

12 Stones

"You Know My Style"

Visit "[You Know My Style](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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 s

Visit [12 Stones](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.