

Swizz Beatz, N.O.R.E.

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

[Intro: N.O.R.E. (Swizz Beatz)]

Ah, yeeah... yeeah nigga! (yeeah nigga!)
(Rap something to talk about)
Swizz Beatz nigga (what's up?) (Swizz Beatz nigga!)
And R.R. motherfuckers (motherfuckers)
(They gone bow down, bow down, bow down)
This is the continuation
Yo, yo, yo, yo

[Verse 1: N.O.R.E.]

A yo I'm hot nigga and you should smell my breath
Don't it smell like all I got is cavities left
I hit the left lane nigga, cruise with the crews
And fuck y'all haters - I refuse to lose
You can't stop me, God cause I roll too hard
No license, just a dumb P.B.A. card
You know N.O.R.E., my shotgun will tear your chest up
Leave your vest stuffed, face looking like ketchup
So what's this out here, and the projects near, near?
I pop Cris, but I'm good with a beer
Me and Swizz get sound like world war
Tanks falling over, big bombs that roar
And helicopters is dropping on Faulk and Crenshaw
Shit is bigger than how they see it
If I die, then so be it
Until then, I O.D. it, them hoes see it
Motherfucking hoes see it

[Chorus: Swizz Beatz, N.O.R.E.]

[Swizz Beatz] Yo!, y'all niggaz want to play around, you gone lay around

[Swizz Beatz] Shots gone spray around, we gone stay around

[N.O.R.E.] N.O.R.E

[Swizz Beatz] What the fuck y'all say y'all?!

[N.O.R.E.] N.O.R.E

[Swizz Beatz] Like my guns won't spray y'all!

[N.O.R.E.] N.O.R.E

[Swizz Beatz] What the fuck y'all say y'all?!

[N.O.R.E.] N.O.R.E., yo it's N.O.R.E., N.O.R.E

[Verse 2: N.O.R.E.]

A yo I "switch blade" niggaz
Bitch-made niggaz
The Lord called on me, knowing my whole story
I holler back like, "please Lord, just come for me"
Niggaz analyze this, yo watch my wrist
Like N.O.R.E. got fat, N.O.R.E. must be rich
And they sick of this, want to see me dead
Because I stuck them up first, then I pissed on they head
Fucking faggot, next time I'll led your bed
Niggaz feel like, "Yo I ain't grimy like I was before"
Now motherfucker, where you was before?
And I don't feel, got coke, just cause I be on tour
Fucking hood's finest, niggaz label me a street sign
Cause I'm always straight up like the crease line
Truth like mirrors, invisible set
You fucking dickheads, ain't he invisible yet?
Me and Pone like a militant set, stay wet
Yo we finished with the army, little young cadets

[Chorus: Swizz Beatz, N.O.R.E.]

[Verse 3: N.O.R.E.]

Probably catch me in clubs, I stay low
Plus I'm banned from the shit that I go
It's like this, every two beats out here, they sound like switch
I'm like, "get off my nigga dick, the shit"
I'm like a All-Star Madden, no bragging
Something exclusive like pushing a Porsche Wagon
I keep guns and push tons of reefer
Plus niggaz still hate me and I don't like them neither
Start talking shit, I hit a hundred on a frog's met
Your shit's lying, put a hundred on a door's mat
You're fucking hard, see these niggaz our boss
Cause they just walked in like, "buck the doors!"
And I'm a straight killer that'll snatch you for
Been on the run so long that my feet got corns
I'm a problem, these niggaz better watch me close
I signed a new deal with Def Jam, watch me rough

[Chorus x2: Swizz Beatz, N.O.R.E.]