

# Nas, Wanna Play Rough?

Verse One:

Yo, the Lord is my shepard  
The sword is my weapon  
Reward is a blessin', that comes from the struggle  
shoes been scuffled, blood's been shed, another Mother loses a son  
'cause where I'm from the young chooses a gun  
before they choose an education  
but once dead their ain't no awakenin'  
so like once said, life aint for fakin'  
yo, you wit' me when I say duct tape 'em?  
fuck waitin'  
got the truck outside, Benz jeep for navigation  
everything in position, they'd rather be fuckin' wit' Satan  
when I aim I aint missin', master of assasination'  
I heard he call himself Esco, drive a Lexo  
rocks his hat sideways, showin' off his waves with a chipped tooth  
is this the truth?  
this is what we do, sip a brew  
wait around his crib until it turns around two AM  
as soon as he walks in the door we slay 'em  
you guys got fat while I was away, so start payin'

Chorus - Okay, you wanna play rough?!  
(gun shots) (scratching - a thug changes, and love changes) repeat 3X,  
Okay yo, we could play rough!

Verse Two:

Okay now, drive up to my crib, am I high enough?  
who these niggas tryin' to hide in their truck  
I aint order cable, why in the fuck these niggas  
ducked in they seat? are they lookin' for me?  
but I aint do shit, could it be that niggas thought  
I slept like B.I.G. and Pac did  
may they rest in peace, but while I'm alive I pop shit  
P-11 glock spits 17 shot clips  
put these niggas in boxes, where they Moms and Pops is  
pull the strap from under the seat  
back up in the street  
watch these niggas thats tryin' to watch me, I carefully creep  
take off my shoes, barefoot nigga poppin' my heat  
empty every shell in their direction  
its you, I should've guessed it!  
same niggas that I was connected wit', I know sent you  
now I'm'a take you off here, you dont know what you got into

Chorus

Verse Three:

Walked in his house, smackin' him up, "what you talkin' about?" he said  
shut-up nigga! knocked him in his head with chrome  
never thought I'd be in his home  
with his wife taped up for my niggas to bone  
fuckin' with me, you should've known  
I'll have 'em write "stupid nigga" on your tombstone  
what money can do, get you hit for less than a G  
for threatenin' me  
I'm'a do it myself, take you to Hell, this ones for free  
killin' you niggas with nothin'  
left him dead, engine runnin'  
you the only I'm makin' sure that gets whats comin'  
look at your Woman, anal ripped out, its your fault

they gang banged your bitch out in your face and you saw it  
but before I let you have it I'm searchin' your crib  
for pictures of relatives, addresses to where they live  
shit like that, incase a nigga wanna strike back  
I'll be right up in his ass to blow 'em out with the Mac  
niggas treat you like Fam, and you on it like that?  
now you gotta lay flat, gettin' eatin' by rats  
gettin' even's never wrong, its only right to react  
eye for an eye, 'cause the sweetest part is payback  
somebody kncokin', who dat?  
"a cop man", let him in  
and give that mothafucka one under the chin  
cant believe this nigga down with the Feds!  
the copped screamed out your government before he dropped dead  
dont explain, I put the pound on his head  
blew 'em! before that I cant remember the last time I said.....  
Okay, so we gonna play rough!

Chorus