

N.O.R.E., Police Rush The Spot

(feat. Maze, Musolini)

[Maze]

I'm seein niggas are stealin, the LOM seein six juniors
Rumors I'm hearin, niggas got some shit brewin
And appearin to me, clearly, ya niggas fear me
And comparin to me, ya frill healy
Maze who come nearly, some the Projects thru youngers
Gun shit confronted, by jakes poppin up like late walkers
All around, all ya can all go down
We match pound for pound, 'cept our last 16 rounds
Which it ticks me now, I spit swift like our leaf fist
Crystal weave drown, real shit, what you need now
Niggas sayin if you got beef, play it close
For ya whole ass niggas, sprayin the toast big moss
It's like a dose of gun powder to a ol' pounder
The sounds of Maze and Mus' lay moose while typical tray gon choose

[Chorus x2: Noreaga]

Man shit, police just rush the spot
I hot a jar in my pocket, and I still do rock
Off top, Maze and Mus' ready to drop
So what you hatin on, what you hatin on

[Musolini]

Holler at ya partner man, gettin high with me
Ride with me, keep the luger nine with me
Since a young kid, I never listened
Streets and prisoners, penns sittin
Zit bitten, foul decision
But respect the game, except a change
Ex-friends, sayin my name
Funny how things never stay the same
Many say "keep ya enemies closer for sober"
BK to Corona holdin the toaster
Funny style niggas got me lookin over soldiers
Leaders and soldiers, separate the wooboos from the boulders
Do you believe in God? Allah Gehova
We live this thug shit, Don P bug shit
38 slug shit, fuckin out in public
Nore and Maze told you how we feel some time
For pain I spit rhyme, ya niggas can touch mine, muthafuckas

[Chorus x2]

[Maze]

Off top, I drop jewels like this till I die
My man Shan said Maze when you spit niggas fry
I grew around reputer losers that's why
I knew the math for the future
In my path of youth, out for the cash
My mans in the ass, jar bless
One of my mans keep the jar on his garment
Stash of rap, no lesson

[Musolini]

For head rhyme niggas think they got nine lives
Hit them 9 times, explicit forecit crimes
Yo this for my bitches and thugs, riches and love
Live by the gun, so I guess my death will end in a slug
Young nigga who watch the older dude
They show the rules, twin ammy illa, by the time I got bigger
Caught of in life, and not givin a fuck
When niggas except early death for gettin locked up

[Chorus x2]