

Nas "Who Killed It?"

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[Nas]

Look here see

Pretty Mike shanked Two-Face Al over some gal

Found the body dead in the isles

Death by strangulation

Microphone cord, a dirty broad

Guess they'll never play it again Sam

Damn that was my jam

Now she's on the lamb

She made it out with 200 grand

What a scam

While these two compete on who's the star of the show

Golden legs there makes off with the dough

I read the paper there with Joe the Butcher

He said one glance is all it took ya

She's a real looker

They say her old mans a bootlegger

Transporting in any weather

And at this rate we'll never get her

Fellas, think it's time to call it a night

All this talk of this mystery dame's gettin' me tight

Thought I saw her in my eyesight, right

Hate to spoil the party

What are you guys havin', the same?

Waiter another round for the gang

It's strange how I always felt outta place

Joe The Butcher's my ace, but in comes Freckle Face

So I said see you later

'Fore I hurt him and his two ugly thumb breakers

He met them in Louisiana wrestling gators

An idiot can tell they're involved with the caper

So I pulled the revolver on my waist up

Between the patrol car and the gray truck

Behind the street lamp was a silhouette

White gloves and a real long cigarette

What do ya know all this time she's got me in her scope

She spoke says the devil got you guys by the throat

Your conspiracy theories won't work without evidence

That's the reason why Eric B is not president

Well what do ya say

Ya see? [3x]

Look here see
I know you got soul your trying to hide it
How did you kill a man out in cypress
One Eyed Charlie
He only hangs with the criminal minded
Says you guys did it doggy style is he lyin'
She says, (Walk This Way) I'll tell you a (Children's
Story)
We hit the bodega got her a few 40's
We jumped in my ride we drove and she cried
Twisted off the cap there and opened her mouth wide
Swallowed it, whole bottle's half empty
Drinks like a fish now she's past tipsy
The truth came out as we got to her suave house
(Chopped and screwed) her mouth and sat me on the
couch
I said it's gettin late c'mon give it to me straight
Who's ya sponsor lady? She says Bill Gates
What are ya born 77 or 78?
She says, Nah it goes way to an earlier date
Slave times, claims the slaves said rhymes
But she fell in love with some fella named Clive
Who? Clive Campbell from Sedgwick Ave, the Bronx
Now she shows me the cash
I said who's Clive, don't play with me skirt
She said Clive Campbell
He's Kool Herc

Ah ha! Ah ha!

Listen up sweetheart
Now we gettin somewhere
As she's talkin, she starts vanishing in thin air
But before she drops the money bag on the floor and
died
She said if you really love me I'll come back alive

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