

# 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]