Freddie Foxxx, Turn Up the Mic

[Intro: Nas]
I only fuck with my niggaz, I gotta keep it tight
With my big brother, Bumpy Knuckles
We gon' ride on these niggaz my nigga, huh
Turn up the mics, yeah, lets get crazy, nigga, what
Turn up the mics, y'all bitch-ass niggaz is Swayze
Check it out

[Verse 1: Nas]
I'm Nasty but fuck bitches, handcuff snitches
Feed they nuts to pit bulls and plan more business
Got sluts on leashes walkin on all fours
Have 'em eatin from dog bowls pettin' they heads
Cause they love playin that role they sexy in bed
Smokin bud' I'm outta control wish death on the feds
Cup spills with Grey Goose watchin snuff films
Laughin with dykes that wear patent leather with spikes
My cheddar is right, Miami beach playin it low
St. Barts rent a house and a boat
Two hundred thou' on my throat
That's only half of what my wife ice cost
Phonecall, hearin another boss got his life lost
Well, wipin' sand off of my toes
Read a book called "Catcher in the rye", I chose
Some Bob Marley then I plotted a scheme
To make me and Bump Knux more rich
Then I got me a team, he got 'em a team
He tryin to buy G-force with missile launchers
Tired of walkin' around with beef, with that pistols on us
C-4's better I'm callin up some b-more killers
To come and bleed you
As sure as the sun's in the sky you'll surely die
You washed up, fuck your people
Your money ain't as long as mine you dumb and you foul
Who you tryin to squeeze all this fuck with Alzheimer's disease
We the new breed, nigga

[Chorus: Nas (& Freddie Foxxx)]
Turn up the mics,
Uh holler at somebody real
Turn out the lights,
Bump Knux, God's Son get it right motherfucker
Turn up the mics
(Aha yeah turn the motherfuckers up)
Turn out the lights
(That's right ya'll know why, I tell you why)
Suicide suicide

[Verse 2: Bumpy Knuckles]
It's Bump I'm rowdy I'm wild
I'm crazy I'm sick I talk slick
Name brand bitches all on my dick
I don't trip I meet bitches in this game that got pretty famous names
All that projects' pussy, nigga, all the same
We gangsters, we keepin it hardcore keep it street
Keepin guns and microphones, be keepin heat
I'm the unsquashable beef I put it in your rider
That means that every show I be layin in your dressing room
Next to the Henney Rock two times .20 cocked
I'm a cold assed nigga that keep shit plenty hot
My bubble goose is stocked with double truth
For you old-assed gangsters and you troubled youth
Knowin ; I hate cops and niggaz with cop friends
And still by weight in the hood they drop ends

With little marks on 'em scratched by the eye
You hand me a twenty, you must wanna die
Nigga, I won't remake a Pac record or say a Biggie verse
And I shoot you without smokin a Ziggy Marley first
God's Son we hot in here
Bravehearts we hot in here, niggaz they got to fear!

[Outro: Nas]
Turn up the mics, yeah lets get crazy, nigga whut
Turn up the mics, y'all bitch ass niggaz is Swayze
Check it out
Turn up the mics, yeah lets get crazy, nigga whut
Turn up the mics, y'all bitch ass niggaz is Swayze
Check it out
Turn up the mics, yeah lets get crazy, nigga whut
Turn up the mics, y'all bitch ass niggaz is Swayze
Shh