

Nas

"Watch Dem Niggaz"

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they never realized how real NAS is so decisive
it's just the likeness if Isrealites mist that made me
write this
a slight twist of lime rhyme
be chasin down your primetime
foos for thought we rather mind wine
the Don Juan features the freak shit
my thesis on how we creep with
fuckin your wife that ain't so secret
it's mandatory...see that pussy they hand it to me
I got no game it's just some bitches understand my
story
there ain't no drama that my niggas never handle for
me
my gator brand is Maurry
walking through rough land before me
where the snakes put a smile on their face
hoping and praying i'm stuck
scoping they lay in the cut, weighing my luck
player hater play this in cell blocks and rock stages
winking at some females cops with cocked gages
really it's paper I'm addicted to
wasn't for rap then I'd sticking you
that mack inside the triple goose
face down on the floors, the routine
don't want hear nobody blow steam
just cream or it's a smoke screen
imagine that-- that's why I hardly kick the bragging rap
I zone to each his own in this ghetto inhabitant

chorus:

watch dem niggas that be close to you
and make sure they do what they're suppose to do
cause you know they be thinking about smoking you
never personal nowadays, it's the way

now how can I perfect this living reckless
die for my necklace
crime infested drivin a lexus with a death wish
jettin, checkin my message on a speaker
bopping to Mona Lisa brown reefer

ten g's, gun and my VISA
cd cranking, doing ninety on the franklin-d-roosevelt
no self belt drinking and thinking
my man caught a bad one son, niggas is frightened
my movado says seven, the god hour,
that's if you follow traditions,
started by the school not far from the Apollo
my fuck tomorrow motto through the eyes of Pablo
Escobar the desperado--word to cus D'Amato

chorus

unplugged shit, a thug itself hit sucker for love shit
seven carat stone that's transparent-- she loves it
dumb quick, chasin my dick
made a bum bitch rich, stale fish
heard she naked in jail flicks
mamacita black widow turned to be back seater
satin pillow a pimpstress and willow
cooking my blow head slow ice swelling
dishonor the grain--I had to split in my circumference
be reluctant polishing pistols like gunsmith
I'm clever--my mama told me take cheddar
by slugs of drugs whatever calculate better
rock a iron sweater under soft leather
harder like Kenyatta from the Donald Goines saga put
forth together
wanted in prison by Queens Narcotic Division
hundred is missing every time they do a frisking
all units positioned blitzing cause of the chicken
I'm out to be captured with no restriction

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