## Azealia Banks, Nathan (Feat. Styles P)

What up, what up? Do you motherfuckers Wanna gamble with your luck? Better roll four, five, six Then up and up I'mma roll head, crack trips You got the nuts? I'mma call your bluff like "I'm next, small talk" Never turn the big bucks Fine man, fuck got they Hand and with a fucking fine man Smoke a lotta ciga Do a nigga have to bust this nigga? I don't wanna slump this nigga I don't wanna dump this nigga I don't wanna lunch this nigga I don't wanna hit your little goon In the chest and the stomach Douche gut this nigga You don't really want this nigga

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Y all niggas ain't getting Nathan
Y all niggas don't want no drama
(y all niggas don't want no problems)
Y all niggas, y all niggas, y all niggas
Y all niggas, y all niggas, y all niggas
Y all niggas, none of ya'll want it
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[Styles P:] Y all niggas ain't getting Nathan Fuck is y all anticipating? That will make me just lose my patience Grab a gun and just strip you naked No KONY, no island Phony nigga, you was never wildin' Warrior nigga, I'm forever styling No trying, four five 'em We looking for 'em, I'm lying Two guns up, I'm riding You ain't looking for me, I ain't hiding Ain't the park nigga, no sliding You could see saw, see a sawed-off or C4 "Bom Pow!" Nigga Batman words "Where the juice?" Nigga gat man words "Where's the bread?" Nigga fat man words "Where's the block?" Nigga crack man words Ya niggas, ya niggas

Can't fuck with my niggas

That's my word
Yeah it's Ghost
And Azealia Banks
Go head nigga
You can feel that shank
Go head nigga
Just light your dank
Mind your business
And drink your drink
Yeah!

Azealia Banks

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Ketchup I'm hot, dog Frankfurters, you're Nathan But relish hatin' Trust me, I pop off Ain't one of ya'll None of ya'll gonna make it Spread you like Mustard Don't trust em' Burn em', boil em' Grill em', bake em' Nada, no problem Zero, zilch em', vacant It's nothing- Nathan Back to the basics, poppin' Aces Poker face, I'll pop your face in You already know I got this blazin' Back up with that cocky statement Don't make me have to cock my favorite How you want it, roof or basement? Birds Eye view or bottom lake it How bout gon strip to make it? Stripped em naked, stripped the bacon Left this muthafucka with his pistol shaking Racy like eight Jamaicans Bust your nigga Grape and I scraped his Raisin Kept my cool and I held my patience I bet your boy becomes a Trauma patient I bet your boy ease up the Combination If you ain't talking money Skip the conversation

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