put it in my rappin'  
It's non fiction it's the real deal fiscale  
It couldn't get more graphic I'm so trail  
I said it's non fiction it's the real deal fiscale  
City you havin' let me touch that ass

[Hook]

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