

## Nature "Hot Nights"

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(nature)

A yo, you love to hear the story  
Again and again  
How a nigga used to hustle in scuffed up tim's  
Queensbridge let the battle begin,  
I keep my best on  
Police arrest me when they dead wrong  
Bring it to a pitfall  
Everybody nice in stickbal  
It's new york new york  
Nigga similar to crenshaw  
Hot summer nights  
Niggas running the dice  
Lil'hoes start fucking  
Moms running they life  
Served the same fiends  
Since I was eighteen  
Never voted  
Ask yourself how the hell I wrote it?  
Figure niggas out like they frost works  
I be the author, hitting you up  
Like one shot from a mossburg  
Kep my money wrinkled  
Cause some fiends a try to beat you  
If you ain't fam, don't even speak to  
Ain't no need to,  
Cause y'all niggas softer than clay  
Wanna bet that's a cost you pay, muthafucka!

(beat plays!!!!!!)

Nature's 2nd:

A yo hot peas & butter  
Now we pop at each other  
Play the same corne,  
Some stand  
On top of each other  
Getting better view  
Crime be federal  
Queensbridge, ambulance never arrive  
Ahead of the news

Niggas jump from the fifth floor  
Land on they feet  
Go to court give the judge quick insanity pleas  
Yammi we need, hearing that the blue van out  
Understand niggas do stand out  
Change ya jeans young man  
Change ya plans and schemes  
They cuff niggas on they hands and knees  
Jump thugs like we trampelines  
The shock program is getting too packed  
Running through cats  
Crazy bony, thun ya lady know me  
Madison square,  
I was drunk when I got in the air  
Niggas thumpd, I let a shot in the air  
Whipw my prints off  
Before I had to toss it away  
I had to use it, a cost that you pay  
Muthafucka!

Beat plays!!!!

(prodigy)

Yo thun!

Polla verse like a dutch

When a nigga frustrated

Relase anger on the paper

Record it on tape

Play it on the block

On ya box

While you get off rocks

And down heavy swallows

Of scotch white label

Put it on the table thun

I could see it clear

Not too many niggas do it like this here

Throw guns up in nautica hoods

And got inside parties

Shots u in there

Left wounds severe

Thun, tunnel nightd

Club fihgts, throwing chairs

I could recall

So many shanks

And blood tears

Burnt dutch tryin' to get so high

I swear, come to find out it was all in the mind

Now let's celebrate my thugs

Still told shit to spill yours insides on the floor

Qb, back'em to the wall

Mobb shirts, nas hoods and firm leatheers

A yo nate we straight  
Don't it feel real  
Now let a nigga peel  
Ain't the main topin  
Stay on top  
And put an end to ya life  
For trying to stop it  
You can't block this!  
Word up thun!

(beat plays out the song)!

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