

## Nas F/ AZ The Visualiza "Fatal Sting"

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### Verse 1:

In the battle fields mics collide like sword fights  
Get stabbed up by the swift technique of a Black Knight  
Who pierce strikes like vicious snakes, rhymes elevate  
Niggaz get sniped watch me annihilate  
The Gods got me eating off a fine dinner plates  
With this rap shit told me don't procrastinate  
West Coast lyricist, Killa Bee clique we swarm thick  
Spit the written like scripts  
No but fully loaded throw darts and make it hit, the  
target  
Pardon, me as I keep on starting, mo' shit  
Feel the wrath with these raw hits from Math  
You don't stand a chance, you can't top it we too  
advance

### Verse 2:

Sharp shooter with the greatest accuracy  
Blast it rapidly, If those attacking me are after me  
You never capture me, it's sad to see niggaz testing  
me  
You meet your destiny can't get next to me  
The best of me you know the recipe  
The cut-throat making blood soak from the gun-smoke  
Have you gasping for oxygen  
Then pops you with the glocks again  
Drop 'em in with the street life, the street type  
We snipe, artificial niggaz under street lights  
Street fights transform into wars with firearms  
Bullets storm niggaz start to swarm like rise on  
Dying on the same blocks when they exchange rocks  
And hand cops flamed rocks  
Year after year up in the same spot  
Total madness synergy in city streets  
Battle many fleets as they walk by the gates of the  
darkside

Black Knights

Yo,yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

Verse 3:

The microphone magnificent  
Burning hot like syphilis  
Hit your dish drink from distances  
Bombin' leave no witnesses  
The street division kid from the,  
Home of the wasteland  
Styles bionic, sounds blow holes through your  
basement  
Face it for the Black Knights there's no replacement  
You're basic, kid put this in your mouth so you can taste  
it  
These ancient rhymes are lethal  
When manifested bring wrath of bloody vengeance  
to suckers that second guessed it  
Confess it I got the type flows that'll make you stagger  
Came out my mother's womb with a blunt and bloody  
dagger  
>From day one I knew that I'll be on some ol' lye shit  
Do or die shit, ready to ride slug slide shit

Verse 4:

The audity prodigy,  
The cosmos commodity, knowledge guides equality  
A whiff while I myth and a sniff off a E&J fifth  
and a spliff, the proton neutron,  
Sally with the crouton dipping in the Yucon,  
Supernova yoga, dosia, ambrosia crane and cobra  
The yolk for help and the stealth with the knowledge of  
self  
like no one else, the code of yoba  
>From the noble none of my niggaz local

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