

Smokin'

Nas

Bis-Mi-Allah A-Rahman A-Rahim
(To the Gods.. to the Gods.. to the Earths)
Pass that shit homey

Now tell me what y'all smokin
What kinda heat y'll holdin
Well is your creep move potent
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns I pass 'em to my niggaz c'mon
We bi-coastin, keepin our po-ckets bulgin
We got the plan in motion
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns I pass 'em to my niggaz c'mon

Zoom, from outer space he comes
Blunt in his mouth with his hand on his gun
Bitches flappin they gums, do he be clappin and shootin guys
Actor or a movie star, rapper revolutionized
What is his race nation or creed?
Is he arabic, black, latin, asian they read
Magazines say I walked on water, talked to the heavens
Spit at judges, stepped on peasants
But in reality, I just entered your galaxy
September '73, up in these wild streets
Fuckin these wild freaks, a harem of hoes (God damn)
And my mystique got 'em tearin my clothes

Now tell me what y'all smokin
What kinda heat y'll holdin
Well is your creep move potent
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns I pass 'em to my niggaz c'mon
We bi-coastin, keepin our po-ckets bulgin
We got the plan in motion
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns I pass 'em to my niggaz c'mon

My nigga smoke with one lung
If he cough he might die, passin me trees
The liquor bottle's almost empty
We about to collide, with the enemy
Only way you die if it's meant to be
You fuckin with a general
No discussion is the principle we bustin it's the end of you
Now we knockin on your mama door
Like we cam to fix the sink; my kind of war
Death, angels comin for you
Spirit horse runnin from your body like Young Guns 1 and 2
Paramedics fightin for you, who's gon' win?
The hands of time, or the hands of medicine
Don't cry, witness your fate, this is your wake
Walk by your casket, spit in your face
Enter the fog dog, the light is your guide
And when you're gone all your niggaz gon' light it with Nas

Now tell me what y'all smokin
What kinda heat y'll holdin
Well is your creep move potent
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns I pass 'em to my niggaz c'mon
We bi-coastin, keepin our po-ckets bulgin
We got the plan in motion

I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns I pass 'em to my niggaz c'mon

Pardon but I gotta question of life now
Look at the nigga next to you right now
Is he real, fake or scared
Do it like this niggaz right hands in the air
Ball it to a fist and put it over your heart
Now let's say it all together let the ceremony start
I shall - stay real stay true stay holdin figures
Never put a bitch over my niggaz
I shall never, cooperate with the law
Never snake me I always hold you down in war
If they take one of mine, I take one of theirs
I never break the oath to the death I swear
I swear that's how we pledge alegiance, to the alliance
of underworld's killers and thugs, though the science
of a nigga still yet to be found
So light up some green, and pass it around (just pass it around)

Now tell me what y'all smokin
What kinda heat y'll holdin
Well is your creep move potent
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns I pass 'em to my niggaz c'mon
We bi-coastin, keepin our po-ckets bulgin
We got the plan in motion
I got a bunch of bullets and a bag of guns I pass 'em to my niggaz c'mon

Wanna get high, come smoke with me
Smoke with me, light it up