

Nas**"The Black Bond"**Visit "[The Black Bond](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Nas]

I pull a string on a lamp and shit darkens
I'm living in an elegant Moroccan apartment
Proletarian chicks sparkin
Convo weak, and I don't really care for her jargon
Balcony is windy, looking at the stars and
I be on the Henny woozy in the head, wobblin
Gucci pillow on the bed while she giving noggin
Listening and tripping off the Maxwell album
Thinking I should leave to a European island
Bristol(?) or Spain I'll bring a book about Stalin
Then I'm serenaded with the violin
But shorty not qualified to be took to that kind of outing
Gotta be a fly bitch to hang around that fly shit
Fine dining, Olive Garden
Nah bitch, Nas is in the real deal food spots on the
constant
Pick the right wine, a Chianti to wash it
Lifestyle encompasses top notch watches
Rolexes, synonymous shit I'm coppin
Ask her has she been around duffle bags
Full of that fuck you cash
Get off the jet with me in heels, I'll cup your ass
Lookin in my eyes sayin "Nas, you one lucky bastard"
Grip your clutch, you get finger fucked in the
passenger
Hit the Dutch, I blow smoke out, music and laughter
See us in the coupe flying past ya

[Verse 2: Nas]

Esco, dress code, it changes
Herrod's in England
Back to the star spangled labels in my closet hanging
Counting wonder(?) in the tundra
Can't humble (?) the disgruntled when I come through,
confront ya
Let nothing slide, sly remarks
You must wanna die, but you frontin wild
When we all know you pumpkin pie
When we in the bus(?) we fly better shit than Emirates
To Dubai, to the Chi(?), I'm a crucial conflict

Heaven sent, cause a storm, typhoon flood you out
You are(?) what a thug about? I'm a fuckin juggernaut
Never sleep, never tire, keep a freak I tie up
Who don't speak, she quiet
So I can think, conspire
On my feet's a ?, and sometimes sneakers
Wear ties at the Setai Miami time-pieces
Are from Zurich. It's like I'm allergic
To non-oxidolic non(?)
Give it to you raw so you can feel it

Verse 1:

I pull a string on the lamp, that shit darkens
I'm livin' in an elegant Moroccan apartment
Proletarian chicks sparkin'
Convo weak, and I don't really care for her jargon
Balcony is windy, lookin' at the stars and
I be in the Henny, woozy in the head, wobblin'
Gucci pillow on the bed, while she givin' noggin
Listenin' and trippin' off the Maxwell album
Thinkin' I should leave to a European island
(Bristol?) Spain, bring a book about stylin'
Dinner serenaded with a violin
But shorty not qualified to be took to that kind of outing
Gotta be a fly bitch to hang around that fly shit
Fine dining Olive Garden, naw bitch, Nas is
In the real deal, food spots on the constant
Pick the right wine - a Chianti - to wash it
Lifestyle encompasses top-notch watches
Rolexes anonymous shit I'm coppin'
Ask her has she been around duffle bags full of that
"fuck you cash"
Get off the jet with me in heels, I'll cup your ass
Looking in my eyes, saying "Nas you're one lucky
bastard"
Grip your clutch, you'll get finger fucked in the
passenger
I hit the dutch, blow smoke out, music and laughter
See us in the coupe flyin' past ya

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