

## Nas "Suspect"

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It was a murder, Jake just hit the corner people  
swarmin'

Three in the mornin' I jumped out my cab like fuck  
Niggaz is buck, mega bloodshed, the tapes red  
I heard some bird whisper, "Yo he should have  
ducked"

I puffed the lilla, just before I hit the scene for rilla  
I'm all high it's late I'm lookin' down at the fella  
Shit's pushed in, ambulance placed him on some  
cushion  
His mom's had a stare, I wouldn't dare second look  
when I murk

It hurt, kind of took it as a brief reminder  
That the street's designed to stop your life, plot  
The beast in time, yeah, cell to cell suspect ass nigga  
you fell  
First time locked in crime stop my mind blocks the frail

Burstin', blastin' at your forty cal shell, split your dry  
cell  
My niggas never snitch why tell  
We roll with no regrets, destiny's, fifty's and equities  
Queens'll be the death of me

To the suspect witness don't come outside  
You might get your shit pushed back tonight  
Suspect witness don't come outside  
You might get your shit pushed back tonight

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Dear God, I want the riches, money hungry bitches  
infested  
Givin' the jealous niggas sickness, the witness  
My crew dresses, in vest-es, feel the essence  
Try to test this, scientist, able and reckless

Slaughter, Nautica'd down, frames look petite  
Ten millis, mix designed just for my physique  
I keep a low pro as if I owe, bless the flow lovely  
My pants hang low while I'm dancin', sippin' the bubbly

Hey, me no worry, hashish keep my eyes Chinese  
Rollin' two Phillies together make blunts Siamese  
I meant it, I represent it, descendant made of  
Early natives that were captured and taught to think  
backwards

Trapped us in a cracker psychiatric, it's massive  
A Million Man March, alert the masses  
Ten glocks, Armani in small print, upon my glasses  
Don assassins, armageddon, the wettin'

Never freakin' the beast, seven heads, got the  
righteous threatened  
Life was written, the plot curves behind the settin'  
Comprehend the grammar, Manfrione  
Are you the type of nigga to shoot a leg to get your  
name known?

I flip the brain tome, niggaz get hit and wrap the plastic  
The mic I strike in vain givin' the pain of what a Mack is  
What you with? Luchi or drama, no sleep means  
insomnia  
No need to check the clock, the streets are timin' you

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It justifies, Nas Escobar's leavin' shit mesmerized  
Mega live, like the third world  
Decipher my deceiver make him a believer  
Spittin' jim stars, words in my mic type receiver

Bond is my life so I live by my word  
Never fraudulent Queensbridge don't make no herbs  
Spread my name to deacons, politicians while they  
speakin'  
Rebel to America civilization caught you sleepin'

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