# N.O.R.E., The Assignment

\*song rolls over Jerry Butler sample - " Take the Time to Tell Her"

Word up, Busta Bus, my motherfuckin nigga, man. (Bus) Yeah, this one nigga right there

## [Noreaga]

What, what, yo, you know Nore, type a nigga stay real trump I ain't the type to fight a nigga, just blaze you up What the fuck? All you niggaz wanna say what, what While you half way thugs sound a half way what If you ain't with Busta Bus then shut the fuck up Niggaz is snakes, in other words just like jakes Yo, I sell raps, used to sell crack on crates Its like a stock that shot, oh look what it dropped Yo, I hate to have to send my niggaz all in you spot Like Spliff Star Shootin right all in your car Busta Bus plug the engine, with bananas Even if they lose, its like we still got cameras We play the game like the movie, smoke Lucy B.I.G. gone, but my favorite song still Juicy

### [Busta Rhymes]

Yo, ya-yo, yo closed caption, son don't even know what's happenin Before the second thought, make you feel the wrath of my clappin (Boom!) Fire flashin, two holes up in your head matchin Dope fiend in the corner, itch from eight scars scratchin (Huh) We make the nutta butta, thick creamy shit from the gutter Paranoid these niggaz, flip and make they heartbeat flutter You's a sucker, (ha) lace you up with my box-cutter Your mother love your other son like you ain't even his brother Pussy nigga, I flip up to the max on you, nigga Pose the violent threat immediately, black on you nigga Sky maskin', fuck whatever question you askin Busta Rhyme and Nore connect on the train, we attachin Hold your corner, violatin 'cross the border (huh) Try to catch my jewel, spyin with your tape recorder Fuck is wrong with you?! Don't you know we raw till the end? Battlefield shit, Flipmode Squad, CNN

Chorus: Busta Rhymes (Noreaga)

Busta Rymes (What, what!) Noreaga (What, what!) Flipmode (What, what!) Thugged Out (What, what!) Spliff Star (What, what!) Busta Rhymes (What, what!) Noreaga (What, what!) Thugged Out (What, what!) Flipmode (What, what!) Busta Rhymes (What, what!) Noreaga (What, what!) Thugged Out (What, what!) Spliff Star (What, what!) Flipmode (What, what!) Busta Rhymes (What, what!) Noreaga (What, what!) Flipmode (What, what!) Busta Rhymes (What, what!) Noreaga (What, what!)

### [Maze]

(What, what) Yo, it's the same as any, in this game you wanna lose Jump out the Ac, run up with the Uz', don't move Magically Maze Lyrically invade like a SWAT raid, top grade rockin wallaby suede I'm always coppin, poppin, three in the air For my niggaz not here Locked in Whitney, tipsies Specifically, and twist me when its Cristy

### [Noreaga]

Let me go again, make sure the shits soakin

Thugged Out and Flipmode is like next of kin Yo, we do what up, sendin em niggaz that will screw it up What! Handle your business, God, even if ?Kalu? what up I rock Clarks, on and off, like John Starks What? Shoot at your face, God, aim at your heart Yo, from Indiana to Atlanta, God we got this Jose Luis, thugs just put me in the hotlist I rip shows, but never gotta go at hoes Stay travellin, playin click, just stay froze I got the left arm, stay in the game like Montan' My thug charm is everywhere now, dot com Hear me anytime, you can access it W dot Nore, yo, suck my dick Peep me with Akinyele, yo, fuckin for free On some thug shit, my thugs stay fuckin with me What!

[Spliff Star]

Yo, every battle Nigga I got your gat, so let me splatter Into smithereens Throw some bullets in his jeans Another thug story, I bust my gun for Nore Snap a nigga neck, now the law lookin for me I'm thugged out, bugged out, blow your fucking mug out No di-doubt, I see you can't eat what you dish out Watch, I reach in your soul, nigga and pull the bitch out Watch my tech rise, feel the shells that it spit out I'm warning you, send twenty niggaz deep to corner you Dressed in black From Brook' to I-raq Blastin Mack 10's, I be killin ya Benz Live coverage at ten, on CNN

Chorus \*order differs slightly\*

What, what!

\*Sample to end\*