

K.I.S.S.I.N.G. - 1/2

Interprété par Nas.

Picture us married you and me k-i-s-s-i-n-g
I remember the first time girl you and me f-u-c-k-i-n-g

Repeat

She was the modern Isis, honey dog, she was priceless
Perfect definition what a wife is I like this
Showed me how exciting life is
I used to hang around dudes that used icepics shiestlist put you on their heistliest
How we met it must have been fate first date crushed grape we ate lobster and steak
She kept asking questions how the cash made how my rent's paid
How many guns I sprayed and huns I laid
She said she want to have a family raised kids someday
Like out in Beverly Hills she wanna live one day
I can get with that I drop you off home
I called you hit me back i wanna dig that did I? I did that
Put it way up where her ribs at her future kids had
You held out for two weeks longer than these hoodrats
You precious more precious than lost treasure
Matter of fact im kinda hoping we can stay together

Chorus 2X

I see you dressed up in white face covered in veil do I hear wedding bells?
My dogs throw on rice its the day your father give you away
To a real man I gently put the ring on your hand
Do we vow to stay faithful? Do more than try to
Now look me in my eyes and say i do
driving off in the Rolls Royce just married on the plates
We can spend our honneymoon in the states
You can throw your friend a bouquet something in the back of my head say
For us two maybe cuz I love you
Hug you squeeze you touch you tease you
As long as we are together its heaven for meto please you
Won't stop until I tell you to beautiful deeper and harder love laying new with you
Running my fingers thru your hair its not days that go by
While Im witch you that I won't even care

Chorus 2X

You been with young dudes old guys
hindus papas colombians who cut pies
But none of them can touch Nas
Thug ones for those soft the baby shit
She been with hoodlums and those who act crazy shit
until one day she decided to flip it was nothing I can do about it
Like she the boss and shit started talking this divorcin' shit

K.I.S.S.I.N.G. - 2/2

I gave her my half rib half my crib half my cake
Half my car half my kid can't get that
tried to swing on a god had to dip that
Yo pushed her on the bed lifted her leg
Had to ripp that all she wanted was rough sex with her slick ass
Had to sit back smoke a blunt and just look
With her fine ass body and a damn good cook
For some reason yo she had me stuck and I had her in my web too
You my queen god bless you

Chorus 2X