

Nas**"I'm A Villian"**Visit "[I'm A Villian](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm the nigga walkin with his finger on the trigger
Make enough figures until my pockets get bigger
I ain't the type of brother made for you to start testin
Gimme a Smith-N-Wessun I'll have niggaz undressin
I'm rollin with a mob and runnin from the cops
Drive stolen cars and shoot miniglocks
A marijuana addict, if niggaz want static
They had it, cause I flip just like a acrobatic
I'm always on the corners rollin up Sess
When I dress it's never nothin less than Guess
So I walk with a bop and my hat turned back
Love commitin sins and my friends sell crack
I got it goin on, when ? is strong
Sip Don Peruan and then carry on
Army certified, keep a Rent-A-Ride
Strippin mad hoes and keep it to the side
See I'm the type of brother who keeps a four-pounder
Start a lot of shit and shoot at out of towners
At every block party, I try to catch a body
Or for props, till your pops call the cops
See now I'm on the run, but still havin fun
Livin by the Mack, my gear is all black
I keep killin, because I'm ready and I'm willin
And I'm a villian.

I got beef with the President and still lovin it
Tryin to make plans to overthrow the government
It won't work cause niggaz don't believe enough
They'd rather stand on the corners and receive a cuff
I'm runnin rich, you don't like the sound of this
Rebel, but this country doesn't want me
They'd rather hunt me, but they'd never catch us all
Why you fuckin with the dealers while you're sticking up
the malls?
Full of anger, all about danger
Pullin out my banger, stabbin up a stranger
I hear Walkie Talkies in my sleep
I use a whole lot of slang when I speak
Walkin with a vest, the projects is where I rest
And the streets keep me stressed
Staring at your face, waiting for you to make a sound

That's when I take you down, shoot you up and suit you
up
All in black, and put you in a box
A hard rock with a .25 in my socks
Aiming at your temple, so take the diamonds off your
hands
I'm buckwild like Billy Van Danns
?, words are crystal clear
And issues of fear
The maniac keeps killing, I'm known as a outlaw
Cause I'm a villain.

I keep pullin tricks out the barrels of a Magnum
Put em to sleep and leave the Doc to ? them
A outlaw, although I never wear a holster
In every county you see my face that's on a poster
Hear so many gunshots my eardrums should pop
I sight ya stop, I'm seeing mad niggaz drop
To the concrete, I got police puttin chalk on the street
and this is done once a week
I'm out to kill, like Navy Seals
I'm crazy ill, and what I can't do my .380 will
I never play with a AK
Because I'm fine with a .9 and if caught I'll do lesser
time
Sometimes you gotta plan shit, and understand it
See I'm a bandit whose hand'll itch
without a gun it, .9's is runnin it
I stay blooded I'm the project's most wanted
My voice is like magic
My cassette is the clip and your radio's the Automatic
So when I'm in your town, 'duck down'
I take fire whatever you desire
But I'm on point you might miss
Never fight this, should be sightless when I strike this
So roll the dice, I'm stoppin a ?
It's ill how I got the pen droppin the ink
No one can stop this Apocalypse
Show your record player a method layer so run until
you're Mayor
Nas the parlayer, you better say your prayer
I'm the New York City slayer
I play high post and then lay low
Parlay slow I wear horns, not a halo
And keep killin
Cause I'm a villian.

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