

# Scar Tissue

Nas

Uh

Bottles of sangria  
Mobsters jumping out of trucks like a consigliere  
Pasta, prawns over lobsters  
Oysters, diamond chips, smothered all in the fish into cold boxes  
Tractor trailers, old drug dealers  
Got me feeling like Gotti the way they bug the ceilings  
One rogue came in to box my appearance  
You frontin' takin' everything off it's straight clearance  
Jewels, cash, couple nigga from Nebraska  
You soakin' in epsom salt the day after  
An ill murder game is what they told me  
Keep reaching when it's not on me, we ain't homies  
We ain't partners nigga, you's a target  
So much gun clicking they kick us out of apartments  
Everything steaming Yapp City mode  
You ever seen coke rocked up on a pretty stove

Stop beefing with that nigga, you could talk to me  
If you really like that, you could walk with me  
You could spar with me  
If you take two to the head, by mistake, pardon me  
Paybacks a bitch ain't it  
Thats why I don't talk to niggas I'm good, I ain't gettin' acquainted  
Middle finger to the judge, we still killin' the plaintiff  
We Staten Island niggas we don't got to explain it, nah  
Harlem Shake niggas for they pockets, stay tuned  
For more faggot niggas coming out the closet  
Rockin' fake Dior  
Any change made on this ground  
Out of respect, you should break me off  
Word, I stay stylin' silks, Ballys, and raw denim  
Get your head wrapped in plastic, I'll Boars Head em  
Read niggas up and down like the court's read em  
Spit acid on everything, strong venom

Sheesh  
Ghostface Killah!  
Staten Island QB  
This what we doin!

Indubitably some niggas are stupid to me  
Or should I refrain from calling some brothers out of they names  
Cause a king only qualify for some  
You can't call us all kings not everybody is one  
Yo this verse is like shrooms and rum  
Levitating out of my body or something  
Woke up uptown in 67  
At Smalls Paradise, candle lights  
Where I saw my man Bumpy Ellsworth and his wife  
Queens representer like Prince, Gerald Miller  
Free that man, plus LO, nothing bigger  
Than Ghostface and Esco  
Legal Mexican cartel money  
Call me Arnesco  
Guzman, Lopez, Garcia  
Gold plated AKs, lethal when you see us

Between the fingers  
Smokin on a thousand dollar blunt  
Tell these suckers I got everything they want