

N.O.R.E., Mr. CEO

(feat. N.O.R.E.)

[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
Anigga won't rob you, plus a nigga ain't gone dance
So whats the matter Mr. CEOOOO
You can't look in my face and feel my pain yooo
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[Verse 1]

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 fuck 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]

[Verse 2]

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 motherfucker

[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