

Azealia Banks, Nathan (Feat. Styles P)

What up, what up?
Do you motherfuckers
Wanna gamble with your luck?
Better roll four, five, six
Then up and up
I'mma roll head, crack trips
You got the nuts?
I'mma call your bluff like
"I'm next, small talk"
Never turn the big bucks
Fine man, fuck got they
Hand and with a fucking fine man
Smoke a lotta ciga
Do a nigga have to bust this nigga?
I don't wanna slump this nigga
I don't wanna dump this nigga
I don't wanna lunch this nigga
I don't wanna hit your little goon
In the chest and the stomach
Douche gut this nigga
You don't really want this nigga

Y all niggas, stay hating
Y all niggas ain't getting Nathan
Y all niggas don't want no drama
(y all niggas don't want no problems)
Y all niggas, y all niggas, y all niggas
Y all niggas, y all niggas, y all niggas
Y all niggas, none of ya'll want it
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Stay talking that shit, y all hating
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[Styles P:]

Y all niggas ain't getting Nathan
Fuck is y all anticipating?
That will make me just lose my patience
Grab a gun and just strip you naked
No KONY, no island
Phony nigga, you was never wildin'
Warrior nigga, I'm forever styling
No trying, four five 'em
We looking for 'em, I'm lying
Two guns up, I'm riding
You ain't looking for me, I ain't hiding
Ain't the park nigga, no sliding
You could see saw, see a sawed-off or C4
"Bom Pow!"
Nigga Batman words
"Where the juice?"
Nigga gat man words
"Where's the bread?"
Nigga fat man words
"Where's the block?"
Nigga crack man words
Ya niggas, ya niggas
Can't fuck with my niggas

That's my word
Yeah it's Ghost
And Azealia Banks
Go head nigga
You can feel that shank
Go head nigga
Just light your dank
Mind your business
And drink your drink
Yeah!

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Ketchup
I'm hot, dog
Frankfurters, you're Nathan
But relish hatin'
Trust me, I pop off
Ain't one of ya'll
None of ya'll gonna make it
Spread you like Mustard
Don't trust em'
Burn em', boil em'
Grill em', bake em'
Nada, no problem
Zero, zilch em', vacant
It's nothing- Nathan
Back to the basics, poppin' Aces
Poker face, I'll pop your face in
You already know I got this blazin'
Back up with that cocky statement
Don't make me have to cock my favorite
How you want it, roof or basement?
Birds Eye view or bottom lake it
How bout gon strip to make it?
Stripped em naked, stripped the bacon
Left this muthafucka with his pistol shaking
Racy like eight Jamaicans
Bust your nigga Grape and
I scraped his Raisin
Kept my cool and I held my patience
I bet your boy becomes a Trauma patient
I bet your boy ease up the Combination
If you ain't talking money
Skip the conversation

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