

Nas**"Unreleased"**Visit "[Unreleased](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Mmm, where we met I had to give her mad respects,
She was with her man he took a drag from her
cigarette,
He told her he be back
He jumped in the meter cab just took her cell and told
her where to meet him at
Now she was mad
And I was looking for my car
She had some plastic bags, coming from the
supermarket
Cooking for his azz how she gone get to the projects
,she ain't got no cash ,
And she struggling while walkin ,
So I drive past
Yo I say I ain't no stalker wit yo big ole az
Here's my help I'm tryna offer
I give you a lift
Who'dve knew it turn to this
Now we in the mix
Baby moved up in my crib and she my ex, dam speedy

I'm a king you the queen,
His and her 6's and diamond rings
You don't have to look back at him,
Just get your bags packed and then,
A new life soon begins,
Like I told you when I'm in I'm in,

Baby girl had a son
He was 3, ya I took him in
Now she call him little me I even look like him
Naw, I mean he look like me a couple shades darker
She be calling him Blackie that's cause his real father
jet black
So she treat him like it's a setback
I don't respect that
Now his pops calling collect at the new crib on the new
number
Now how he get that
See now I knew we was a mismatch
I'm laid back, you too used to getting pimp smacked

I see where I went wrong at
I just tried to bring out the queen in you
But when you make a girl leave a man
You never really know where she stand
How you know she really yours
Somebody could do the same to you

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