

DJ Clue, War

(feat. Nas)

[Verse 1: Nas]

Uh, yea, yea

Squinted-eye gangsta, live in a skyscraper

Platinum Patron-drinker, stackin' that grown paper

God pushed me out his nuts

The Devil swallowed me up, I burnt a hole in his guts

Fell down into a Louis Vitton truck

With stashboxes, and niggaz in it sayin' blast Nas shit

Drove down harm's way, puffin' that Bombay

QB thug tattoo on my arm say

Names of my fam, so I'ma read you a scripture

And commandments to get you richer

Bandanas, hammers, MAC's and nina's

With the mismatched Pumas, like Shan in Queensbridge

All white shell toes, that's that Queens thing

Brightland, ice wine, call that weed sling

Know where G slang

And the bitches with bomb ass that slurp on me and my comrades

Got a new contract, come on, black

Shit y'all just gettin' up on, I'm beyond that

No time for crumbs, I really don't see them

They just started livin', just started havin' threesomes

Just started havin' girls who like them

That's why I got married 'cause my world ain't like them

So why they keep tellin' those stories?

Nigga, y'all square, nigga, this is my year, nigga