

Noreaga, Nothing (Clean)

(Chorus)

Homeboy, I came to party
Your girl was looking at me
Shes a haggler naw i'm not taggin her
but you dont want them boys to come over and start askin ya
Whatcha wanna do? SHHH nothing
Whatcha tryin do? nothing
Whatcha wanna do? nothing
Whatcha tryin do? nothing

Yo N-O-R papi say what, that nigga's the man
With his manager Chris and the label that Jams
Still flossin showin your rocks
Ain't you dudes heard grimey man we stole your watch
It goes indian style, he's been in dashiki
Strapped in the baby tek baby tek B.T.
True she at the bar lookin good in the brown dress
Four to six shots and them things ain't around yet
Persona all thugged out loud and clear
Sayin fuck the straight henny, just grab me a beer
You see I'm reppin now, and my mami's I got a weopen now
Shoot at them clowns at they feet, they high steppin now
Left that wack label cause I don't like pricks
I'm like a hammer that you hold on your hand, I make hits
At the white boy club wylin buyin the bar
They like hey now, your an all star, it go

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I spit mack millimeter rhymes, kill a liter in line
My nigga Peter got a heater in mines
Niggas still lyin, in they wack ass bars
Only time they see jail, when they watchin Oz
I'm in the club pissy drunk like ahhdadidaaaaaa!!!!!!
And mami took her papa like dadadidaaaaaa!!!!!!
Adios kill your soul then we body your ghost
They call me tordo, sip champagne and sip porto
Playin cappy coo (Man you ain't nappy too!!!)
I like when chocha be nappy too
I treat life like a fast car lower my speed
I try to chill, and sell more records than Creed
Been a hustler (What? what?) way before Melvin Flynt
A criminal, don't need no prints
These dudes gave me a brick and they ain't seen me since
Coulda woulda, had them dudes straight hoppin the fence, it go

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La la la la la la la la (Oh!)
La la la la la la la la (Oh!)

La la la la la la la la la (Oh!)
La la la la la la la la la (Oh!)
La la la la la la la la la (Oh!)
La la la la la la la la la (Oh!)
La la la la la la la la la (Oh!)
La la la la la la la la la (Oh!)

Well oops I dunn dunna again, I got another one
I keep it hid in my pocket I got another one
Fast and furious, dunn dunn dunn tudunn
Still be in, Miami and jet sking
In the ocean where the sharks be at, just O.D.'n
Adebesi, want a brick to pay double easy
I got them thangs that a move easy
And I told the lawyer, I sold blow to old Goya
I'm half spanish, you see I cook coke to Goya
Half spanish, all day roastin poya
Recognize, when I'm runnin the game, before me
Chickens wasn't even messin with brain, because me
Now you started gettin head on the westside highway
So recognize my nigga you did it my way
Ice rockin, brick choppin and gun shoppin
I did it all beat cases with Cochran

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