

**Nas****"Undyin Love"**Visit "[Undyin Love](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Nas]

Uh..

Pacino life, G a roll, casino dice

at the Mirage, Vegas strip, neon lights

Gamblers, puffin cigars, couples and stars

Flashin cameras, dealers, shufflin cards

Spent the weekend, already miss New York and it's odd

cause I'm the first to say it got too many hustlers who  
rob

I never hang out, when we do we bust the four-five

wit shells comin back at us while we jump in the ride

Flyin, duckin, our bitches in the club cluckin

Tellin my wife who I was dancin with like I was fuckin

Flew back, Monday evening from the Nevada where the  
sun was beamin

to the concrete jungle of cement

Limousine's from LaGuardia airport, sleepin

Told my dogs peace, kept in movin, I was beat when

got to my crib, where the hell my keys went?

Ringin the bell, heard a yell but wasn't sure

Dropped my luggage to the ground, put my ear to the  
door

Slow music, H-Town, no that's down low

My baby's, droped Mercedes is parked, I creep around  
yo

to the back, she must be inside and can't hear

Probably upstairs, in the mirror, doin her hair

I walked in through the back door entrance

Shocked it was unlocked, when I walked in, I smelled  
incense

chased by a weed aroma, empty Guinnesses

and lipstick marks on like three empty Coronas

A pair of blue jeans on the carpet; size 12 Timberlands

Somethin swingin on the ceilin fan, I stopped it

Swingin slower and slower..

On the last swing I saw it was a G-string and heard  
laughinThought about my nine-shot Glock but somethin made  
me disregard it

Started my way up to where the noise and music was at

Froze, I couldn't react

Bedroom door opened a crack, seen wifey layin with  
some nigga  
mumblin shit, he had one hand on her ass  
and she was rubbin his d

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