Nas, Money Over Bullshit

[Verse 1: Nas]
My niggaz got scarred grills
Skully hats and gats be fullys
Brrrat, cars peel, the East Coast cartel
Rats get their tails snapped and trapped
The snitches in the streets and the snitches who rap
Pure euphoria, a dose of death to all of ya
Coroner choruses sung from The Bridge to Astoria
Dreams of fallin' in the elevator, passin' floors
Suddenly stop, the doors open up to a brick wall
I can smell the haters, wishful thinkers, bad luck prayers
Picture your tarot cards and bodyguards gettin' sprayed up
Sabotagin' my makeup, my watches get laced up
Even if they indicted Jacob
Forensics, Paramedics carry cowards off
Defibrillators shock to your chest, try to cough
They die and hit Hell from an iron
I'm flyin', wire or cell, I'm paid from this shit
Got bitches high as hell, and they fuckin' like AIDS don't exist
They get sent to your hotel, a maid and shit
Put a barrel in a capo mouth, 'til his scalp come out
You a kid, you don't live what you rap about
King poetic, too many haters to count
Too much paper to count, QB BITCH!

[Hook: Nas]
Join me in war, many will live, many will mourn
(Money Over Bullshit), pistols over brawn
Afraid not of none of you cowards but of my own strength
Afraid not of none of you cowards but of my own strength

(My own strength nigga, that's what I'm scared of, ha-ha)

Join me in war, many will live, many will mourn
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[Verse 2: Nas]
Got seven candles lit, black wallpaper, black carpet
Thinkin' about which nigga to target
You kill a nigga today, he lives forever
So I plotted out smarter, there'll be no Martyrs
Black Tec on the table, Mag .44
Black negligee on my bitch, she's at the door
Black fish eggs, nigga, that's the caviar
You niggaz fish-made, y'all niggaz is fifth grade
Niggaz, it's fifty ways to disect the General
If I give ya the top five, you will not survive
Rule 1: cocksucker, keep my name from your tongue
Rule 2: thought ya knew don't fuck with God's Son
Rule 3: see, matter fact, I just wait
If y'all reach top five, then I'ma eat y'all alive
Each one of you guys that claim Hip-Hop is still alive
Like y'all ain't in agreement wit Nas
That shit is dead motha'fucka, it's dead bitch

[Hook: Nas]
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[Verse 3: Nas]
From crack pushers to Lac' pushers and ambushers
And morticians to fortresses, case-dismisses
Laced in riches, cake ridiculous
From nickel and dimin; to trickin; them diamonds
Vegas, places in Switzerland
From non-blastin; to auto, I don't have to blast mine
They blast mine, black nine, you flatline
My cash climb, buy rare art
Antique pieces, Mona Lisa's, own no leases
Five-star restaurant eaters; don't forget who your peeps is
'Sposed to dine with you, sip that good wine with you
Only if they grind with you - or slang for ya
Seen niggaz live, laugh, party, and die in that very same corner
Pretty girls glance at us, status unconceivable
Private planes landed out in Teterboro, weed I twirl
Once even gave me a phobia
That I be in a spot trapped like Madame Zenobia's
With this kid eyein' my Rolly, y'all

[Hook: Nas]
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[Outro: Nas]
There it is, QB bitch, yea, QB bitch, yea, yea, QB bitch