

Pistols On Your Album Cover

Nas

Eyes blurry saying goodbye at the cemetery
I've murdered niggas on wax and forgot where they buried
This the hardest shit since Rakim and Eric B
Or pistols on your album cover just like BDP

Single mothers on that EBT just tryin' to feed their seeds
Scammers and boosters living nice off of EDD
CCTV, all the cameras will shoot ya
Soon as you let a shot off it'll damage your future
It's some thugs in the hood that could'a been hoopers
Some good girls who turnt bad, who could'a been super
Models, some Dominicanas in Cabo
Some with the bloodline to Lagos, Lagos
So many stones in my hand just like Thanos
Eat Italiano, grazie, prego
Vibe to my music out in Prague
FaceTime me and Haas
It feel good to feel alive, think I just had a breakthrough

I know the light is bright, but keep on watching me
I know the light is bright, but keep on watching me
I'm stolen property
Kicking the flavor to society

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Man, this the hardest shit since DPG, Kurupt and Daz
Nate Dogg on the hook, Dr. Dre on the track
This melody takin' me back, but we pushin' it forward
187 on rappers, and, ay yes, I'm a poet
At times I get confused, they lie in they interviews
Get goose pimples whenever I'm puttin' on my jewels
Bailed so many brothers out
Paid all their lawyer fees
After that some turned they back, where is the loyalty?
Money's lovely, but I could care less who has more than me
I'm just happy Mutulu Shakur got free
May he rest in peace
He was a warrior all of his days
And time move faster the more you get up there in age
In other news, I'm a G to the grave
I know they wanna see me burnt out, depleted and drained
High blood pressure, instead I'm on a rampage
My pupils are dilated, I throw on some dark shades

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I'm MC Shan with an uzi
Pistols on your album cover just like BDP
To the hardest artists out there
Pistols on your album cover

Boogie Down Productions
I remember I put Tupac onto that Henny
Howard University
Howard Homecoming DC
He's like What's this?
He drank that shit though, word

Crazy, super hard facts, super facts
I know the light is bright
Yeah, uh
Pistols on my album cover, nigga, blaow

I know the light is bright, but keep on watching me
Let's go
Yeah
I know the light
Peace to Mutulu, I'ma get at these dudes though

History revisionist
They put themselves where they didn't dwell
I was there, saw them almost shit themselves
Walked in the club one day the pistol fell
I gripped my belt, shit was real
Back then, when I used to ship a mil out the gate
Different world, digital scales to record sales
A symposium with my bros and them
That mean we kick it with official bros
My journey was great but difficult
What is life if it isn't both?