

# Nas, Made You Look

[shotgun blast]

[old school break beat, thugs chant "Bravehearts!" 7X]

[Verse 1: Nas]

Uh, uh, uh, now let's get it all in perspective  
For all y'all enjoyment, a song y'all can step wit'  
Y'all appointed me to bring rap justice  
But I ain't five-O, y'all know it's Nas yo  
Grey goose and a whole lotta hydro  
Only describe us as soldier survivors  
Stay laced in the best, well dressed with finesse  
In a white tee lookin for wifie  
Thug girl who fly and talks so nicely  
Put her in the coupe so she can feel the nice breeze  
We can drive thru the city no doubt, but don't say my car's topless  
Say the titties is out, newness here's the anthem  
Put your hand up that you shoot with, count your loot wit'  
Push the pool stick in your new crib, same hand that you hoop with  
Swing around like you stu-pid, king'a the town, yeah I been that  
You know I click-clack where you and yor men's at  
Do the Smurf, do the Wop, Baseball Bat  
Rooftop like we bringing '88 back

[Chorus: Nas]

They shootin'! -- Aw made you look  
You a slave to a page in my rhyme book  
Gettin' Big "big" money, playboy your time's up  
Where them gangstas? Where them dimes at?

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[Verse 2: Nas]

This ain't rappin, this is Street-Hop  
Now get up off your ass like your seat's hot  
My live niggaz lit up the reefer  
Trunk'a the car we got the streetsweeper  
Don't start none, won't be none  
No reason for your mans to panic  
You don't wanna see no ambulances  
Knock a pimp's drink down in his pimp cup  
That's the way you get Timberland'd up  
Let the music diffuse all the tension  
Ball or convention, free admission  
Hustlers, dealers and killers'ca move swift  
Girls get close, you'ca feel where the tool's kept  
All my just-comin' homies, parolees  
Get money, leave the beef alone slowly  
Get out my face, you people so phoney  
Pull out my waist, the eagle fo-forty

[Chorus]

[thugs chanting "Bravehearts!" 4X over DJ scratching gunshots]

[Verse 3: Nas]

I see niggaz runnin', yo my mood is real rude  
I lay you out, show you what steel do  
Mobsters don't box, my pump shot obliges  
Every invitation to fight you punk hazas  
Like Pun said, "You ain't even en mi clasa"  
Maybach Benz, back seat, tv plasma  
Ladies lookin for athletes or rappers

Whatever you choose, whatever you do  
Make sure he a thug and intelligent too  
Like a real thoroughbred is, show me love  
Lemme feel how the head is  
Females whose the sexiest is always the nastiest  
[record scratched off, Nas rhymes acapella]  
And I like a little sassiness, a lotta class  
Mommy reach in your bag, pass the fifth  
I'm a leader, at last this a don you wit'  
My nines'll spit, niggaz loose consciousness