

## K-I-SS-I-N-G

Nas

Picture us married, you and me; K-I-S-S-I-N-G  
I remember the first time, girl you and me; F-U-C-K-I-N-G  
Girl picture us married, you and me; K-I-S-S-I-N-G  
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She was the modern Isis, honey thought she was priceless  
Perfect definition what a wife is, I like this  
Showed me how excitin life is  
I used to hang around dudes that used ice picks  
The sheistiest, put you on they heist list  
How we met it must have been fate  
First date, crushed grapes, we ate lobster and steak  
She kept asking questions how the cash made how my rent's paid  
How many guns I sprayed and huns I laid  
She said she want to have a family raise kids someday  
Like out in Beverly Hills she wanna live one day  
I can get with that I drop you off home  
I call you hit me back  
I wanna dig that and did I? I did that  
Put it way up where her ribs at, her future kids had  
You held out for two weeks, longer than these hoodrats  
You precious more precious than lost treasure  
Matter of fact I'm kinda hopin we can stay together

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I see you dressed up in white face covered in veil  
Do I hear wedding bells? My dogs throwin rice  
And it's the day that your father give you away  
to a real man that gently put the ring on your hand  
Do we vow to stay faithful? Do more than try to  
Now, look me in my eyes and say I do  
Drivin off in the Rolls Royce just married on the plates  
We can spend our honeymoon in the states  
You can throw your friend the bouquet  
Somethin in the back of my head say  
For us two, maybe cuz I love you  
Hug you squeeze you touch you tease you  
As long as we together it's heaven for me to please you  
Won't stop til I tell you me to beautiful  
Deeper and harder love layin new with you  
Runnin my fingers through your hair it's like days can go by  
while I'm wit you and I won't even care, word

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She been with young dudes, old guys, Hindus, pa-pi's  
Colombians who cut pies, but none of them can touch Nas  
Thug ones to those soft as baby shit  
She been with hoodlums and those who had crazy chips  
Til one day she decided to flip

It was nuttin I can do about it, like she the boss and shit  
Started talkin this divorcin shit  
I gave her my half rib, half my crib, half my cake  
Half my car, half my kids? Can't get that  
Tried to swing on the God, had to dip that  
Yo, push her on the bed, lift her leg, had to rip that  
All she wanted was rough sex, with her slick ass  
Had to sit back, smoke a blunt and just look  
With her fine-ass body and a damn good cook  
For some reason yo she had me stuck and I had her in my web too  
You my queen God bless you

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(2x)