

Shootouts

Nas

Yo, release what's in me
Besides the Henny, it's eyes that's seen plenty
Fiends get skinny as if Queens was a Craig Jenny
Instead of diet plans it's crack 200 grams
I pump a G-pack, peeping for where the D's at
It's slow, looking for Rambo, the cop who got grazed
Back in the days, chasing niggas through my project maze
That cop he got a death wish
He run behind niggas until you breathless
Everyday he making ten arrests, shit
My nigga check this, I know the bitch he rest with
I even blessed it, forty-dash-ten inspect it
(Already checked it Dunn, near his ankle you could see his gun)
Peep, he parked his Jeep in the back of the slum
to check Tanisha, fat ass real fly, with the blonde Caesar
Vetacini summer gear, she push the two-seater
I heard she brag about the way he eat her
A Irish man short slim with a tan, they say he laced her cheeba
She do be looking weaker, now her teeth are foul
Speaking loud, peep her style, in and out of every reefer cloud
Fat ass dissolving, like cotton candy in a mouth that's starving
Rock the same gear daily, like a soldier in my squadron
I heard she let Jake investigate from her window
cause she's a nympho, sucking dick and coughing up info
So now it's set up, her and the beast to get wet up
I know he vest up, we blazing from the neck up
(Yo let me knock first) Soon as he open it your glock burst
They had the chains on, son hit the lock first
We busted in the cop jerked
Jungle popped one in his shirt
I grabbed the bitch by her tits, she tried to say she Earth
We saw the cameras, tape recorders, and the monitors
They eyeing us (Nas yo he survived one from the fo'-five)
Pull his shades down, they seen his last days now
There's no way now, we can be treated just like a slave now
Two in the dome, he's laid down, aiyo the bitch is saved now
She's living in a snitch grave now
Chorus: NasShootouts is similar to Wild West
Broad daylight, face to face without a vest
You know the episodes, thugs camouflage the spectacles
Please God to save the life that the Devil sold
See 'It Was Written' but was never told

Peep the jewels black man, it's even better than gold
Niggas roll with iron, police roll in hot pursuit
trying to stop the loot, fuck Jake, cock and shoot
[Nas]
Still on the streets with my peeps so deep
We threw a block party for my man going up creek
To do his two to four, niggas show love, from all around the board
Peace Lord, Sony Handi-Cam on record
Pop a bottle, cause when you come home we still got it sewn
We can watch the tape play back and just zone
Film all the bitches, on the benches with ill extensions
We block the streets off, only crew cars can enter
Music was loud and it was crowded
Barbecued wings we fed the fiends (gamble in the back) Killa shouted
And Frank tried to stop the bank loss, about what a Roley cost
Guzzled his drink, and staggered off
He's a Big Will, used to slang krill, now he own the hill
Couldn't take losing his cash, and I could feel
something in the air yeah, Frank returned with Pierre
A gun slinger, who niggas hadn't seen in a year
I usually be holding - 'specially this type of weekend
And everyone except for me had started reaching
They had gats in each others faces, with kids
and grandmothers around, Frank's only concern was his paper
My man Killa let off, half of them fake niggas jet off
Police blitz quick, waiting for that to set off
Running the static, it got me mad cause they a bunch of faggots
Starting shit in my hood, I can't have it
Yo High, get the 40-cali stainless, Jake is still out
Let's make it real and still make them niggas famous
Dip behind trees in fatigues and squeeze, dodge and weave
Hearing Jake retaliating, and Wiz was up the alley waiting
We breeze, jump in the ride, heard Pierre died
Internal bleeding inside, and ain't been back since '95
Chorus
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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