

Mark Morrison**"B EZ"**

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(Nas talking)

I heard that nigga Capone's home yo...word to
Motha..that nigga Nore'
doin' his mothafuckin' thing...thugged out
entertainment...knowwhat!msayin'?, niggas still in the
streets...lll
Will, Braveheart nigga, there's a thin line between
streets and
business..so we gotta have balance and be easy...

Verse 1: (Nas)

I heard you fags wanna catch me off guard
put Tecks to my heart, the death of Escobar
under your breath, whispers in the dark
I hear it 'cause the street ain't loyal to choose sides
prepare for the beef, whoever lose dies
rich and I'm thuggin'
I can't trust nothin', this bitch that I'm fuckin'
this clip that I'm bustin' could jam in my fist
look at my hand, finger pussy with expensive rings
cut coke cookies, wrote poetry
and broke noses B.
the voice from Heaven
I'm God sent, of course a legend
this is part 1, speak my sermon, the hood reverand
blunted eyes red
C-Class, a Hundred times Five Red
CD's blast, speed fast, haters drop dead
I'm gorgeous
black Goddess flip the arm rest, flip the cordless
her body stacks the best, ass is flawless
finally the long awaited shit, ghetto people
the sequel
Nas, CNN, nobody's equal.

Chorus

Yo, Be easy
keep the club off the heezy
straight thugs in the back, drink creezy
be easy, but we still smoke treezy
see us rippin' the shows with thugged eezy.

Verse 2: (Capone)

Niggas picked me the boss

Ricky Ross

Lex Two-Fifty Horse power, click and devour the source

if it's flour then swallow your loss

I cock Fours, kick in Poppi's doors

all for the cash and the cause

niggas break big fractions of laws

so what, we got it sewn up, smack every cat on the board

I speak the truth, guns spit at you, shakin' my palm

it's pitiful, wavin' my wand

The Don, a Hundred follow me like Farrakhan

chasin' my Henny, embrace Benny's

it's quite Frank, my niggas 'll kill, never waste a Penny

money stay well invested

feel the weight on my necklace

when death is too close flip the next shit

thug the game out

bust biscuits, pull the Range out

public enemy, QueensBridge where I hang out

sweet scent of weed I wear like a fragrance

my energy's kinetic, mind power type ancient.

Chorus

Verse 3: (Noreaga)

I see death through the corner, die, kingdom come

Six 500's, pull up right in front of the slum

Sticky green fingers soldiers of the great God

Clarence spoke to the poor but he lived in Oz

An ill hook like Roy Jones, I'm a street corner bastard

and crush weed with the hashish

Bandana head dome wrapped

Caddy trucks with the grills and the chrome snaps

I'm on point like Al Sharpton, come peep the M.U.

marksman

The S-Class is shittin' on your weak Datsun

Graffiti written on the Bible, my life is wicked

I see dead corpses, and Rolls Royces

Put your heart on your lap, listen you hear voices

My whole persona is the drama and to smoke skama

I can lift it up, Willy what in front of your slut

Money bustin out my pocket, your bank is stopped

Chorus

