

Nas, Let 'Em Hang

[Intro]

Uh, yea, it's like that

They wanna know how nigga do it, youknawhati'masayin

I had a nigga come up to me and ask me and shit

Why I ain't got that, youknawhati'msayin

Fuck nigga get on your job, nigga let your nuts hang beeitch

Check it out though

[Chorus: V-12]

These well, theeeeeeeese

41st side Lake Entertainment

Oh yea, if you come to QB you gonna get...

[Nas]

Yo, foes decompose in their coffins, hoes creepin with bosses

No sleep in my fortress break day thinkin of losses

Taxes and IRS government gangstas

But I'm a scientist in love with big president faces

My residence changes from ghetto to acres

Avoidin jealousy snake shit

Can't afford another felony lake bent drivin them Porsche

Niggaz sayin Nas came through Wit a flyin saucers

With some strange shoes on the tirin flossin

So now they know wanna offer 'em killin stick 'em and cost 'em

Catch him slippin, trippin get 'em for all his fortune

Sup with this Nas hatred, y'all can suck my dick

Got these niggaz wives naked makin them fuck my fist

My mystique have the world froze

My physique got me dressed up in shell toes

In ganga leaf, I inhale slow

I'm from out of town capsule some kind of portal

Spittin these rhyme at you like a martyr

[Chorus: V-12]

Lay low, lay low (lay low)

Cuz all y'all niggaz won't (y'all niggaz)

If you come to QB you goin to get murdered

You goin to get murdered (murdered, murdered)

You going to get murdered (Why get shot up)

If you come to QB you goin to get murdered

[Lake]

Sayin old dudes jewel me, now salute me

I've grew more than they ever though I would be

Havin no pops to mourn me, just show me

God didn't plan for another man to control me

You know me from bustin my gun blood

Even up in north my cell smell like Christian Dior

Before I lost my case I had to gain mastered

Been had heart now my papers startin to match it

I stack til they capture me and kept a bottle of half-a-G

And sold 20's while I rap to beast

My wifey beef over my robberies

But they put my man in the "L" still on the armory

Loyal to the heritage, though I put 7 in it

Dudes snaked me, word to Spanky, I never snitch

I put a bullet in your face 'fore I go to Jake

Rule number 1 out here, don't fuck with Lake

[Chorus: V-12]

Lay low, lay low (lay low)

Cuz all y'all niggaz won't (y'all niggaz)

If you come to QB your goin to get murdered

Your goin to get chopped up, (murdered) boxed up

Your goin to get murdered
If you come to QB your goin to get...

[Nas]

Yo, yo, yo

Our guns are haunted with the ghost of body
Smoke 'em like we suppose to
Your whole crew come to face to face with shotty
Told you!, Bravehearted we appear when it's on
Light up your block like its day time y'all niggaz be gone
So many niggaz that's be pursuin Nas when they spot me
They be jumpin out of movin cars and landin on my Tims
I tell 'em be careful don't damage the skin
Amateurs cram around wit the hopes to get glance at the end

[Lake]

Aiyo most of my friends have ulterior motives
I'm wise cuz I realize that sounds is golden
Mourned shorty from cat shacky who wrote to me
Livin through them back then was givin hope to me
I control many, being a flossiest
Most notorious, Queensbridge extortionist
Love my hood no question, I'm gonna rep it
But I'm not just a QB tenant, I'm the president

[Chorus: V-12]