

Nas, Blood, New Version

Italiano motto
Train like Cus Damato
Guard your plant
Recline low black milano
Blessed God feelin kosher
One in the top of the toaster
???
My nine is stuck in a holster
Dump quick
Chasing my dick
Made a bum bitch rich
???
Heard she naked in jail flicks
Mamacita
Black widow turned to be a back seater
Satin pillows a pimpstress in willow
Cookin my blow and heads low
Eye swellin
The son of the grain
I gotta split my wife's melon
So I can see the seven seeds of my circumference
Beaver lunged it
Polishin pistols at the gunsmith
Clever
My mama told me take cheddar
Buy slugs or drugs whatever calculate better
When cakes measured

Lock the front door secure
See the gleaming white crystal when its pure

F**k the snake hoes and jealous ass niggas
That smash your Benz windows
Detecting fake niggas signals
Yo live niggas get it too
Scarin rappers like the fed time Gotti was acquitted to
Bloodshot red eyes high
Yellow envelopes of la
Opening cigars let tobacco fly
Kicks matchin my shit my gun on
Thinkin of names for my mans unborn
Spill the Puerto Rican rum on imaginary graves
Put my hat on my waves
Latter Day Saints scream religious praise
Heat grazed the baby yo
Foul shit made a welfare mom crazy
More bodies drop by the razor yo
Paces flow
Grisly thoughts for makin dough
Haitian bitch cast a spell on my life for cash flow
So now its on never wasted a slug
Time is money
When it comes to mine
Take it in Blood