

Nas F/ Foxy Brown "Handle Your Business"

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[Mr. Serv-On]

Fuck this shit man

I'm tired of being broke

Fuck this, I ain't never had a damn thing ya know what
I'm sayin?

It's time I let my nuts hang man

Fuck this, I'm tired of being broke

Coming up I never had a damn thing

I never knew my pops cause they put his little ass in a
sling

Just came up peepin hustlers at the local spot

Bangin away, cuttin straight workin fuckin shop

The year was '83

Never knew what it was to be a G

17 years in the hood

But I'm still wishin that I could bring noise like the big
boys

But I'm still tagging along with my Tonka toys

Why my cousin's on the corner slangin twenty parts

Tryin to watch his back so he won't come up short

But if he keeps dippin on the side

With a slide he's gonna take a long long ride

But as time passed I peeped game

Rose from a boy to a man, made my snaps, made a
change

My cousin came up short

I'm sorry, two shots to the heart

I did, business never personal, I'm with it

[King George]

Job well done Mr. Serv-On.

Here's your envelope man.

[Mr. Serv-On]

Yeah, you know what I'm sayin?

It ain't no thang, I'm all about that drama.

Straight up about makin that money ya know what I'm
sayin?

It ain't no problems, me and my boy we handle that ya
know?

I can do it by myself but I still need a little backup ya

know?

[King George]

Yeah, you got No Limit records straight up behind you.

[Mr. Serv-On]

Yeah, good checkin out.

It's all good.

Chorus

Handle your business, don't let your business handle
you x8

Steady creepin, old folks peepin

It's cold in the chest, pass the heart smokin cess

Jackers peep the game I got nuts for the same

I wanna kick the crib, start a new life

But mama's home alone, it's been twenty years since
she's been my daddy's wife

But my time has come, pack my bags missin only one

I gotta get the job done, but I'm still my mama's son

I pack the bible like the good desciple

Cause I know I'm gonna do some dirt

Some fools come up short with the money so it's time I
put in work

I kick the door, he's beggin for forgiveness

I'm peepin for a witness

Two shots rang out

Tears from his eyes to his mouth

I tied a note to his throat, no last words spoke

He died on his blood as he choke

(Sounds of dat nigga chokin) I'm feelin bad, but the
pay is good lo

Chorus x8

I'm takin the time to think about the things I did

I wanna ask the Lord for forgiveness if I live

I know my days are numbered in this life

I wanna learn to like the ones I never learned to like

My mama said I need to take confession

To learn the lesson I took confession

But I'm still bringin terror with this bloody session

But the more I make the more my heart can take

I'm tryin to shake this fear but I can't wait

Murder was the case that made my heart race

I need to break a sweat, I hit my gym set

Pumpin Master P until my clothes get wet

Uh, as I make my move to my next set

Shots rang out I'm takin two to the neck

I fall to the floor, grab for my strap and reach for the
door

So I can see who had the nuts to send me up

I took my last smile and let my eyes shut

Chorus x8

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