

Slick Rick

"Me Nas Bring It to Your Hardest"

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Finally, a change from these fake rap artists
Me and Nas bring it to your hardest
Finally, real niggaz that are Billboard charters
Me and Nas bring it to your hardest

Skills provide the shows, also fright the foes
And when I step into a room, pimps hide they hoese
Is that really him? Yes, that's his highness
And for the last time stop lookin' at his fine ass

You know, homosexuals, smirk, converse and say
That nigga box is workin' girlfriend
You wanna talk about a fat phrase carrier
To billionaire white chick jump the race barrier?
(You know)

A nice girl, but I didn't want a bit of her
Sayin', "I like your slang what's with the wife, get rid of
her"
Son, Sony talkin' Japanese
With mice like, "Whattup Rick? You can have my cheese
kid"

I am such a heavy hitter
Even chandelier jealous off the patch ice glitter
(Bling)
Rappers walkin' round, strappin' fearsome, here son
And remember your rap career's done

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Runnin' spots, pants leg tucked in my socks
Puff and lay a spread, order drinks, Henn on the rocks
Wintertime sport a fox, maybe a sable

Three-quarter length mink sound right for this occasion

Heard me John Blazin, see me in gangster flicks
Life is so amazin', hate to be paperless
Bill Gate in this, it must be God, I'm not a atheist
Wanted like kingpins by ATF

Your girl want my name on her chest
Me and Rick argue about whose chain is the best
Gucci boxers, my diet changed from sushi to pastas
Wear my hat like the late Sinatra's

Models pop the coochie when the spot us
Finally rappers you could be proud of, from the Bronx
To Queens bridge houses, what? If you feel me then
holla
Thug niggaz, who bail be worth a million dollars, what

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Track masters, Def Jam
Baby what the deal
Slick Rick, Big Nas yo

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