

# Me Nas Bring It To Your Hardest

Slick Rick

Finally, a change from these fake rap artists  
Me and Nas bring it to your hardest  
Finally, real niggaz that are Billboard charters  
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Skills provide the shows, also fright the foes  
And when I step into a room, pimps hide they hoes  
Is that really him? Yes, that's his highness  
And for the last time stop lookin' at his fine ass

You know, homosexuals, smirk, converse and say  
That nigga box is workin' girlfriend  
You wanna talk about a fat phrase carrier  
To billionaire white chick jump the race barrier?  
(You know)

A nice girl, but I didn't want a bit of her  
Sayin', "I like your slang what's with the wife, get rid of her"  
Son, Sony talkin' Japanese  
With mice like, "Whattup Rick? You can have my cheese kid"

I am such a heavy hitter  
Even chandelier jealous off the patch ice glitter  
(Bling)  
Rappers walkin' round, strappin' fearsome, here son  
And remember your rap career's done

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Finally, a tag team from the top all-starters  
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Runnin' spots, pants leg tucked in my socks  
Puff and lay a spread, order drinks, Henn on the rocks  
Wintertime sport a fox, maybe a sable  
Three-quarter length mink sound right for this occasion

Heard me John Blazin, see me in gangster flicks  
Life is so amazin', hate to be paperless  
Bill Gate in this, it must be God, I'm not a atheist  
Wanted like kingpins by ATF

Your girl want my name on her chest  
Me and Rick argue about whose chain is the best  
Gucci boxers, my diet changed from sushi to pastas  
Wear my hat like the late Sinatra's

Models pop the coochie when the spot us  
Finally rappers you could be proud of, from the Bronx  
To Queens bridge houses, what? If you feel me then holla  
Thug niggaz, who bail be worth a million dollars, what

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Track masters, Def Jam  
Baby what the deal  
Slick Rick, Big Nas yo