

Nas, Michael & Quincy

Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah
Get your eardrum de-virginized by the words of mine
Eardrums de-virginized from the words of mine
Just a word of advice you can't murder Nas
All my n*ggas certified, we got certain ties
Streets was the office we didn't need a shirt and tie
M-I-A-M-I weather like the Virgin Isles
I ain't got no jewelry on 'cuz I'm made of ice
Element surprised, move with the Passion of Christ

To Portofino sittin' high on the cliff
From a younger dude with a crew we was working the shift Y'all South Park cartoon characters I'm
They never been scared to death while stayin' calm in a twist I creeped in a jean jacket, headband,
I ain't like to dodge fights, as I rode my bike
And I was lookin' at these people thinkin' they just might
Make me come out my cool character, break through the smooth barriers Go Crazy, Cee-Lo Green
Before I even pulled to the spot, they tried to park me
I'm used to dark scene's that's why I spark green
Why I pour wine, they don't stock these, I gotta order mine Malcolm X departed at The Audubon
Seen so many slaughtered I'm numb never mortified
All black Audemars, you claim yours was 1-of-1
We timepiece monsters, every season we be on the hunt
Jeepers creepers, America's a baby that's teething
Sh*tting on his-self, crying for its next feeding
As odd as it gets, it's not even a toddler yet
Gang members got nothing on these congressmen
Plus, Ray Liotta and James Caan died
Iconic actors who were redemption for these mob guys
We easin' on down the road for the third win
Who's Bad, it's up and it's stuck, feel the whirlwind
Like young Quincy Jones stuck outside the club 'til Ray Charles snuck him in Aah to be young again
But right now it's like I got the power of a hundred men
Nas and Hit like Michael and Quincy on a run again

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I'm activated, my hair might spark flames
Aviator frames, bandages, laminates for stage
From a stretcher I wave
Even if I never had two arms full of Grammys
Or a sponsor from Pepsi, I'd still be honorary
Like Quincy on a trumpet, Hit-Boy on a drum kit
Nasty like Mike on the vocals, I overdub it
Bouncin' Off the Wall, always Startin' Somethin'
Behind the scenes of the Thriller video, big budgets
Moonwalkin' Smooth Criminal talkin'
I'm changing colors right now 'til I'm dark skinned
Adam Clayton Powell's complexion to Baldwins
Annie are you OK? Watching me transforming
Pinky ring glitter like the socks and the glove
Know some money gettin' thugs that can buy the Beatles pub That's what I really call coppin' white