

Stone Temple Pilots

"To My"

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[Tim] It don't stop
[Nas] Can't stop
[Tim] Say what?
[Nas] Play your parts
[Tim] Uh-huh, it don't stop
[Nas] Nas Esco'
[Tim] Say what? Huh, uh-huh
[Tim] Uh-huh, it don't stop
[Tim] Uh, uh-huh, uh, uh, uh
[Tim] It don't stop, what?
[Nas] Yea yea, Brave-hearts
[Tim] Guess what y'all? Check it

Verse One: Nas

I, splash y'all dudes with gats I use
Ice dangle off my chest cause my cash improve
Nice knuckle game, chip-toothed, way of buck and
change
I want the dough, fuck the fame
Already made history, y'all can have that, that ain't shit
to me
About to have my own ASCAP, and that's that
And plus a rotisserie, instead of Kenny Rogers
and Benihana's, y'all can eat, plenty at Nas'
Buffet of lobsters, dressed in Esco' boxers
With honies that sex so proper, best flow since Rakim
Liver, personification of drama
Describe my, characteristics, murder co-signer
Some will smoke embalmin fluid and vomit to it
I'm straight chronic, yo it's atomic how I blew up
Same ol' G, since I rocked Kangol's, Lee's
Nothin changed but my bankroll, still jig to the ankles

Chorus: Nas

Please, to my niggaz
To my bitches, to my gangsters
To my riders, to my niggaz
To my bitches, to my niggaz
To my riders, to my gangsters

To my bitches, to my niggaz
And fly assholes, to my niggaz
To my bitches, Timbaland and Esco'

[Mad Skillz]

Yo, yo, we rippin tracks, it's like beatin beats with bats
Watchin crews change the views when the heat in they
back
If you hear a click, trust me, you wouldn't hear clack
If you push it up front, I got no choice, but to pull it back
Your rhymes don't faze me, I'm above em; half y'all
raps is
born retarded, now you out here tryin to get rid of em
You should be sick of it, I possess no flaws
That's from the man that made your Head Nod til you
Lick-ed his Balls
Verses I spit em, when it's my turn to get em, I got hot
flows
I only do shows for burn victims
So cock this mic, and bust out your back, kill you
And then they gonna blame me for fuckin up rap
Who's fuckin with that? Skillz and Esco', it's on
When you speak in my direction, watch your tone
From Q-B to V-A, can't count the blocks we own
It's locked and sewn I repeat nigga, watch your tone

Chorus

[Timbaland]

Yo commmmme see
The big man with the diamonds and the fly Bentleys
Ladies loooooovve me; niggaz say
"Timbaland's really rappin, what the fuck is up B?"
Jealllllousy
I kill niggaz with seven thangs, most they jackin beats
I'm a eight digit niiggy
Maybe I just rebuild Titanic and send that out to see
What?

Chorus

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