

# Nas, K-I-S-S-I-N-G

Hook:

Picture us married, you and me

K-I-S-S-I-N-G

I remember the first time, girl you and me

F-U-C-K-I-N-G

Girl, picture us married, you and me

K-I-S-S-I-N-G

I remember the first time, girl you and me

F-U-C-K-I-N-G

1st Verse:

She was the modern Isis, honey thought she was priceless

Perfect definition what a wife is, I like this

Showed me how excitin' life is

I used to hang around dudes that used ice picks

The sheistiest, put you on they heist list

How we met must have been fate

First date, crushed grapes, we ate lobster and steak

She kept asking questions how the cash made how my rent's paid

How many guns I sprayed and huns I laid

She said she want to have a family raise kids someday

Like out in Beverly Hills she wanna live one day

I can get with that. I dropped you off home

I call, you hit me back

I wanna dig that and did I? I did that

Put it way up where her ribs at, her future kids at

You held out for two weeks, longer than these hoodrats

You precious, more precious than lost treasure

Matter of fact I'm kinda hopin' we can stay together

Hook

2nd Verse:

I see you dressed up in white, face covered in veil

Do I hear wedding bells? My dogs throwin' rice

And it's today that your father give you away

To a real man, I gently put the ring on your hand

Do we vow to stay faithful? Do more than try to

Now, look me in my eyes and say "I do"

Drivin' off in the Rolls Royce, "Just Married" on the plates

We can spend our honeymoon in the states

You can throw your friend the bouquet

Somethin' in the back of my head say

For us two, maybe cuz I love you

Hug you, squeeze you, touch you, tease you

As long as we together it's heaven for me to please you

Won't stop till I tell you me to beautiful

Deeper and harder love layin' nude with you

Runnin' my fingers through your hair it's like days can go by

While I'm wit you and I won't even care, word

Hook

3rd Verse:

She been with young dudes, old guys, Hindus, pa-pa's

Colombians who cut pies, but none of them can touch Nas

Thug ones to those soft as baby, shit

She been with hoodlums and those who had crazy chips

Till one day she decided to flip

It was nuttin' I can do about it, like she the boss and shit

Started talkin' this divorcin' shit

I gave her my half rib, half my crib, half my cake

Half my car, half my kids? Can't get that

Tried to swing on the God, had to dip that

Yo, push her on the bed, lift her leg, had to rip that  
All she wanted was rough sex, with her slick ass  
Had to sit back, smoke a blunt and just look  
With her fine-ass body and a damn good cook  
For some reason yo she had me stuck and I had her in my web too  
You my queen, God bless you

Hook (2x to fade)