

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)