

2Pac F/ Dramacydal, Notorious B.I.G., Stretch "Nas' Angels... The Flyest"

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Word word word word

[Nas]

I come through in a new double R listening to smiling
faces

Check out my jewelry pound in your faces

Italian air forces leather laces with the basket weave

Iron in your face so fast from the draft so sneeze

It's the nastiest, flashiest, turn girls to Massicast

Cause I be giving them pain, it's a cold world

Bernie Mac will be snappin' on you

But I ain't a joke; you think I'm here to entertain you

Fallen angel after them halos

Nobody moves until I say so, take the money out the
safe slow

Escape route and I'm out, I cake out like intimates
like the brightest, the flyest

[Chorus]

You got to be the flyest

I know your ass is mean, like you be strappin them
jeans, but you can work it like that

You got to be the flyest

You just take my pumps while standing in your pumps
cause you can work it like that

You got to be the flyest

You just breathe and stare while I'm pulling your hair
cause you can work it like that

You got to be the flyest

You can be Nas's angel, let the largest train you but
you work it like that

[Nas]

Uh, Philly rap a hydro, puffing on a line slow

You sea deep need me keep me kickin' like Del Reco

Pull up at the Delano South Beach I know

For King Solomon jury security in the Tahoe

Spandex for money, I stay on the tight

G-packs and weed stacks stay on the flight

Elbow out the left window, okays on the right

Canary out our ears, you know she playing them right

Hilton style, billionaire boys club
Braveheart, ya'll don't want no war with us
Dump a semi-auto made by, I made girls bust
When I hit them full thrust, full throttle

[Chorus]

[Nas]

Big living, what it tastes like, tapes right, used to hate
life
To move an eight, every night was my passion
Pipe bombs safe from stashes, Aston's, Rolls Royces
Cold oysters and many sorts of women shake like
horses
I got them peeling out their clothes, really about this
dough
Problem, hear me out just scone from my pistol poppin'
It's at my mind, just a mystery school
Brainwash them, then fix them with my tools
Mami hit me with some moves
I'm addicted to spinning, dipping these women in
different waters
Watching for dudes with tape recorders on them cause
they informants
I been okay with these warmers
Girls harass me and gas me and say that I'm enormous

[Chorus]

Move your waist girl.. Yeah yeah (x2)
You got to be Nas's Angel
You can be Charlie's Angel
You can be Nas's Angel

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