

Nas

"Accident Murderers"

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You cocked back
You thought you had it planned, you thought you had
your man
He saw you comin', he ran when you tried to blast that
man
You missed him by inches, he sprinted
Some of his boys on the corner was who your bullets
entered
Two of 'em pull through, but one didn't, son's finished
You took the life of him
The part about it that's crazy, you was aight with him
Tight with him, why was he in the way?
Why was he standin' next to the enemy that specific
day?
His style never hollas loud, stays reclusive
Good dude, got that look like he always about to do
shit
Side of his mouth toothpick, one eyebrow raised
Got into it with dude who still tried to live out his old
wild out days
They never had no probs
Somehow they rubbed each other wrong like a bad
massage
These two different personalities had to collide
Niggas could not aim and innocent niggas died
You ask why, cause of a

Accident murderer, act like you killed on purpose
Liars brag, you put work in
You ain't mean to murk him, your gun's a virgin
Streets are full of them, read the bulletin
Accident murderer
You just a accident murderer

We grew up doin' graffiti
Now hollows is gettin' heated
Seated in foreign cars, constantly gettin' weeded
Proceeded to count profits, I know they got on
binoculars
But fuck 'em all, we ballin' 'til they come lock us up
Twenty to life, I'm clubbin' blowin' twenty tonight
We the Marlboro, Marley Marlin' all through the night

Addicted to wealth, never cold turkey to war
Snatch a tec off the shelf, live forever that's Insh'Allah
Memoirs of a rich nigga
Sweat suits, gold chains, old drug dealers
New Benz, chrome rims are for show, killer
You niggas accidental shoppers in back of the limo
Pay your tithes, stay alive, can't be dodgin' my clique
Hundred check, I use your bitch for some bargainin'
chips
In a hole, sell your home nigga don't sell your soul
This forty-five in control, God forgives and I don't

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Accident murderer, accident murderer
You just an accident murderer

Yo, for my nigga that got killed, got hit up
Vodka spills on the concrete, light a swisha, we miss ya
And for that girl who never made it home, shot in the
dome
How they gon' kill that beautiful sista?

Violent adolescents, homicidal with weapons
Not a lot of knowledge inside of they minds, that I'm
guessin'
Tell me who you impressin'?
Shooters I knew them when they was babies, I used to
test them
Make 'em throw up they hands, choke 'em out playin'
wrestlin'
Watch 'em grow to a man, I see them now they reppin'
But they cold-blooded, homie, wonderin' where the
respect went
Can't play with these little niggas, gangsta little niggas
Can't hang with these little niggas, they killin', they
reckless
Wish I could build with him, but will he change really?
Some real killers, I think of Wayne Perry
Fake 'til my nigga draws, what you want a name? Tell
me
You ain't mean to kill him, it wasn't necessary

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