

Money Over Bullshit

Nas

My niggas got scarred grills, skully hats and gats be fullies
Brrat, cars peel, the east coast cartel
Rats get they tail snapped and trapped
It's snitches in the streets and it's snitches in rap
Pure euphoria, a dose of death to all of ya
Coroner choruses, some from the Bridge to Astoria
Dreams of fallin' in a elevator passin' floors
Suddenly stop, the doors open up to a brick wall
I can smell the haters, wishful thinkers, bad luck prayers
Picture ya tarot cards and bodyguards gettin' sprayed up
Sabotagin' my make-up, my watches get laced up
Even if they indited Jacob
Forensics, paramedics, carry cowards off
The frivolated shock to ya chest, try to cough
They die and hit Hell from a iron
I'm fly in YSL, I'm paid from this shit
Got bitches high as Hell and they fuckin' like AIDS don't exist
They get sent to ya hotel or made in this shit
Put a barrel in the capo mouth, 'til his scalp come out
You a kid, you don't live what you rap about
Came poetic, too many haters to count
Too much paper to count, QB bitch

Join me in war, many will live, many will mourn
Money over bullshit, pistols over brawlin'
Afraid not of none of you cowards but of my own strength
Afraid not of none of you cowards but of my own strength
(2x)

Got seven candles lit, black wallpaper black carpet
Thinkin' 'bout which nigga to target
You kill a nigga today, he lives forever
So I plotted out smarter, there'll be no martyrs
Black tech on the table, mag four-four
Black negligee on my bitch, she's at the door

Black fish eggs nigga, that's the caviar
You niggas is fish made, y'all niggas is fifth grade niggas
It's fifty ways to die said the general
I give you the top five, you will not survive
Rule 1 cocksucker keep my name from ya tongue
Rule 2 thought you knew don't fuck wit' God's Son
Rule 3, see, matter fact I'll just wait
If y'all reach top five then I'mma eat y'all alive
Each one of you guys that claim hip-hop is still alive
Like y'all ain't in agreement wit' Nas
I said it's dead muthafucka, it's dead bitch

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From crack pushers to 'Lac pushers, and ambushers
And morticians to fortresses, case dismisses
Laced in riches, cake ridiculous, from nickel and dimin'

To trickin' them diamonds, Vegas, places in Switzerland
From nine blast to the auto, have to blast mine
They blast mine, black nine, you flatline, my cash climb
Buy rare art, antique pieces, Mona Lisas
Own, no leases, five star restaurant eaters
Don't forget who ya peeps is, 'pose to dyin' wit' you
Sip that good wine wit' you, only if they grind wit' you
Or slang for ya, seen niggas live, laugh, party and
Die on that very same corner
Pretty girls glance at us, status unconceivable
Private planes landed out in ???, weed I twirl
Once even gave me a phobia, that I'll be in the spot
Trapped like a Madam Zenobias wit' this kid eyein' my Rolly, yo

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There it is... QB bitch.... yeah... QB bitch...
yeah... yeah... QB bitch...