

## Nas

# "Blood, New Version"

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Italiano motto  
Train like Cus Damato  
Guard your plant  
Recline low black milano  
Blessed God feelin kosher  
One in the top of the toaster  
???  
My nine is stuck in a holster  
Dump quick  
Chasing my dick  
Made a bum bitch rich  
???  
Heard she naked in jail flicks  
Mamacita  
Black widow turned to be a back seater  
Satin pillows a pimpstress in willow  
Cookin my blow and heads low  
Eye swellin  
The son of the grain  
I gotta split my wife's melon  
So I can see the seven seeds of my circumference  
Beaver lunged it  
Polishin pistols at the gunsmith  
Clever  
My mama told me take cheddar  
Buy slugs or drugs whatever calculate better  
When cakes measured  
Lock the front door secure  
See the gleaming white crystal when its pure

Fuck the snake hoes and jealous ass niggas  
That smash your Benz windows  
Detecting fake niggas signals  
Yo live niggas get it too  
Scarin rappers like the fed time Gotti was acquitted to  
Bloodshot red eyes high  
Yellow envelopes of la  
Opening cigars let tobacco fly  
Kicks matchin my shit my gun on  
Thinkin of names for my mans unborn  
Spill the Puerto Rican rum on imaginary graves  
Put my hat on my waves

Latter Day Saints scream religious praise  
Heat grazed the baby yo  
Foul shit made a welfare mom crazy  
More bodies drop by the razor yo  
Paces flow  
Grisly thoughts for makin dough  
Haitian bitch cast a spell on my life for cash flow  
So now its on never wasted a slug  
Time is money  
When it comes to mine  
Take it in Blood

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