

Keith Sweat F/ T-Boz**"B EZ"**

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(Nas talking)

I heard that nigga Capone's home yo...word to
Motha..that nigga Nore'
doin' his mothafuckin' thing...thugged out
entertainment...knowwhatl'msayin'?, niggas still in the
streets...lll
Will, Braveheart nigga, there's a thin line between
streets and
business..so we gotta have balance and be easy...

Verse 1: (Nas)

I heard you fags wanna catch me off guard
put Tecks to my heart, the death of Escobar
under your breath, whispers in the dark
I hear it 'cause the street ain't loyal to choose sides
prepare for the beef, whoever lose dies
rich and I'm thuggin'
I can't trust nothin', this bitch that I'm fuckin'
this clip that I'm bustin' could jam in my fist
look at my hand, finger pussy with expensive rings
cut coke cookies, wrote poetry
and broke noses B.
the voice from Heaven
I'm God sent, of course a legend
this is part 1, speak my sermon, the hood reverand
blunted eyes red
C-Class, a Hundred times Five Red
CD's blast, speed fast, haters drop dead
I'm gorgeous
black Goddess flip the arm rest, flip the cordless
her body stacks the best, ass is flawless
finally the long awaited shit, ghetto people
the sequel
Nas, CNN, nobody's equal.

Chorus

Yo, Be easy
keep the club off the heezy
straight thugs in the back, drink creezy
be easy, but we still smoke treezy
see us rippin' the shows with thugged eezy.

Verse 2: (Capone)

Niggas picked me the boss
Ricky Ross
Lex Two-Fifty Horse power, click and devour the source
if it's flour then swallow your loss
I cock Fours, kick in Poppi's doors
all for the cash and the cause
niggas break big fractions of laws
so what, we got it sewn up, smack every cat on the
board
I speak the truth, guns spit at you, shakin' my palm
it's pitiful, wavin' my wand
The Don, a Hundred follow me like Farrakhan
chasin' my Henny, embrace Benny's
it's quite Frank, my niggas 'll kill, never waste a Penny
money stay well invested
feel the weight on my necklace
when death is too close flip the next shit
thug the game out
bust biscuits, pull the Range out
public enemy, QueensBridge where I hang out
sweet scent of weed I wear like a fragrance
my energy's kinetic, mind power type ancient.

Chorus

Verse 3: (Noreaga)

I see death through the corner, die, kingdom come
Six 500's, pull up right in front of the slum
Sticky green fingers soldiers of the great God
Clarence spoke to the poor but he lived in Oz
An ill hook like Roy Jones, I'm a street corner bastard
and crush weed with the hashish
Bandana head dome wrapped
Caddy trucks with the grills and the chrome snaps
I'm on point like Al Sharpton, come peep the M.U.
marksman
The S-Class is shittin' on your weak Datsun
Graffiti written on the Bible, my life is wicked
I see dead corpses, and Rolls Royces
Put your heart on your lap, listen you hear voices
My whole persona is the drama and to smoke skama
I can lift it up, Willy what in front of your slut
Money bustin out my pocket, your bank is stopped

Chorus

