

Algunos Hombres Buenos

"Ore-Ore-O"

Visit "[Ore-Ore-O](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Ali)

C'mon, ooooooooooooooooooooooh, no, yo
(Just the north, south, east, west coast and us)
Hey, uh, it's Lee I'm amazin', original Asian
Lime blazin' hatin'll get you nowhere, but get me
Hotter than Cajun, spontaneous combustion
My temperature's raisin', nigga for days and days
Minutes I was just I been waitin'
From a shine, to reduce your regrimes
Dimes to raisins, you talkin'
Me? Naw naw player I'm sparklin'
Straight up parkin', hoppin' out with a Eagle barkin'
(Pop pop) Money, my car chop chop
Hot spot for the jewels, man I'm keepin' the Glock
You might get popped, I'm good ain't no duckin' the
dot
2000 number J truck mansion and yacht (Ooooh!)
I say like uh uh (Ooooh!) I say like uh uh
Should let you know, I'ma bring it really raw
It be like pat-b-b-b-b-b pat-b-b-b-b-b really raw
Come again now

(Chorus: Ali)

Hey! Hey! Ore-ore-ore-ore-o
If you real, let me hear you say
Hey! Hey! Ore-ore-ore-ore-o
If you all about your paper then you say
Hey! Hey! Ore-ore-ore-ore-o
If you real, let me hear you say
Hey! Hey! Ore-ore-ore-ore-o
(Just the north, south, east, west coast and us)

(Ali)

I need a trillion dollars for every breath I take
For heaven's sake, just to keep righteous food on my
plate
And I'm gon' get it, whether it be rap-rockin' if not
It's back to crack-poppin' out the back of the
barbershop
No holds barred, back streets to boulevards
Gain way, throwin' house parties in the PJ's

Cars square village, love joy lane
Buddha 88 man it's still the same
I can't complain, I know niggas that lost they brain
Got they chest removed, straight vestibules
Don't test a fool, who ain't got shit to lose
That ain't cool, now he gotta rep off of you
That's why I stay to myself, stay alive and teach
Puff that oohwee and keep the snub-nose in reach
I ain't a thug, so nigga I ain't gon' start that now
I'm Mr. Nigga that kept work and carried the four pound

(Chorus: Ali)

(Ali)

You want to feel made? Roll with me for a day
Excursion weight, absolutely splurgin' way
Okay first, my team a hundred deep at least
Respected highly on the street
Cause we don't start no beef, in the club
Murphy suede, human grenade
And some handmade, hide the haze
Behind the Cartier Rolls tinted
E'er word I speak I'm in it
Hip hop; we in it, from now until infinite
We like ten foster kids bringin' daddy business
We turn the heat up to Tae-Bo in the club we post the
Guinness
We had the guard spook one of my gods then broke
loose
Had to buck a clown, too much Crown with no juice
Icy noose, bluey suit outside cute
Inside room ugly as a pea-green suit with ruffles
We fold up chairs in a tussle
Outside we gon' put somethin' harder than muscles

(Chorus: Ali)

Hey! Hey! Ore-ore-ore-ore-o
Hey! Hey! Ore-ore-ore-ore-o
Hey! Hey! Ore-ore-ore-ore-o
Hey! Hey! Ore-ore-ore-ore-o
(Just the north, south, east, west coast and us)

Visit [Algunos Hombres Buenos](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.