

Who Killed It?

Nas

Look here 'Sheed
Pretty Mike shanked Two Face Al, over some gal
Found the body dead in the isles
Death by strangulation, microphone cord, a dirty broad
Tell Shaniro play it again Sham, damn, that was my jam
Now she's on the lam, she made it out wit' two hundred grand
What a scam! While these two compete on who's the star of the show
Golden Legs there makes off wit' the dough
I read the paper there wit' Joe the Butcher
He says "one glance is all it took ya" she's a real looker
They say her old man's a bootlegger, transport in any weather
And at this rate we'll never get her
Fellas, think it's time I call it a night
All this talk of mystery dames gettin' me tight
Thought I saw her in my eyesight, right
Hate to spoil the party, what are you guys havin'?
The same? Waiter, another round for the gang
It's strange how I always felt out of place
Joe the Butcher's my ace, but in comes Freckleface
So I said "see ya later"
Before I hurt him and his two ugly thumb breakers
He met them in Louisiana wrestlin' gators
An idiot can tell they're involved in the caper
So I pulled the revolver out my waist up
Between a patrol car and a gray truck
Behind the streetlamp was a silhouette
White gloves and a real long cigarette
Whaddaya know? All this time she's got me in the scope
She spoke, says "the devil got you guys by the choke
"Your conspiracy theories won't work wit'out evidence
That's the reason why Eric B. is not President"

Well whaddaya say?
Ya see... ya see... ya see...

Look here 'Sheed, I Know You Got Soul, you tryna hide it
How'd you kill a man out in Cypress?
One-Eyed Charlie, he only hangs out wit' the Criminal Minded
Says you guys did it Doggystyle, is he lyin'?
She says "Walk This Way I'll tell you a Children's Story"
We hit the bodega, got her a few forties
We jumped in my ride, we drove and she cried
Twisted off the cap there and opened her mouth wide
Swalllled It! Whole bottle's half empty
Drinks like a fish, now she's past tipsy
The truth came out as we got to her Suave House
Chopped-N-Screwed her mouth and sat me on the couch
I said "it's gettin' late c'mon, give it to me straight
Who's your sponsor, lady?" She says "Bill Gates"
"What are you born, '77 or '78?"
She said "nah goes way to an earlier date"
Slave times, played for slave said rhymes
But she fell in love wit' some fella named Clive
Who? Clive Campbell from Cedrick Ave
The Bronx, now she shows me the cash
I said "who's Clive, don't play with me skirt"
She said "Clive Campbell, he's Kool Herc"

Ah-ha! Ah-ha!

Listen up sweetheart, now we're gettin' somewhere
As she's talkin', she starts vanishin' in thin air
But before she drops the money bag on the floor and died
She said "if you really love me I'll come back alive"