

Destiny's Child F/ Timbaland

"Black Dust"

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Official.....Nas.....niggas!

Word up

Somethin new for you

[X-1]

Hear to make moves, get mines automatically
Emphatically, rhyme master, rapidly tragedies
Guns like Butch Cassidy, nasty like Dick Dastardly
As I be gradually (distorted) like (gunshot)
Glowin, blowin, flowin, goin, fast at it like Jesse Owens
Make you throw in, the towel, I will
Do all sorts of moves through all sports
Rhymes blew all thoughts, all crews to dust, it's us
Official, Nastee, the aggy still ghastly
You triple S nigga, soft sexy and sassy
We crash, I break your cast, and yes, we get busy
I'ma do my show, get my dough, and lick titties
I'm shitty, I diarrhea on the globe
Fire flee up on your clothes
And like 'squito up on your hoe
In case you didn't know, I stay free flow
Officially, this'll be your chance to see
how ill this nigga be, go figure

[Chorus:]

For every nigga show me love, two niggas hate me
For every bitch that show me love, two bitches tryin to
take me
For every nigga show me love, two niggas hate me

[Fredro Starr]

Yo, black dust, miraculous
Head rush, hoes blush, it's only us
Shit's lush, shit we lust, is plush, Lexus
My techs bust, your guns rust, to God trust
Walk the path righteous, priceless
Nigga you shine like ice crushed
You get your shit bust, no more to discuss
Nigga's jeal-e-ous, cuz bitches feel us
The wild, rebel-e-ous, hell yes
Niggas is whack, we pack dust

Official Nas niggas back us, can't fuck with us

[Sonsee]

Umm, my gun's wettin, like a open hydrant
Got you hidin, from shots firin, from hot iron
You gotta realize, your block's dyin
Put skis on your knees and start sliding
My clock's timin, not tryin, to see us not shinin
I'm eye blindin, hearts, hearts like a lion
You're not lyin, superstar then a dine in
Your insides cryin, rip your outside in

[Chorus] (repeats)

Schemin in the back
See I'm schemin in the back

[Sticky Fingaz]

Act like you don't know, I put you in the choke hold
Rampage the logos, nigga here is loco
I still get respect if I had no dough
Sport Polo, always keep a low pro
If it's a promo, this nigga here no show
About my no low, I never drive slo-mo
Faster than Go Go, if it ain't me it's so so
Kick in your door, wavin the four four
All you hear is shots until there ain't no more
Hit you with the low blow, you can't go toe toe
I rub elbow, with niggas in cell blo', and New York City
hellhole
Still in they jail clo'
Old school niggas with Kango, and shell toe
Mix hats with Hydro, and Cocoa
How you gonna fuck with my click if you can't fuck with
me solo?
Checkmate, no go

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