

# Nasty

Nas

Yeah, word

Got some Remy Martin and some good-ass cigars, check it out

Ayo, late night, candlelight, fiend with diesel in his needle  
Queensbridge leader, no equal  
I come from the Wheel of Ezekiel  
To pop thousand-dollar bottles of scotch, smoke pot and heal the people  
Any rebuttal to what I utter get box-cuttered  
Count how many bad honeys I slut, it's a high number  
Name a nigga under the same sky that I'm under  
Who gets money, remain fly, yeah, I wonder  
Eyes flutter, it's love when Nas pops up  
Stars get starstruck, panties start drippin'  
The ways of Carlito, blaze, torpedo cigars  
Drop Rolls, hoes drop clothes  
Louis the XIII, freaks, women nice size  
I ride like Porsches, thick, brown and gorgeous  
It ain't my fault, semiautomatic weapons I brought  
The world crazy, I'm rich and I'm girl-crazy  
Dick 'em, convince 'em all to praise me  
They ideology is confusion, I lose 'em  
Fellates me, who hate me? My gun off safety  
Since the Tunnel and Skate Key, my jewelry in HD

Silent rage, pristine in my vintage shades  
I'm not in the winters of my life or the beginning stage, I am the dragon  
Maserati, pumpin' Biggie, the great legend  
Blastin', I'm after the actress who played Faith Evans  
My little Jackie Onassis, dig?  
I'm so high, I never land like Mike Jackson's crib  
Vest on, .45 still crack ya rib sacrilege  
Talk trash about the nasty kid  
Past nasty now, I'm gross and repulsive, talk money  
Is you jokin', cash everywhere, in my bank, in the sofa  
In the walls, in the cars, in my wallet, in my pocket  
On the floors, ceilings, the safe, bitch, I got all you envy  
But don't offend, I'm skinny, but still I'm too big for a Bentley  
You are your car, what could represent me  
Too Godly to be a Bugatti, you honestly  
Must design me somethin' Tommy Mottonic from Queens had before the '90s  
Drug dealer call, rush to the bar  
Move, niggas, we don't give a fuck who you are  
Black card heavy like a magnet, in my stitched denims  
Pretty women see them them saggin', bet a hundred stacks  
Niggas'll run it back just havin' fun  
I ain't even begun to black, light another blunt in fact

(Nasty) Yeah, nasty kid

For the hustlers, thick as yellow bitches for the suck of it  
Got a bunch of niggas in prison braggin'  
Saying it was Nas I used to hustle with  
I display fashions while my lungs engage hashish, guns on my waist past his  
Since I'm cakin' up, put funds in my safe, laughin'  
And joining the blunt passin' you niggas was straight assin'

Excuse the vulgarity, I'm still not fully adjusted

Or used to the new fans hearin' me spit rapidly  
I never see the whips niggas be claimin' they drivin'  
I guess entertainment means blatantly lyin'  
Fake it 'til you make it, I've driven those toys  
Been in the wars, in the streets, cops kickin' in doors  
For my deen niggas, your flow cheap as limousine liquor  
I'm no fake rap CD listener

Sit back and roll a mean swisher  
For my Gs, tell these clowns make room for the king, nigga