

S.A.S.

"Nothing Long"

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Intro

Mega:

(Don't you know) Don't you know

(So many things they come and go)

So many things they come and go

(Like your words and voice stay true) But we're here to stay

You get me?

Just like the love I thought I found in you

(And now I'm mad, baby I'm mad)

Verse 1

Mega:

Uh, uh, what's happening, still drinkin' and staggerin'

Leave em' blinkin', I'm stabbin' 'em, now we linked up with Cam again

Still traffickin', I ain't stock-shottin'

And my youngin's a roll, they got their blocks poppin'

With that raw yay from London to Broadway

They hustle in broadday like fuck what the law say

(Oi Oi) I know they wanna see me under

Push keys with my eyes closed, Stevie Wonder

But they boss food, hit then pop wit' flame

You need to know we speak in codes if we coppin'
'caine

And you can't move Pookie if you rock a chain

Man dem put the fight over ice like a hockey game

Mega's gettin' hoes that's up in them centerfolds

I step in the dance and smellin' like Kenneth Cole

Listen fam, you a bagger boy

While we run the roads like a marathon

See me now

Hook

S.A.S.:

Oi Oi!!!!

Our brothers make dough

From Harlem to London, still duckin' feds in them plain
clothes

Yea, Yeeeeeeah

That's how the game goes

Explain it to you further incase you act like you ain't
know

Yea, uh, that's what the gyal dem saying

(Remix) yes, that's what the man dem playing

Uh, uh, sipping on suttin' strong

You see who she rubbin' on

I told you it's nothing long

Verse 2

Cam'ron:

Yeah, I'm back, I'm bubblin', hurry, attack the oven

Pass it right through customs, yeah it's crack in London

Good, you stay, for me, it's a new day

Killa gon' move yay throughout the U.K.

You never seen a profit, I'll sell a fiend a rocket

Tell the prince, princess, king, and queen I got it

And it's top-notch, clean Cris, pop scotch

My behavior's flavor, run and get a stopwatch

12 gauge, chopped off, 9 mill Glock cocked

The hell wit' a doorbell, I'm coming in, knock knock

Kick the door in, broke the middle and the top lock

Pop ock, told 'em hurry up now, chop-chop

24 seconds now with 3 on the shotclock

3, 2, 1, hot shot for you hotshots

And you not hot, me, I'm New England cold

Got on a igloo, swingin' on a penguin's pole

Hook

Verse 3

Mayhem:

This a new day and a new May fam

For my shottas alike, the U.K. man

We stay in name-brand, change twice a day

Haze down to Rephan dapper, he a made man

We that same gang, let it aim, bang

Hit your frame and top, watch your brain hang

Empty out, reload with the same hand

Trigger squeezin', it's Killa Season, I ain't Cam

My life's a movie banned from TV

If he the flu then fam, I'm T.B.

May so gutta but fly with this rap ting

Worldwide shotta, show The Wire how to crack-sling

Fear what, scared not, we was trappin'

On their blocks to the socks, we was matchin'

We'll bring trouble your way

The U.K.'s N.W.A.

It's Eurogang

Hook

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