

## Nas

# "You Know My Style"

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*[Verse 1: Nas]*

Cup'a Hen', cup'a Goose, cup'a Cris'  
White chain, colored watch on the wrist  
Switch lanes in monster whips, ambience  
Specially dressed, guess who? -- Nas, it's obvious  
Step to bars, we just ordered dark liquors  
Clear liquors, y'all niggaz are s-e-x  
Yes we get respected, eclectic messages  
Left our brains, get into a female's estrogen  
She feels electric, her breasts she touchin' them  
Wet 'tween the legs from this thug seduction  
N-a-s, then they ass, over-spank it  
Whisperin' she loves intelligent gangstas  
Call fatties 'bubbles', call head 'skull'  
Before I get either I need some Red Bull  
She'll scream as I pushed in her freezing cold pool  
When she piss she gon' bleed in the whole stool  
That's how much I wanna bang and touch her pretty  
thing  
Won't pluck no chicken wing, don't fuck with just  
anything  
Gotta come up, run up and get touched up  
Suicide, that's if you confront us

*[Chorus 1: Nas]*

Don't talk, just hold your breath  
Been here a while, s'only one nigga left  
And all'a y'all know my style  
I spend dough but I still let it pile

Mama shake ya thing  
Coochie get wet while the bass beat bang  
You put it on and on and on and on  
Everybody talkin' 'bout the new Nas song

*[Verse 2: Nas]*

Uh, from a boy to a king  
Love to rock diamonds and fancy rings  
I'm a thoroughbred, real heavy mang  
I'm fuckin' something tonight that's on everything

Fellas who beat bodies with me

Kidnappers and stick-up kids, they all poli' with me  
Pop bottles with me, button-up shirts and throwbacks  
Those cats only roll when I'm in the city  
And the dance floor is disgustin'  
Move your waistline to the basic percussion  
I'm that, cool laid-back don who won't say nuttin'  
And laugh when a nigga start frontin'

*[Chorus II: Nas]*

And all'a y'all know my style  
I spend dough but I still let it pile  
Mama shake ya thing  
Coochie get wet while the bass beat bang

You put it on and on and on and on  
Everybody talkin' 'bout the new Nas song

Bass beat bang *[2X]*  
Everybody talkin' 'bout the new Nas song

*[Verse 3: Nas]*

Rock Tims, rock Chucks, rock Bapes  
I like eyes, pretty lips, fly face  
First you said you would spread for me in an instant  
See me with the next chick, now you act different  
Power of the stick shift, now I embarrass her  
Play your position, you're way outta character  
Do the knowledge, graduated hood college with honors  
Pay homage to Nas, Dickies and Converse  
On her eyes shades in the nighttime regardless  
The army's so thick you can't harm us

*[Chorus III: Nas]*

And all'a y'all know my style  
I spend dough but I still let it pile

Mama shake ya thing  
Coochie get wet while the bass beat bang  
You put it on and on and on and on  
Everybody talkin' 'bout the new Nas song

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