

# Suspect

Nas

\* 45 seconds of talking/skit \*[Nas]

It was a murder Jake just hit the corner people swarming  
Three in the morning I jumped out my cab like "Fuck,  
niggaz is buck," mega bloodshed, the tapes red  
I heard some bird whisper, "Yo he should have ducked"  
I puffed the lilla, just before I hit the scene for rilla  
I'm all high it's late I'm looking down at the feller  
Shit's pushed in, ambulance placed him on some cushion  
His mom's had a stare I wouldn't dare second look when I murk  
It hurt, kind of took it as a brief reminder  
that the street's designed to stop your life, plot  
The beast in time yeah, cell to cell suspect ass nigga you fell  
First time locked in crime stop my mind blocks the frail  
Bursting blasting at your forty cal shell, split your dry cell  
My niggas never snitch why tell  
We roll with no regrets, destiny's, fifty's and equities  
Queens'll be the death of me  
Chorus: To the suspect witness don't come outside  
You might get your shit pushed back tonight  
(Suspect witness don't come outside  
You might get your shit pushed back tonight) Chorus [Nas]  
Dear God, I want the riches, money hungry bitches infested  
Giving the jealous niggas sickness, the witness  
My crew dresses, in vest-es, feel the essence  
Try to test this, scientist, able and reckless  
Slaughter, Nautica'd down, frames look petite  
Ten millis, mix designed just for my physique  
I keep a low pro as if I owe, bless the flow lovely  
My pants hang low while I'm dancing, sipping the bubbly  
Hey, me no worry, hashish keep my eyes Chinese  
Rolling two Phillies together make blunts Siamese  
I meant it, I represent it, descendant made of  
early natives that were captured and taught to think backwards  
Trapped us in a cracker psychiatric, it's massive  
A Million Man March, alert the masses  
Ten glocks, Armani in small print, upon my glasses  
Don assassins, Armageddon, the wetting  
Never freaking the beast, seven heads, got the righteous threatened  
Life Was Written, the plot curves behind the setting  
Comprehend the grammar, Manfrione -- are you the type of nigga  
to shoot a leg to get your name known? I flip the brain tome  
Niggaz get hit and wrap the plastic

The mic I strike in vain giving the pain of what a Mack is  
What you with? Luchi or drama, no sleep means insomnia  
No need to check the clock, the streets are timin you  
Chorus[Nas]  
It justifies, Nas Escobar's leavin shit mesmerized  
Mega live, like the third world  
Decipher my deceiver make him a believer  
Spitting jim stars, words in my mic ttype receiver  
Bond is my life so I live by my word  
Never fraudulent Queensbridge don't make no herbs  
Spread my name to deacons, politicians while they speakin  
Rebel to America civilization caught you sleepin\* talkin to fade \*

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>