

# Nas, Popular Thug Feat Nas

[Intro: Nas]

Yeah, yea, yea, yeah

Yeah, yeah, uh, yo

[Nas]

Ladies love what I been through, blood on my Tim boots

Snub noses, club closes, down where my men shoot

But she can't stand, I'm sharing everything wit the fam'

That means them too, flat screen, Benz Coupe

Plus I entertain bosses

At my Spanish style Lagerfeld, furnished up fortress

But look at this thang, in Alexander McQueen's

Giuseppe Zanotti's, the sexiest bodies

And I, betcha she prolly, heard how I love 'em and leave 'em

But she still wanna suck 'em and eat 'em

Cause I'm a poet, a preacher, and a pimp wit words

A thief who stole her heart, a prince she deserves

[Kelis]

I should have known, by the way that you stared

Eyeing passes by, like your rich but life ain't fair, but ya

[Bridge: Kelis]

Make my record skip

Make my record skip

Make my record skip

Make my record skip

[Chorus: Kelis] + (Nas)

I would have never talked to you

If I had known you was a popular thug

Hey, popular thug (Ya damn right)

I would have never talked to you

If I had known you was a popular thug

Hey, popular thug (Ya damn right)

[Nas]

I take, I don't ask for nothin'

You fake, I look past ya frontin', for cash I'm a glutton

I'ma, bad influence yo, I'll ya marriage ruined

By hangin wit me, you get ass from some new chicks

My life's so fluent, pass ya music

Honey's I hit, hear my songs and get mad and lose it

Cause I'm a sexed crazed bastard

I lace Kelis with a cushion cut engagement ring, we done, that's it

[Kelis]

I should have seen, in the way you touched my hand

Shuffling your car keys, but sounded like a gentleman, but ya

[Bridge: Kelis]

Make my record skip

Make my record skip

Make my record skip

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[Chorus: Kelis] + (Nas)

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[Nas]

I don't need more the ice grill, cause I don't have to  
My eyebrows shaped like a half boat, and I don't raise 'em  
The kid you can't budge him, or phase him  
My money's amazin', honey Black, Puerto Rican, and Asian  
What I made, look me and you the king is hooked  
Got you the cayenne green Porsche, pushed  
They off the hook, them and haters nightmares walking  
You smothered by a popular gangsta, perfect boyfriend

[Kelis]

I should have heard it, in the way you said my name  
While I analyzed your tone, you were formulating games, but ya

[Bridge: Kelis]

Make my record skip  
Make my record skip  
Make my record skip  
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[Chorus: Kelis] + (Nas)

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