

# Suicide Bounce (feat. Busta Rhymes)

Nas

Ay fellas, I think you might wanna  
S-sneak your ratchet in here for this one  
Ay ladies, put your petroleum jelly on your face  
Yo nas, we got a big bet in the streets that you knock  
They ass out in the first 30 seconds of the first round, get 'emSittin' up drunk, shufflin' thoughts  
Got paper but I'm lost  
Losin' focus what a nigga still hustlin' for  
My seed is straight, the fam is settled  
Idle time get the man in trouble  
When wifey tourin', my life get borin'  
Start to remember all types of torment  
The Devil's callin', but I don't answer  
Mom passed from cancer, leavin' behind  
Two granddaughters, two grandsons, two 9's  
Next to me in the phantom, who lyin'?  
Big screen documentaries of Adi Amain  
Gotta, try to stay away from creeps  
With they bullshit, tryin' to put me back in the streetsWar stories, funerals  
Where feds be layin' from a dreadful slayin'  
Body viewing's at the wake  
Nigga sit stiff in his Ferrari, no casket  
With his eyelids still open, it's kinda spooky  
Iceman watch on, the suit Gucci  
I'm above the standard  
But dude just mar-salis than Bradford  
Thinkin' you're too rich, they wanna gun ya  
Kidnap ya 'cause of they hunger, but you fuckin' with hunters  
Camouflaged in black hoods that dump clips  
'Cause real niggaz die over dumb shit  
Camouflaged in black hoods that dump clips  
'Cause real niggaz die over dumb shitFight, fists, dance, suckah  
Suicide, bounce, brother  
Ice, whips, cash, nigga  
Watch yo' big ass, momma  
Fight, fists, dance, suckah  
Suicide, bounce, brother  
Ice, whips, cash, nigga  
Watch yo' big ass, mommaTo your power structure, Nas is dangerous  
Y'all the antithesis, the opposite  
Twitchin' shit, all up in your body language  
Mean muggin' your bitch, 'cause she leans over  
To look closer told you y'all sloppy gangsters sayin'

"Nas is this and nas is that"  
Your eyes go front, your eyes go back  
Surprised I'm at the same place y'all be at It's obvious you don't know how I react  
Like I don't know where the party's at  
You're foamin' at the mouth, losin' breath  
Like a cardiac arrest, but I ain't impressed  
'Cause the fact is, y'all don't really want it  
Two to the head, fo' to the stomach  
Call more security 'cause I come off  
Anywhere you're at you scary cats If you dare squeeze back, guns shall rain  
A thousand times harder than when I first came, y'all not relentless  
Y'all dumb and y'all just forgot about the consequences  
Not a jail sentence but see the nigga you feed'll  
Kick it to dude that kick it to me  
We possess, the recipes for death, 'cause jealousy destroys  
Feed the dog first, watch out for salmonella poisoning  
I know a kid who'll throw shit in your food  
And say, "That's the way you kill a man, avoid the shooting" Fight, fists, dance, suckah  
Suicide, bounce, brother  
Ice, whips, cash, nigga  
Watch yo' big ass, momma  
Fight, fists, dance, suckah  
Suicide, bounce, brother  
Ice, whips, cash, nigga  
Watch yo' big ass, momma You smile in my face, secretly I know, you want my place  
You waitin' on me to choke, don't want a nigga to breathe  
Wanna come cut my throat, you wanna get rid of me  
But before I let it happen them guns gon' start clappin'  
And y'all gon' rest in peace, 'cause death is the recipe  
Before I let it happen them guns gon' start clappin'  
And y'all gon' rest in peace, 'cause death is the recipe Suicide, bounce, brother  
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Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>