

# 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.]