

## **Big Noyd "Heartless"**

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[Verse 1:]

It's your boy Rapper Noyd, clappin toys, leave you famous  
Kill the noise, Zoid, you will get destroyed by the stainless  
Leave you brainless cause we gangsters that'll bang you out of anger  
These slugs'll rearrange ya cause you nothin but a wankster  
While you poppin shit we poppin clips, pop a cop, I pop your bitch  
I'm that rude, that dude you don't wanna be fuckin with  
I warn you once, that's all you get, I'm wild and I'm ruthless  
I should lynch your ass, some hang-you-from-the-roof shit  
Like Q did to Bishop, yeah I'm on some Juice shit  
All for respect, you know how the goons get  
Son, we ain't new to this, we true to this gangster shit  
Navy blue Carhartt, Infamous handkerchief  
Every day is dangerous, niggas wanna get at me  
But I'm from the hood and the hip is where the gat be  
You ain't gotta ask me, I'm right here, who want it?  
That Queensbridge bullshit, yup yup, we on it

[Chorus:]

Cause we hungry, heartless, loco, retarded  
Crazy, maybe, real quick to start shit  
Bronx, Queens, Brooklyn to Harlem  
We all got guns, you know we be mobbin  
Boosters, shooters, niggas that be robbin  
Kidnap your babies, you don't want no problems  
Fuck you, pay me, my niggas is starvin  
Infamous in this bitch, you know we be Mobbin

[Verse 2:]

You know why?  
Cause I don't go nowhere without it, be without it cause I'm 'bout it  
Make it rain on you cowards, bring a storm of gun showers  
Make it smell like gun powder cause haters I devour

Face it, the game's ours, we ain't playin with them  
doubters  
Aimin gats, swingin bats, fuck your raps, shit is crap  
Dressed in black (?) I put one up in your back  
Stay in your lane cause if it's fame you want stuntin you  
can get it  
I send shots through your fitted, you want it, come with  
it  
Cause I'm here all year, no fear, cock the bizkit  
It might not pop off, but you don't wanna risk it  
Bring the bidness with the burners or the ratchet or the  
hammer  
I'm bananas, you only act gangster in front of cameras  
You ain't gully, I get money cause I'm live, ride or die  
In QB where I reside, puffin lye gettin high  
See we fly while you drive, we up while you strive  
You lease while we buy, cause I'm the truth, you'se a lie  
Muthafucka

[Chorus]

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