

# Nas

## "Made You Look Remix Featuring Nas, Jadakiss & Ludacris"

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I need it from the top, ahh  
This is history baby  
Commissioner Steve Stoute, Lenny, ha  
God's Son, whattup?  
D-Block, whattup?  
Brave hearts, whattup? Yeah  
Yeah, yo

Yo, ain't nothin' but trouble God  
When I kick in the door with D-Block, brave hearts and  
the Double R  
Don't make me let the machine off  
This is methadone music that you can lean off

'Made You Look', the remix with me up on it  
I copped your shit, now I break weed up on it  
And everything is real I see  
Like my niggaz that been home but they only got a jail  
ID

I helped the game, it ain't help me  
I'm top five dead or alive and that's just off one LP  
And, I still buzz, they feel 'cuz  
'Cause they know the flow's I'll just like Will was

I'm just tryin' to make sure that my son's wealthy  
Out of shape, but I make sure that my gun's healthy  
I'm a ape, you can't stand 'Kiss  
Comin' through the hood in a Aston, vanguish the color  
of dandruff

They said, we jumped him, I just let the gun snuff him  
Copped P then turboed soon as they uncuff him  
This goes out to all of your mans  
Why put you in the verse, when I can put in a coroner  
van, D-Block

They shootin', ah made you look  
You a slave to a page in my rhyme book  
Gettin' big money, playboy your time's up  
Where them gangsters, where them dimes at?

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Yuh, woo, it's time to go, Luda let's go  
I'm from the school of hard knocks, sneak peeks and  
low blows  
Where X's mark spots and kitchens mark O's  
Where love is gon' getcha and hate is gon' snitch ya

And fingers squeeze triggers like boa constrictors  
It's the, Mr. Luda, Jada and Nas  
And our bullets give you a deep tissue massage  
So, hear a song and dance while I make these ends

You never stood half a chance like Siamese Twins  
Ahh, they shootin', look in the barrel  
Then he made the front page of the Miami Herald  
Or Chi. Tribune, nozzles with silent doom

We in that A-Town Journal-list, filed with goons  
You should print my information, quote my rhyme  
And keep me in between these New York and L.A.  
Times  
I was the victim of society, it's 'Cris the menace  
With mo' shit out on the streets than evicted tenants

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Gettin' big money, playboy your time's up  
Where them gangsters, where them dimes at?

Uhh uhh  
(Brave hearts, brave hearts, brave hearts, brave  
hearts)  
Jungle, Wiz, Nashawn  
We got 'em scared look  
We got 'em scared they runnin'

Yo, I grasp the ratchet, the blinker, the biscuit, the  
burner  
The heat, the toaster, the twister you meetin' your  
owner  
The banger, the hammer, the flamers I aim at the  
cannons  
And can ya, manhandlin' ya, you'll be famous like  
cancer do

And cut, that's the end of your movie

Pretendin' you actin' like you and your mens'll come  
shoot me  
My tennis shoes Gucci, old school pea soup green  
Jean Lee suit on Beaver, clicko champagne

Friday the 13th, my CD drop, I rhyme to more base than  
EZ rock  
I'm Jason, call up P.D. watch  
Them brave hearts, Jungle and Wiz and Nashawn  
I'll will rasta Lake, never revealin' his face on  
TV or pictures or even them niggaz

Sorry that I made you wait long, glad them fakes gone  
We shootin', squeezin' them triggers with Luda beside  
me  
Me and 'Kiss get Luniz of weed, set to Styles P.  
Tell him hold his head, God's son got him we made  
y'all look  
From San Quentin' to Riker's Island too

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