

Michael & Quincy-NAS Lyrics

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"Michael & Quincy"

Nas

Yeah, yeah, yeah (N— N— N— N— Nas)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Get your eardrum de-virginized

While the music is—

Hahaha

Eardrums de-virginized from the words of mine (Mine)

Just a word of advice, you can't murder Nas (Nas)

All my niggas certified, we got certain ties (Ties)

Streets was our office, we didn't need a shirt and tie (Tie)

M-I-A-M-I, weather like the Virgin Isles (Isles)

I ain't got no jewelry on 'cause I'm made of ice (Ice)

Element surprise, move with the passion of Christ (Christ)

To Portofino, sittin' high in the cliff

From a younger dude with a crew and we was workin' the shift

Y'all South Park cartoon characters, I'm convinced

They never been scared to death while stayin' calm in a twist

I creeped in a jean jacket, headband and Nikes

I ain't like to dodge fights, as I rode my bike

And I was lookin' at these people, thinkin' they just might
Make me come out my cool character, break through the smooth barriers

Go crazy, CeeLo Green, Gnarl's Barkley

Before I even pull to the spot, they try to park me

I'm used to dark scenes, that's why I spark green

Why I pour wine, they don't stock these, I gotta order mine

Malcolm X departed at the Audubon

Seen so many slaughtered I'm numb, never mortified

All-black Audemars, you claim yours was one-of-one

We timepiece monsters, every season, we be on the hunt

Jeepers creepers, America's a baby that's teethin'

Shittin' on itself, cryin' for it's next feedin'

As odd as it gets, it's not even a toddler yet

Gang members got nothin' on these congressmen

Plus Ray Liotta and James Caan died

Iconic actors who were redemption for these mob guys

We easin' on down the road for the third win

Who's bad? It's up and it's stuck, feel the whirlwind

Like young Quincy Jones, stuck outside the club

'Til Ray Charles snuck him in, ah, to be young again

But right now, it's like I got the power of a hundred men

Nas and Hit like Michael and Quincy on the run again (Run again)

Eardrums de-virginized from the words of mine (Mine)

Just a word of advice, you can't murder Nas (Nas)

All my niggas certified, we got certain ties (Certain ties)

I'm activated, my hair might spark flames

Aviator frames, bandages, laminates, a stage

From a stretcher, I wave

Even if I never had two arms full of Grammys

Or a sponsor from Pepsi, I'd still be honorary

Like Quincy on the trumpet, Hit-Boy on a drum kit
Nasty like Mike on the vocals, I overdub it (Shamone)
Bouncin' off the wall, always startin' somethin'
Behind the scenes of the "Thriller" video, big budgets (Big budgets)
Moonwalkin', smooth criminal talkin' (Smooth talkin')
I'm changin' colors right now 'til I'm dark-skinned ('Til I'm dark-skinned)
Adam Clayton Powell, complexion of Baldwin's
Annie, are you okay watchin' me transformin'? (Shamone)
Pinky ring glitter like the socks and the glove
Know some money-gettin' thugs that could buy The Beatles pub
That's what I really call coppin' white, re-in' up (Re-in' up)

Haha

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
