

# Spicy (feat. Fivio Foreign & A\$AP Ferg)

Nas

NAS FEAT. FIVIO FOREIGN & A\$AP FERG - SPICY

Pricy  
Hit-BoyBoss shit, your Lordship  
Niggas talkin' yachts since I'm on shit  
I used to run the block, now I'm corporate (Corporate)  
Hoppin' out, you know it's Son when the doors lift  
Whole squad hide the burners (Whole squad)  
Mets hats in the sky like Bobby Shmurda  
They watch me like the chip', courtside at The Rucker  
Flow only getting tougher, she beggin' me to cuff her  
Brooklyn Sweet Chick, waffles with raspberry butter  
Wear a mink at the roller rink middle of the summer  
If I can't get it done, I got soldiers with me to cover  
Queens get the money, we only stackin' it upwards  
G's stay icy 'cause shit get spicy  
She on Demon Time, I get her a timepiece  
Patek, niggas not lit, not like me  
Can't get nothin' by me, my mind is 2090  
¿Qué lo que? Everybody pricy  
Cost money, beat the charge money  
Fast money, push to start money  
Large money, Escobar money (Uh) Little advice (Little advice), always add spice (Uh)  
Always get the liquor with the ice (Not me)  
I don't give a fuck if that's his wife  
I could bag any bitch in these all-white Nikes (Uh)  
That ain't right, if she tell me, No, I'm gettin' tight  
Look, every time you saw me I was nice (Ayy)  
Every time I saw you, you was light (You was)  
Uh, every bitch you with look like a dyke (Lil' bitch)  
Uh, I mean she might (Might) not never be my type, nah  
She might never be my type, look  
That bitch is trash, I only fuck her for the hype (Uh)  
I only fuck her for the hype, look (Uh)  
¿Qué lo que? Everybody pricy  
Cost money, beat the charge money  
Fast money, push to start money  
Large money, Escobar money Niggas saying Ferg back, but I been with the shits  
Might make a grill with Tiffany's on my gentleman shit  
My drill niggas out in Brooklyn and they spinnin' and shit  
Bumpin' Pop out the whip while we sippin' and shit (Movie)  
Model bitches that's precise, fuck attendants off the flights  
Keep the vision through the lights, never blinded by the hype  
Keep the Tommy near the belly, sincere 'cause I'm hype

Got a ghetto Naomi Campbell, designer with the Nikes  
I'm the one talkin' spice, twelve-year-old killers  
With the guns and the knives, better run for your life  
Got a queen in Queens and my ex a Puerto Rican spice  
My Harlem bitch doin' time, gettin' caught up with the swipes; Qué lo que? Everybody pricy  
Cost money, beat the charge money (Uh)  
Fast money, push to start money (Uh)  
Large money, Escobar money (Lil' bitch) Hit-Boy, we got another one (Pricy)  
Nastradamus, Fivio (Vroom)  
A\$AP Ferg (Yeah!)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>