

Nashawn, Choir Song

[Nas]

Yea you know how it be
All my thugs gon' thuggin' the streets
But let the Choir Sing
(Choir Humming)

Yea you know how it be
All 'em thugs gon' thuggin' the streets
But let the Choir Sing
(Choir Humming)

Now put your hoods on
Put your gloves on, nigga!

[Nashawn]

Ayo I gotta break these streets shit down
I'm walkin' through Town
I'm holdin' my very big 3-pound
Costumers is floodin' the kid
And it's the first of the month
So many hands I dropped my shit
Pickin' my rocks up
I told the Fiends back off
And now I ain't servin' none of ya'll
Fresh Black Truck hopped in it
Tinted, Rims glissin' got a Bitch in it
Race to the finish
Nashawn straight Menace
Guineas - in my left hand
While I'm drivin' drunk which on you want
Hand-gun, Machine or the Pump?
I'll murder you, have everybody in your crew
in Black-suit, your gril in Black vial lookin' Gorgeous
I'mma Gangsta!
Shanksta, body you fuckin' her
I ain't lovin' her, I'm guttin' her
And you know how it be
When you comin' from and livin' in the P's

[Nas]

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