

You Can't Kill Me

Nas

Yeah yeah yeah yeah y'all... New York City... Tryna to see
where I'mma go tonight... The most famous town in the
whole fuckin' world... The other night, nigga was at Lotus...
I hit P and then I was Dom P'ed up in there, you know... But I
found this new spot we went to the other night, yo, check it out
check it out how it went

It was just cool like, smooth night wit' my jewels bright
Goons left goons right, coupe wit' blue lights
Bad girls in black pearls, gave us cat calls
Took 'em back to the crib to break they ass off
In the loft mixin' hash and 'dro
Honey spreaded that asshole like a wide mouth bass
Sippin' wine out the glass, Teddy Pendergrass blast
When the phone ring, the house lights flash
Turned down the sound, let's get down to bidness
Shit about to go down wit' some foul niggas
What the voice said, "what up pop? Who want it?"
I put the guap up, get the boy popped
He say "son stop, it's dudes you feedin'
Who feedin' other dudes, but they really not eatin'"
Dog, why you callin' me? This our food
You, handle the mouths that it trickles down to
Niggas want beef, I want some of that cow too
But I'm in my princely robe, simply rich
Don't bother me wit' silly shit, call Rico
He said "it IS Rico, of all people
Gave his moms furs, called up the mayor
To get his crime pardoned, his son's godfather"
Said the nigga shot up my cars
Last night he laid for me to come out my doors?

Niggas always on that bullshit
To make a nigga wanna open up a full clip
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Now ya funeral, the preacher's at the pulpit
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High, fly, send a fella loaf or glass?
Fold up cash, you ain't heard the soldier's half
You speakin' hogwash, silly shit, ??? to dash
I got the live sparked, Phillies lit, smoker's jacket on
The son of a Cap-ricorn, my dad's a don
What you think that he spawned? A slacker? Nah
Packed the nines, yo this nigga's asinine
Smack ya mom, relaxed and calm, then mack ya mom
In a casket, you'll get ya fashion on
You'll be in a suit and tie, you'll die
You'll make maggots turn to flies, fuckin' wit' Nas
Remember anyone can get it at anytime
Lames'll swear by ya name, when they lie
Get hit wit' the lone star, ripped where ya bones are
So tell me how yo' ass gon' run, from a C-Z-P-O-1?

In the midst of real steel movers, you a loser
Merk you wit'cha own shooters
All you want is a name, pissed and insane
My security system, my playspot a fireplace, listen
Then it goin' off, start spittin'
Niggas try to bring it where I live in
Trustin' you, knew where all of the cribs at
So we waited wit' the cigs blat, blat, blat!

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