

# 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