

Nashawn f/ Nas

"Bossed Up"

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[Intro: Nas]

Every fucking day (3), everyday niggas
Look around niggas (3)
what you gon' to do 'bout it nigga? (3)
What you gotta say 'bout it nigga? (3)
That's right (3), that's right (3)
Run all over y'all niggas (3)
What y'all gon' do 'bout it? (3)

(Chorus: Nas)

Uh, Bossed Up when we roll (3)
Uh, Bossed Up in control (3)
Uh, Bossed Up when we roll (3)
Uh yea, Bossed Up in control (3)
Always, Uh, Bossed Up when we roll (3)
Yea uh, Bossed Up in control (3)
Yea uh, Bossed Up when we roll (3)
Bossed Up in control (3)
(Braaaaaave)
Tossed up and get folded (3)

[Nashawn]

Yo, it ain't nutting else to do but party
Life is to short, you'll get bodied
Killers do killings for hobbies
I want a bad singing bitch to ride by me
Like Whitney did Bobby
with the future I'll take Ashanti
I'll settle for actress like Halle
Who workout and keep a tight body
Love how I polly probably
We into money like Bill Cosby
Kill somebody in your crib
like Jayson Williams shotty did
With no accidents
Tryna to keep my hands on these Presidents
Til I'm a veteran, mind over medicine, Coke game to
Heroin
Nigga only die once, you can't be dead again
Another bitch in my bed when you got here
Popped off in Delaware, top price to fight anywhere

New years, it's Nashawn coward
On them corners niggas get devoured
I spit outage, straight foulness, where you're crowded
Clowns get... straight lynched, nooses hanging over the
tree
Tell your self you can't fuck with me, BITCH!

(Chorus: Nas)

[Nas]
Riding in my city on haze
Eyes on a million and one ways
to get paid and my goose is cooked
Rocking gear that some boosters took
Either mass market or target I maneuver the look
From soul food to Nobu, I'm schooling the cooks
Studio, old school, or pro tools, nigga, I'm O'Douls
That means no booze, I only gets greens
I got a inf beam that lay on the fifth lean
That sprays up your clique team
Indigenous but frivolous, different whips riding
sideways
Nas pays attention to the littlest shit?
Mentioned by itty-bitty rappers with their chitty-chatter
Encircle their soul, purple, I smoke O's
Perverse verses poke holes, nigga, I birth flows
Tatted, fitted hat, savage, y'all aggie
Line us up, ask me who fathered their style
I say, "I the pappy"
High in the backseat, flat feet
Passerby's think I'm an athlete
Chris Childs or the rapper Lil Scrappy
So I sign their name, just as happy
Diamond chain, wrist is flashy
Times change, but this nigga's still nasty

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