

# Nas, The Message

Fake thug, no love, you get the slug, CB4 Gusto  
Your luck low, I didn't know til I was drunk though  
You freak niggaz played out, get fucked and ate out  
Prostitute turned bitch, I got the gauge out  
96 ways I made out, Montana way  
The Good-F-E-L-L-A, verbal AK spray  
Dipped attache, jumped out the Range, empty out the ashtray  
A glass of 'ze make a man Cassius Clay  
Red dot plots, murder schemes, thirty-two shotguns  
Regulate wit my Dunn's, 17 rocks gleam from one ring  
Yo let me let y'all niggaz know one thing  
There's one life, one love, so there can only be one King  
The highlights of livin, Vegas style roll dice in linen  
Antera spinnin on Milleniums, twenty G bets I'm winnin them  
Threats I'm sendin them, Lex with TV sets the minimum  
Ill sex adrenaline  
Party with villians, a case of Demi-Sec to chase the Henny  
Wet any clique, with the semi-tech who want it  
Diamonds I flaunt it, chickenheads flock I lace em  
Fried broiled with basil, taste em, crack the legs  
way out of formation, it's horizontal how I have em  
fuckin me in the Benz wagon  
Can it be Vanity from Last Dragon  
Grab your gun it's on though  
Shit is grimy, real niggaz buck in broad daylight  
with the broke Mac it won't spray right  
Don't give a fuck who they hit, as long as the drama's lit  
Yo, overnight thugs, bug cause they ain't promised shit  
Hungry-ass hooligans stay on that piranha shit

[Chorus: samples from "New York State of Mind" (repeat 4X)]

"I never sleep, cause sleep is the cousin of death" -&gt; [Nas]  
&quot;I ain't the type of brother made for you to start testin&quot; -&gt; [Nas]

[Nas]

I peeped you frontin, I was in the Jeep  
Sunk in the seat, tinted with heat, beats bumpin  
Across the streat you was wildin  
Talkin bout how you ran the Island in eighty-nine  
Layin up, playin the yard with crazy shine  
I cocked a baby 9 that nigga grave be mine, clanked him  
What was he thinkin on my corner when it's pay me time  
Dug em you owe me cousin somethin told me plug him  
So dumb, felt my leg burn, then it got numb  
Spun around and shot one, heard shots and dropped son  
Caught a hot one, somebody take this biscuit 'fore the cops come  
Then they came askin me my name, what the fuck  
I got stitched up and went through  
Left the hospital that same night, what  
Got my gat back, time to backtrack  
I had to drop so how the fuck I get clapped  
Black was in the Jeep watchin all these scenes speed by  
It was a brown Datsun, and yo nobody in my hood got one  
That clown nigga's through, blazin at his crew daily  
The 'Bridge touched me up severely hear me?  
So when I rhyme it's sincerely yours  
Be lightin L's sippin Coors, on all floors in project halls  
Contemplatin war niggaz I was cool with before  
We used to score together, Uptown coppin the raw  
But uhh, a thug changes, and love changes  
and best friends become strangers, word up

[Chorus: first from "New York State of Mind", then "Halftime" (repeat 4X)]

&quot;Y'all know my steelo&quot; -&gt; [Nas]

&quot;There ain't an army that could strike back&quot; -&gt; [Nas]

[Nas]

Thug niggaz

Yo, to them thug niggaz gettin it on in the world you know?

To them niggaz that's locked down

doin they thing survivin yaknowmsayin?

To my thorough niggaz, New York and world wide

Yo to the Queensbridge Militia

9-6 shit.. The Firm clique, Illmatic nigga

It Was Written though

It's been a long time comin

Y'all fake niggaz, tryin to copy

better come with the real though

Fake ass niggaz yo..

(They throw us slugs we throwin em back, what?)

Bring the shit man, live man

(Fuck that son)

Nine-six shit..