

# The Message

Nas

Fake thug, no love, you get the slug, CB4 Gusto  
Your luck low, I didn't know til I was drunk though  
You freak niggas 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 niggas know one thing  
There's one life, one love, so there can only be one King  
The highlights of living, Vegas style roll dice in linen  
Antera spinning on Milleniums, twenty G bets I'm winning them  
Threats I'm sending them, Lex with TV sets the minimum  
Ill sex adrenaline  
Party with villains, a case of Demi-Sec to chase the Henry  
Wet any clique, with the semi-tech who want it  
Diamonds I flaunt it, chicken-heads flock I lace em  
Fried broiled with basil, taste em, crack the legs  
Way out of formation, it's horizontal how I have em  
Fucking me in the Benz wagon  
Can it be Vanity from Last Dragon  
Grab your gun it's on though  
Shit is grimy, real niggas 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  
"I never sleep, cause sleep is the cousin of death"  
"I ain't the type of brother made for you to start testing"  
"I never sleep, cause sleep is the cousin of death"  
"I ain't the type of brother made for you to start testing"  
"I never sleep, cause sleep is the cousin of death"  
"I ain't the type of brother made for you to start testing"  
"I never sleep, cause sleep is the cousin of death"  
"I ain't the type of brother made for you to start testing"  
"I never sleep, cause sleep is the cousin of death"  
"I ain't the type of brother made for you to start testing"  
"I peeped you fronting, I was in the Jeep  
Sunk in the seat, tinted with heat, beats bumpint  
Across the street you was wilding  
Talking bout how you ran the Island in eighty-nine  
Laying up, playing the yard with crazy shine  
I cocked a baby 9 that nigga grave be mine, clanked him

What was he thinking on my corner when it's pay me time  
Dug em you owe me cousin something 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 asking 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 watching all these scenes speed by  
It was a brown Datsun, and yo nobody in my hood got one  
That clown nigga's through, blazing at his crew daily  
The 'Bridge touched me up severely hear me?  
So when I rhyme it's sincerely yours  
Be lighting L's sipping Coors, on all floors in project halls  
Contemplating war niggas I was cool with before  
We used to score together, Uptown copping the raw  
But uhh, a thug changes, and love changes  
And best friends become strangers, word up  
"Y'all know my steelo"  
"There ain't an army that could strike back"  
"Y'all know my steelo"  
"There ain't an army that could strike back"  
"Y'all know my steelo"  
"There ain't an army that could strike back"  
"Y'all know my steelo"  
"There ain't an army that could strike back"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>