

## Various Artist

### "Nas - Made You Look"

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[shotgun blast]

[old school break beat, thugs chant bravehearts! 7x]

[verse 1: nas]

Uh, uh, uh, now lets get it all in perspective  
For all yall enjoyment, a song yall can step wit  
Yall appointed me to bring rap justice  
But I aint five-o, yall know its nas yo  
Grey goose and a whole lotta hydro  
Only describe us as soldier survivors  
Stay laced in the best, well dressed with finesse  
In a white tee lookin for wifie  
Thug girl who fly and talks so nicely  
Put her in the coupe so she can feel the nice breeze  
We can drive thru the city no doubt, but dont say my  
cars topless  
Say the titties is out, newness heres the anthem  
Put your hand up that you shoot with, count your loot wit  
Push the pool stick in your new crib, same hand that  
you hoop with  
Swing around like you stu-pid, kinga the town, yeah I  
been that  
You know I click-clack where you and yor mens at  
Do the smurf, do the wop, baseball bat  
Rooftop like we bringing 88 back

[chorus: nas]

They shootin! -- aw made you look  
You a slave to a page in my rhyme book  
Gettin big/big money, playboy your times up  
Where them gangstas? where them dimes at?

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[verse 2: nas]

This aint rappin, this is street-hop  
Now get up off your ass like your seats hot  
My live niggaz lit up the reefer

Trunka the car we got the streetsweeper  
Dont start none, wont be none  
No reason for your mans to panic  
You dont wanna see no ambulances  
Knock a pimps drink down in his pimp cup  
Thats the way you get timberlandd up  
Let the music diffuse all the tension  
Ball or convention, free admission  
Hustlers, dealers and killersca move swift  
Girls get close, youca feel where the tools kept  
All my just-comin homies, parolees  
Get money, leave the beef alone slowly  
Get out my face, you people so phoney  
Pull out my waist, the eagle fo-forty

[chorus]

[thugs chanting bravehearts! 4x over dj scratching  
gunshots]

[verse 3: nas]

I see niggaz runnin, yo my mood is real rude  
I lay you out, show you what steel do  
Mobsters dont box, my pump shot obliges  
Every invitation to fight you punk hazas  
Like pun said, you aint even en mi clasa  
Maybach benz, back seat, tv plasma  
Ladies lookin for athletes or rappers  
Whatever you choose, whatever you do  
Make sure he a thug and intelligent too  
Like a real thoroughbred is, show me love  
Lemme feel how the head is  
Females whose the sexiest is always the nastiest  
[record scratched off, nas rhymes acapella]  
And I like a little sassiness, a lotta class  
Mommy reach in your bag, pass the fifth  
Im a leader, at last this a don you wit  
My ninesll spit, niggaz loose consciousness

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