Nas, Suicide Bounce

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

[Busta Rhymes]
Ay fellas
I think you might wanna s-s-sneak your ratchet in here for this one
Ay ladies
Put your petroleum jelly on your face
Yo Nas, we got a big bet in the streets
that you knock they ass out in the first 30 seconds of the first round
GET 'EM!

[Verse One: Nas]
Sittin up drunk, shufflin thoughts
Got paper but I'm lost
Losin focus what a nigga still hustlin for
My seed is straight, the fam is settled
Idle time get the man in trouble
When wifey tourin, my life get boring
Start to remember all types of torment
The devil's callin, but I don't answer
Mom passed from cancer, leavin behind
two granddaughters, two grandsons, two 9's
next to me in the Phantom, who lyin?
Big screen documentaries of Idi Amin
Gotta, try to stay away from creeps
With they bullshit, tryin to put me back in the streets
War stories, funerals
where feds be layin from a dreadful slayin
Body viewing's at the wake
Nigga sit stiff in his Ferrari, no casket
with his eyelids still open, it's kinda spooky
Iceman watch on, the suit Gucci
I'm above the standard
But dude just Mar-salis than Branford
Thinkin you're too rich, they wanna gun ya
Kidnap ya cause of they hunger, but you fuckin with hunters
Camoflauged in black hoods that dump clips
Cause real niggaz die over dumb shit
Camoflauged in black hoods that dump clips
Cause real niggaz die over dumb shit

[Chorus 2X: Busta Rhymes]
Fight, fists, dance, suckah
Suicide, bounce, brother
Ice, whips, cash, nigga
Watch yo', big, ass, momma

[Verse Two: Nas]
To your, power structure, Nas is dangerous
Y'all the antithesis, the opposite
Twitchin shit, all up in your body language
Mean muggin your bitch, cause she leans over
to look closer told you y'all sloppy gangsters sayin
"Nas is this and Nas is that"
Your eyes go front, your eyes go back
Surprised I'm at the same place y'all be at
It's obvious you don't know how I react
Like, I don't know where the party's at
You're foamin at the mouth, losin breath
Like a cardiac arrest, but I ain't impressed
Cause the fact is, y'all don't really want it
Two to the head, fo' to the stomach
Call more security cause I come off
anywhere you at you scary cats

If you dare squeeze back, guns shall rain
a thousand times harder than when I first came
Y'all not relentless, y'all dumb
And y'all just forgot about the consequences
Not a jail sentence, but see
the nigga you feed'll kick it to dude that kick it to me
We posess, the recipes for death, cause jealousy destroys
Feed the dog first, watch out for salmonella poisoning
I know a kid who'll throw shit in your food
And say, "That's the way you kill a man, avoid the shooting"
Hey...

[Chorus]

[Outro]
You smile, in my face
Secretly I know, you want my place
You waitin on me to choke, don't want a nigga to breathe
You wanna come cut my throat, you wanna get rid of me
But before I let it happen them guns gon' start clappin
And y'all gon' rest in peace, cause death is the recipe
Before I let it happen them guns gon' start clappin
And y'all gon' rest in peace, cause death is the recipe

[Busta] Suicide, bounce, brother
[Busta] Suicide, bounce, brother
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