

**Trina F/ Rick Ross****"N.B.C"**

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This is the way it should sound

Intro: Cam'Ron (Noreaga)

Ya heard (what what)

Yo B, we don't even like half these faggot niggas  
anyway

(what what what)

I'm on my own muthafuckin' wheel (yeah, what what  
what)

You know what I'm sayin'

The real shit, you know B

My black family (what what what)

Slick Finga (clah clah clah)

Harlem World eatin' (yeah yeah)

Charli Baltimore (what what what)

Nore (yeah yeah what what what)

Cam'Ron nigga (yeah yeah)

Killa Cam nigga (what what what)

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

[Cam'Ron]

Yo, all my rhymes - I rip it; the song had to clip it

The cats in the street, nearly killing over snippets

Birds gotta feed 'em bread, so he can eat her head

I'm almost 21, but I still pee in the bed

Had to flead the FED's, all be trife

And I got a crush on Edith (who, Archie's wife!)

Yo not monagomy, pornograhly

On the outside, like an apostrophe

Tell my girls, I really like photography

Snap shots naked, the wildest boss

First night, head whop, and our salads tossed

While you in a mean neon, I'm with Celine Dion

Throw her in the bed, she the next one I pee on

Say what bitch

Phase two

Yeah yeah

What what what

What what  
What what what  
What what what  
What what what  
Split that ass yo  
Split that ass  
Yeah uh, what  
Yo yo yo

[Noreaga]

Yo, N-O-R-E; fuck y'all, niggas get hurt  
You know I rock a Soul Train wit' a Cam'Ron's shirt  
Doin' cartwheels, all my niggas got Hot Wheels  
You a double A-R god, the bluntiest  
You know we throw away, blunts for my niggas that's  
dead  
Pour a Law Liqour, drink a long ligga  
Then again I never beat, for my nigga Digga  
You know I got, navigators, so we won't get lost  
N-O-R-E, these Queens niggas call me the Force  
At the arraignment, Thugged Out  
Undertainment, for the lawyer - fuck 'em and the judge  
saves it  
And I - did every crime - nigga name it

[Charli Baltimore]

Fools ain't ever know, the ghetto's be the baddest click  
Charli's Angels, tangle with Devil's - Advocate  
Hoes mad cause our pussy's got the fattest clits  
It's some status shit, how we gon' have a bitch  
Under pressure, the Un undress her  
That's a tester, that's just the best flirt, to the best skirt  
Ever make it to networks  
Like N.B.C., N.O.R.E., B'More and Cam'Ron  
Anything we put our hands on, soak up like a tampon,  
plan on  
For puttin' out the hottest LP's  
Since - shiiit yo, you gon' have to tell me  
Cause this is hip hop, meneaja twat  
And ya'll jealous cause what I'm fuckin' wit' the two  
hottest  
Underground fellas, what!

Chorus (Noreaga, Baltimore, Cam'Ron)

Aiyyo Iraq, Harlem World, Philly, San Juan  
Un-shit; N.O.R.E., Charli, Cam'Ron  
Mansions, 6's, Richies, plan on  
Cali, Houston, New York, jam on  
Aiyyo Iraq, Harlem World, Philly, San Juan  
Un-shit; N.O.R.E., Charli, Cam'Ron

Atlanta, Chi-Town, V.A., plan on  
D.C., N.C., S.C., jam on

[Charli]  
What!

[Cam'Ron]  
Yo, all on the ballers shit  
Nore, but we could call a chick  
Head is what we all could get, biggest to the smallest  
dick  
She gon' swallow all of it  
Harlem gon' have a ball with that  
After I get her pregnant, yo we goin' to the mall with it

[Noreaga]  
Yeah nigga, you know the lie, fuck that bitch  
The only reason I don't kiss her, is cause she sucked  
his dick  
And I don't even trust, ourself bro, fuck dat hoe  
Pussy stinkin' anyway, let her go

[Charli Baltimore]  
Yo ya'll niggas stay fuckin' with them grimmy chicks  
On the real though, I wonder where ya'll find these  
chicks  
The rest is evident, I'm the type to split on niggas  
But if they right, I'll fuck around and spit on niggas  
And if they into that hot shit, I might let 'em hit my spot  
quick  
But first they gotta pop shit  
If not then they gettin' drop kicked  
And I like 'em all, Black Jack ya'll  
Near 21, all others gettin' cut cut  
So be it, you see me!

Chorus (Noreaga, Baltimore, Cam'Ron)

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[Charli]  
What!

(\*music till fade\*)

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