

Small World

Nas

See no evil... fear no evil... speak no evil... hear no evil..
If you don't bring that shit around you
You ain't got nuttin to worry about (uh-huh)
Yeah (yeah, uh-huh)
Knah-saying?

Yo, yo yo yo
Carolyn, from Maryland, she Lady Heroin
She elegant -- her apparel in the M-Class caravan
Ki's of dope, loving cats to ski in her throat
She fuck killers in her condo, her Benz and her boat
Her iced throat, ass is curvy, 40 years old
She passin for 30, Gucci framed glasses from Purvy's
Madison Ave., shoppin when she not, coppin bricks of that shit
She hoppin on dicks, riding Pony's who trick
At my man's wake, she said the eulogy
After that I usually, bumped into her shoppin for jewelry
Her bodyguard screwing me, I gave her my math
Ain't nothing new to me, blowing backs out, six-pack Stout's
Wide fat mouth, the evil look, with a bow-leg
Yo niggas said, "Shorty's a pro, she blow heads
She push the for' red, she know Feds, Feds know her"
A code red, maybe she's out to slay me, this bitch is crazy
She blew the celly up, meet me at the telly to fuck
She knew about, cats from way back, we smoke the haystack
She never cough once, blunts was her hobby
She said I knew her man probably, no doubt, not since he tried to rob me
I jetted though, sometimes you never know
He snorted all her work, now she need me, to do her dirty work

It's a small world ("It's a.. small world..")
Nigga you reap what you sew
What goes around, comes around
If you sleep you don't know
A very small world ("It's a.. small world..")
where beef could never end
At the time you least expect it
I'm gonna see you again
It's a small world ("It's a.. small world..")
You get away with it now
Soon enough it catches up to you
Someway, somehow
Yo it's a small world
Watch what you do.. ("It's a.. small world..")

Snook from Redhook was grimy, did five years, glad to be home
from Attica known, for keeping chrome calibers
Smooth like a Wallaby shoe, he's out to get it
Five years planning to blow, soon as he hit the bri-dicks
Had a girl in Woodside Queens, thought he was low
Played the crib for a month, and deaded his P.O.
Started robbin niggaz til he caught a whole kilo
He had a bunch of starving niggaz he owe, he never paid though
Got large, sign on his door, "Don't knock hard"
Laying with his bitch, niggaz is rich, is what he told her
Played the block, holding cracks inside the baby stroller
Here come his crazy soldier, six shots it's over

A year went past, Snook went flossing fast
His old man had crossed his ass, for the laws of this fast cash

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At the time you least expect it
I'm gonna see you again nigga
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I seen death, seen thugs cry, it's bugged why
we let the slugs fly, enter your brain, through your skull
Another thug died, pitchin your soul, into that infinite
black hole, where many souls go cause of a fo'-fo' blast
Snook was one of em, so many more
Even that Fendi whore, got niggaz hit up yeah let that Henny pour
Carolyn, paid-up bitch, made bitch, stay rich
Heard her bodyguard took Snook to God
Carolyn when she needed him, he took the job
He was close to her, ever since she took him inside
When his moms died, dopefiend OD-ed, eighty-five
He went crazy, stuck up banks, to stay alive
He was live - do niggaz even know the things that he tried
Robbed armored trucks - incidents where po-lice died
He stayed in lower Eastside, peace God (peace God)
He staring at me hard
Two of his mans with him, I got to hit em
I'm reaching for my Roscoe, cocked it back on, and get my blast on
At the gas station, bunch of Arabs racing
out the way, as my Torah spray, jump in the whip
Hit the highway, you know how I say, the game that I play
It's real tendencies, when you feel your enemies
but can't figure out whose who, keep it true
Shit is cool now -- put the tools down? Never
Cause everyday is on, Levin this life, out for this cheddar

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("I'm going to see you again..
Uh-huh.. I'm going to see you again.. nigga..
Uh-huh.. going to see you again nigga.. yeah..")