

# Live From The Bridge

DJ Clue

Yo, this is Nas with my Man DJ Clue

The Professional part two

Puttin' it down for you fake ass DJ's and shit like that

Straight outta Q.B. all the way around the fuckin' world

Black Frank Sinatra on yo' ass,

Q.B. Braveheart nigga...

[Verse 1]

Was classified as the bastard who died

rumors say I came back alive with an axe

and attacked niggas actin' like Nas

my passion is to capitalize

come through my hood you get jacked for your ride

catch you from the passengers side

my words turn the sea red

like the eyes of a weed head

ya'll peep my led then hide like Easter eggs

I ride 'till the beef is dead, caskets dropped

your soul go further up than astronauts

I talk it and live it

ya'll weak dudes should offer forgiveness

'cause frontin' like you ill gets yourself torched by killers

in Newyork I'm the realest

predicted by fortune tellers

sick with the talkin' methods

AK's, Berettas

my whole team is Steelers like Jerome Bettis

rammin' niggas like St. Louis, we dough getters

and ya'll niggas is losers, nothin' fuckin' with us

nothin' but Bravehearts gon' hustle wit' us

Ugh!

[Verse 2]

When ya'll niggas fall

and start makin' 800 collect call commercials like Arsenio Hall

I'm on times square on New Years with Dick Clark droppin' the ball

with Kool and the Gang, doin' my thing

princess cut chains

I bend bitches like bike frames

my tight game will make Hilary leave Bill quick as lightning

I'll have her wearin' tight jeans

givin' nice brains in a white Range

pullin' up to club life, turned her to a thug life dame

I'm sayin', you rollin' with Nastradamus

we flowin' to St. Thomas

jewelry box full of stones so I can change diamonds

matchin' masterpieces on black sandy beaches

even the paparazzi tries to peep us

disguised with dark shades and fake beards

a lucky photographer noticed Tyra Banks here

but I showed the tabloids bogus passports

I told 'em back off before I flip like Castor Troy.

[Verse 3]

Live from the Bridge, cliques stay high from the iz'

wear the most popular shit, niggas knockin' my shit

Denali's, fat designed rims, 2000 S Benz

watchin' ESPN with two dime lesbians

I hit it of course, I did it to floss

the last Don, doin' hits like Pepe and Cross

Esco, cash long, niggas think I'm Blacula

'cause I'm in a castle with a bitch cold waxin' her

I leave my teeth marks in hoes, scoop 'em like a spatula  
pass 'em to my peoples and party like a Bachelor  
'till I meet a gangsta bitch, give her banks to hit  
in return all she wants to do is drink the dick  
Fuck street clothes, we thug it out in Tuxedos  
stomp niggas with hard bottoms in casinos  
a Hundred Bravehearts vest' up, nigga reload  
we keep low, Hundred Thousand bank ceelo