

# Nas, Made You Look (Remix)

(feat. Jadakiss, Ludacris)

[Intro: Jadakiss]

I need it from the top, AHHH!  
This is history baby  
Commissioner Steve Stoute, Lenny - ha!  
God's Son, whattup?  
D-Block, whattup?  
Bravehearts, whattup? Yeah  
Yeah, yo

[Verse One: Jadakiss]

Yo ain't nothin but trouble God  
When I kick in the door with D-Block, Bravehearts and the Double R  
Don't make me let the machine off  
This is methadone music that you can lean off  
"Made You Look," the remix with me up on it  
I copped your shit, now I break weed up on it  
And everything is real I see  
Like my niggaz that been home but they only got a jail ID  
I helped the game, it ain't help me  
I'm top five dead or alive and that's just off one LP  
And, I still buzz, they feel cuz  
Cause they know the flow's Ill just like Will was  
I'm just tryin to make sure that my sons wealthy  
Out of shape but I make sure that my guns healthy  
I'm a ape, you can't stand 'Kiss  
Comin through the hood in a Aston Vanguish the color of dandruff  
They said we jumped him, I just let the gun snuff him  
Copped P then turboed soon as they uncuff him  
This goes out to all of your mans  
Why put you in the verse when I can put in a coroner van  
D-Block

[Chorus 2X: Nas]

THEY SHOOTIN! Ah made you look  
You a slave to a page in my rhyme book  
Gettin big money, playboy your time's up  
Where them gangsters, where them dimes at?

[Verse Two: Ludacris]

Yuh, woo! It's time to go, Luda let's go!

I'm from the school of hard knocks, sneak peeks and low blows  
Where X's mark spots and kitchens mark O's  
Where love is gon' getcha and hate is gon' snitch ya  
And fingers squeeze triggers like boa constrictors  
It's the, Mr. Luda, Jada and Nas  
And our bullets give you a deep tissue massage  
So hear a song and dance while I make these ends  
You never stood half a chance like Siamese Twins  
AHHH - THEY SHOOTIN, look in the barrel  
Then he made the front page of the Miami Herald  
or Chi. Tribune, nozzles with silent doom  
We in that A-Town Journal-list, filed with goons  
You should print my information, quote my rhyme  
And keep me in between these New York and L.A. Times  
I was the victim of society, it's 'Cris the menace  
With mo' shit out on the streets than evicted tenants  
WOOOOOOOO!

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Nas]

Uhh.. uhh..  
(BRAVE-HEARTS.. BRAVE-HEARTS.. BRAVE-HEARTS.. BRAVE-HEARTS..)  
Jungle, Wiz, Nashawn!  
We got 'em scared look  
We got 'em scared they runnin

[Verse Three: Nas]

Yo, I grasp the ratchet, the blinker, the biscuit, the burner  
The heat, the toaster, the twister you meetin your owner  
The banger, the hammer, the flamers I aim at the cannons  
and can ya, manhandlin ya, you'll be famous like cancer do  
And cut, that's the end of your movie  
Pretendin you actin like you and your mens'll come shoot me  
My tennis shoes Gucci, old school pea soup green  
Jean Lee suit on Beaver, clicko champagne  
Friday the 13th my CD drop, I rhyme to more Base than EZ Rock  
I'm Jason, call up P.D. watch  
them Bravehearts, Jungle and Wiz and Nashawn  
Ill Will rasta Lake, never revealin his face on  
TV or pictures or even them niggaz  
Sorry that I made you wait long, glad them fakes gone  
[beat scratches out]  
WE SHOOTIN! Squeezin them triggers with Luda beside me  
Me and 'Kiss get Luniz of weed, set to Styles P.  
Tell him hold his head, God's Son got him we made y'all look  
From San Quentin to Riker's Island to.. [fades out]