

DJ Clue, Live From The Bridge

(feat. Nas)

Yo, this is Nas with my Man DJ Clue
The Professional part two
Puttin' it down for you fake ass DJ's and shit like that
Straight outta Q.B. all the way around the fuckin' world
Black Frank Sinatra on yo' ass,
Q.B. Braveheart nigga...

[Verse 1]

Was classified as the bastard who died
rumors say I came back alive with an axe
and attacked niggas actin' like Nas
my passion is to capitalize
come through my hood you get jacked for your ride
catch you from the passengers side
my words turn the sea red
like the eyes of a weed head
ya'll peep my led then hide like Easter eggs
I ride 'till the beef is dead, caskets dropped
your soul go further up than astronauts
I talk it and live it
ya'll weak dudes should offer forgiveness
'cause frontin' like you ill gets yourself torched by killers
in Newyork I'm the realest
predicted by fortune tellers
sick with the talkin' methods
AK's, Berettas
my whole team is Steelers like Jerome Bettis
rammin' niggas like St. Louis, we dough getters
and ya'll niggas is losers, nothin' fuckin' with us
nothin' but Bravehearts gon' hustle wit' us
Ugh!

[Verse 2]

When ya'll niggas fall
and start makin' 800 collect call commercials like Arsenio Hall
I'm on times square on New Years with Dick Clark droppin' the ball
with Kool and the Gang, doin' my thing
princess cut chains
I bend bitches like bike frames
my tight game will make Hilary leave Bill quick as lightning
I'll have her wearin' tight jeans
givin' nice brains in a white Range
pullin' up to club life, turned her to a thug life dame
I'm sayin', you rollin' with Nastradamus
we flowin' to St. Thomas
jewelry box full of stones so I can change diamonds
matchin' masterpieces on black sandy beaches
even the paparazzi tries to peep us
disguised with dark shades and fake beards
a lucky photographer noticed Tyra Banks here
but I showed the tabloids bogus passports
I told 'em back off before I flip like Castor Troy.

[Verse 3]

Live from the Bridge, cliques stay high from the iz'
wear the most popular shit, niggas knockin' my shit
Denali's, fat designed rims, 2000 S Benz
watchin' ESPN with two dime lesbians
I hit it of course, I did it to floss
the last Don, doin' hits like Pepe and Cross
Esco, cash long, niggas think I'm Blacula
'cause I'm in a castle with a bitch cold waxin' her

I leave my teeth marks in hoes, scoop 'em like a spatula
pass 'em to my peoples and party like a Bachelor
'till I meet a gangsta bitch, give her banks to hit
in return all she wants to do is drink the dick
Fuck street clothes, we thug it out in Tuxedos
stomp niggas with hard bottoms in casinos
a Hundred Bravehearts vest' up, nigga reload
we keep low, Hundred Thousand bank ceelo