

# Nas, Accident Murderers (ft. Rick Ross)

Oooo, oooo...

[Nas:]

You cocked back, you thought you had it planned  
You thought you had your man  
He saw you comin?, he ran when you tried to blast that man  
Missed him by inches, he sprinted  
Some of his boys on the corner was who your bullets entered  
Two of ?em pull through, but one didn?t, son?s finished  
You took the life of him  
The part about it that?s crazy, you was aight with him  
Tight with him, why was he in the way?  
Why was he standin? next to the enemy that specific day?  
His style never hollas loud, stays reclusive  
Good dude, got that look like he always about to do shit  
Side of his mouth toothpick, one eyebrow raised  
Got into it with dude who still tried to live out his old wild out days  
They never had no probs  
Somehow they rubbed each other wrong like a bad massage  
These two different personalities had to collide  
Niggas could not aim and innocent niggas died  
You ask why, cause of a?

Accident murderer  
Act like you killed on purpose  
Liars brag, you put work in  
You ain?t mean to murk him, your gun?s a virgin  
Streets are full of them, read the bulletin  
Accident murderer  
You just an accident murderer

[Rick Ross:]

We grew up doin? graffiti  
Now hollows heads gettin? heated  
Seated in foreign cars, constantly gettin? weeded  
Proceeded to count profits, I know they got on binoculars  
But fuck ?em all, we ballin? ?til they come lock us up  
Twenty to life, I?m clubbin? blowin? twenty tonight  
We the Marlboro, Marley Marlin? all through the night  
Addicted to wealth, never cold turkey to war  
Snatch a tech off the shelf, live forever that?s Insha?Allah  
Memoirs of a rich nigga  
Sweat suits, gold chains, old drug dealers  
New Benz, chrome rims off a show killer  
You niggas accidental shoppers in back of the limo  
Pay your ties, stay alive, can?t be dodgin? my clique  
Hundred check, I use your bitch for some bargainin? chips  
In a hole, sell your home, nigga go sell your soul  
This forty-five in control, God forgives and I don?t

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[Nas:]

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Yo, for my nigga that got killed, got hit up

Vodka spills on the concrete, light a swisha  
We miss ya  
And for that girl who never made it home, shot in the dome  
How they gon? kill that beautiful sista?  
Violent adolescents, homicidal with weapons  
Not a lot of knowledge inside of they minds, that I?m guessin?  
Tell me who you impressin??  
Shooters I knew them when they was babies, I used to test them  
Make ?em throw up they hands, choke ?em out playin? in wrestlin?  
Watch ?em grow to a man, I see them now they reppin?  
But they cold-blooded, homie, wonderin? where the respect went  
Can?t play with these little niggas, gangsta little niggas  
Can?t hang with these little niggas, they killin?, they reckless  
Wish I could build with him, but will he change really?  
Some real killers, I think of Wayne Perry  
Fake ?til my nigga draws, what you want a name? Tell me  
You ain?t mean to kill him, it wasn?t necessary

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