

Noreaga, Mr. Ceo

Intro

Aww, yes how you do today

My name is N.O.R.E, that's pronounced nore.

Here on behalf of thugged out militainment.

I'm here to see the president of the record label

I believe his name is Mr.Isenhawk.

I been out here quite some time.

So, aww can you let him know I been waiting.

And aww can he please hurry his ass up before I bounce you undadig!

Chorus

So whats the matter Mr. CEOOOO

You can't look in my face and feel my pain yooo

Shit give a hood nigga a chance, a nigga won't rob you, plus a nigga ain't gone dance.

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Verse1

Ayo nigga through in the key and let the engine spark

Yo I love the rap game, hate the buiness part

An give a hood nigga a chance, that's what they won't do

Cause I stay up in the office, with the toast too!

An shit f**k a check, I rather cash

And you know I shoot niggaz, don't bring up the past

But I just came home, and ain't leaving alone

Give a nigga one chance, im a have the shit sown

I'm a hard worker, i don't need no handout

I opportunity and im a expand out

It's militainment, military entertainment

Brand new hot shit nobody with

So invest your cheese, and pay this thug

We belong on uncut, not midnight love

So just make sure our contract ain't slim

And then I'm ready nigga, yo where do I sign

Chorus

Verse2

My pain ain't for eyes, stress rhymes

Exchange to a lot of gunz and buiness, best times

To the CEO, im basically saying

My life switching, digging out

Spitting for niggaz the same route

Ladies too, I went the game route

Respect what we came for, press support

I guarantee we x these niggaz name out

All I ask is my own ar's

Marly marl, wise and shawn

Truthfully we got our own staff

The hands on experience, advance that executive paper

Stay in the streets we set for greater things

Whatever in the bank, bank on it

Royalty time we thank each other

Arrogant photo's we tear it down

Bang them on billboards to skane

Streets imagine, business of rap

You can sit and laugh nigga

Who done caked up, you flagrant as shit motherf**ker

Chorus

Verse 3

Yo let me holla at you ceo, a.r and president

Give me a minute, here me out ain't no disrespect
Let me speck my peace, we got a ill click of niggaz
Now we got producers with beats
We already to put shit down in the streets
Been hustling to long,we need a new way to eat
And I'm mad at your whole roster dog, must of them niggaz is weak
The rest of them are imposters dog, i know muse and maze will bring you plaque
I'm a hustler nigga the first day i finish my pack
Hit us with consignment and we'll bring it right back
We for real with this game,and we spit it like that
And since you worried about spending, we got a album ready done
So hold on niggaz here we come
Running through every burb, hood, every slum
Niggas don't won't none thugged out

Chorus

Verse 4

Do I look like the type who like to dance in club
I like to stack cash, my son need to know this is his dad
Mother may I take one step into the game
The streets know my name
The fame I had it before, when i approach my lifestyle, more potent than dope
I write it real for the world, hate the industry rope
I'm thugged out golden nugget with blood in a bucket
We from the hood were these snakes, when you spit they try an d dub it
I got a european attitude and ready for russia
My hot flow, will leave canada dry, you ask me why
Most rappers spitting you lie's, just to make you buy
Unitied states, im like a piece of the puzzle
I got to hustle
Like I'm a south american
Sell you album's in bundle's
So let me live it up, and let the streets follow my story
And much respect to the artist who done, done it
Before me so it's my time to sell records and taking the glory