

## Nas "Wanna Play"

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Yo, the Lord is my Shepard  
The sword is my weapon  
Reward is a blessin' that comes from the struggle  
Shoes been scuffled, blood's been shed, another  
Mother loses a son

'Cause where I'm from, the young chooses a gun  
Before they choose an education  
But once dead their ain't no awakenin'  
So like once said, life ain't for fakin'

Yo, you wit' me when I say duct tape 'em?  
Fuck waitin'  
Got the truck outside, Benz jeep for navigation  
Everything in position, they'd rather be fuckin' wit'  
Satan

When I aim I ain't missin', master of assasination'  
I heard he call himself Esco, drive a Lexo  
Rocks his hat sideways, showin' off his waves with a  
chipped tooth  
Is this the truth?

This is what we do, sip a brew  
Wait around his crib until it turns around 2 AM  
As soon as he walks in the door we slay 'em  
You guys got fat while I was away, so start payin'

Okay, you wanna play rough?  
A thug changes and love changes  
A thug changes and love changes  
A thug changes and love changes  
Okay yo, we could play rough

Okay now, drive up to my crib, am I high enough?  
Who these niggas tryin' to hide in their truck  
I ain't order cable, why in the fuck these niggas  
Ducked in their seat? Are they lookin' for me?

But I ain't do shit, could it be that niggas thought  
I slept like B.I.G. and Pac did  
May they rest in peace, but while I'm alive I pop shit

P-11 glock spits 17 shot clips

Put these niggas in boxes, where they Moms and Pops  
is  
Pull the strap from under the seat  
Back up in the street  
Watch these niggas that's tryin' to watch me, I carefully  
creep

Take off my shoes, barefoot nigga poppin' my heat  
Empty every shell in their direction, it's you, I should've  
guessed it  
Same niggas that I was connected wit', I know sent you  
Now I'ma take you off here, you don't know what you  
got into

Okay, you wanna play rough?  
A thug changes and love changes  
A thug changes and love changes  
A thug changes and love changes  
Okay yo, we could play rough

Walked in his house, smackin' him up, "What you talkin'  
about?"  
He said, shut-up nigga, knocked him in his head with  
chrome  
Never thought I'd be in his home  
With his wife taped up for my niggas to bone

Fuckin' with me, you should've known  
I'll have 'em write, "Stupid nigga", on your tombstone  
What money can do, get you hit for less than a G  
For threatenin' me

I'ma do it myself, take you to Hell, this one's for free  
Killin' you niggas with nothin'  
Left him dead, engine runnin'  
You the only I'm makin' sure that gets what's comin'

Look at your woman, anal ripped out, it's your fault  
They gang banged your bitch out in your face and you  
saw it  
But before I let you have it I'm searchin' your crib  
For pictures of relatives, addresses to where they live

Shit like that, in case a nigga wanna strike back  
I'll be right up in his ass to blow 'em out with the Mac  
Niggas treat you like Fam, and you on it like that?  
Now you gotta lay flat, gettin' eatin' by rats

Gettin' even's never wrong, it's only right to react

Eye for an eye, 'cause the sweetest part is payback  
Somebody knockin', who dat? A cop man, let him in  
And give that mothafucka one under the chin

Can't believe this nigga down with the Feds  
The copped screamed out your government before he  
dropped dead  
Don't explain, I put the pound on his head  
Blew 'em before that I can't remember the last time I  
said  
Okay, so we gonna play rough

Okay, you wanna play rough?  
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A thug changes and love changes  
A thug changes and love changes  
Okay yo, we could play rough

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