

# Kelis, Cocaine Business (Hysteria)

(Noreaga - Verse 1)

Ay yo, we was chillin, on the low  
Yo in Vegas, this was at the Magic Show  
Had my PNB clothes and my West Coast hoes  
Get me at the airport, I'm at the MGM  
Smoke Swisher Sweets and Zigs and Zags  
Drinkin Brandy straight, out a tall ass glass  
They call em Maurice's, I'm wit E-40  
Mack-10 yo and that nigga W.C.  
Yo in the lobby of the hotel, it's off the hook  
They got no more rooms cause the shit all booked  
But last night I'm wit Wesley Snipes  
Gettin drunk in Cheetah's just feelin aiight  
I had to bounce early though, gotta catch a flight  
Told Swizz Beatz give a pound to him and his peeps  
I had to bounce in the limo, get somthin to eat  
Ay yo, I'm bouncin in the limo gettin somthin to eat  
It Go...

(Kelis - Chorus)

Cocaine business controls America  
Illegal business causin hysteria (4x)

(Noreaga - Verse 2)

On my way to the airport, the limo drive  
And then this cat pulled up in a pure white five  
He said he hate me and he wished that I'd die  
I rolled the window down and I said what's up  
I said f\*\*k you, then I rolled the shit back up  
I paid it no mind, just drove off tough  
And then the driver said to me, yo they followin us  
Now I'm a little scared  
But I'm still prepared  
I'm like one deep wit one gat, nigga I'm here  
Then I thought to my self, yo I'm near LaGuardia  
Let me cut through the hood and have my niggas just body it up  
Have my niggas on the block playin the cut  
Call em up, when you see the white five fire it up  
At this point I'm poppin shit, knowin I got it  
"Come On Motherf\*\*ker!!!", out the sunroof I yelled  
Hopin these niggas still follow me and still don't bail  
It go...

(Chorus)

(Pharrell & (Noreaga))

Ohh(what, wha-what, what) Ahh  
Ohh, that shit is gangsta, Ahh  
Ohh(what,wha-what, what) Ahh  
Ohh, that shit is gangsta, Ahh

(Noreaga - Verse 3)

My niggas was on the block like I planned  
They hit the passenger side up and killed his man  
I hopped out the limo and just spinned around  
Hit the ground, my niggas tried to hit the clown  
I said chill, he say he wanna see me die  
So let me hit the nigga up, blow him kiss good-bye  
Adios!  
Now I just gotta be ghost  
I gave my niggas a pound, and then I just hand em the toast  
The limo driver got scared and tried to bounce on me  
And yo besides the heat, I had an ounce on me  
Bullet proof vest feelin like an couch on me

I called the hood cab, oh-5, came real fast  
I had to bounce real quick, get up off da ave.  
And yo motherf\*\*ker that's what I did  
Ay yo, I still hit the airport and caught the flight kid  
To all the haters, it don't even matter cause we still got doe

(Chorus til fade)