

Doyle Lawson And Quicksilver "Nationowl"

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(All right, is everybody ready *YEAH!*)
(Alright now, here we go)

Nationowl divides this bomb to blow
Adios serials worldwide
Once inside ya ride, usin the mic like a screwdriver
To break down the speed
While labels were sound asleep, Nowl peeped and creeped
And stole the ground beneath they feet
Far from the bail, still makin my sales
Movin tapes like weight, we's hip-hop cartel
Takin over, no doubt
Like thongs, they ass out but win amounts with the
Doctor
Dre, all day cash his cheques
Like Play, I hittin you in the head like strays (BUU-YU-KOW!)
Nationowl's defence covers my ass
And team o' outcast niggas who're quick to blast
Our beat's on hit, keep the peace on
MC's couldn't find my path (Where you at niggas?)

Chorus:

Pledge a legiance to my team
Let's scheme, nigga, we gots ta get CREAM
Cos worldwide shit's outta control
Why you can't get down with Nationowl
Young and old, my niggas who's on parole
Why you can't get down with Nationowl
Bitches who own, my niggas whose heart is cold
Why you can't get down with Nationowl

Nationowl's anthem, got'cha soul on lock
Still fully loaded, cocked the handgun
Composed like the Phantom
While the face of earth gets ugly, we ever lovely
Bitches who never duck me, "Nowl loved me"
In thinkin I must spend dough til I'm dizzy
Assholes around like a frisby

And for satisfaction chew an MC like Wrigley
History's about to be made, I met'cha in a way
Tryin ya hardest to delay
My flight batterin, keep the world ringin like *?
Sadaran?*

Lyrics bone shatterin
Pretenders wantin to be Cinder-rella
What? That shoe you tryin ta wears, not fittin
Now we're strippin niggas like a Chippendale
I'm rippin hell, burnin the devil and inhale

Chorus

In the last days, which side will you be on?
Nationowl's on the side that I beat on
I demand put me on
From the door I use MC's to wipe my feet on
My shit be bumpin like in-grown hair
For twenty-six years trained in ghetto warfare
Nigga, I see more green than St. Patrick
Pro actors, game of life with no practice
Controllin craps like I had a remote
It's a rule, now go enter ya tomb
No joke, much over I scold
It's some game for all who's tryin ta split ya coats
Best believe that these are our last years
Prepare or get done from the rear
As we move there, where? The final frontier
United we stand, divided we don't have a prayer

Chorus

Are you wit me East Coast?
Are you wit me West Coast?
Are you wit me?
Are you wit me?
Are you wit me West Coast?
Are you wit me East Coast?
Are you wit me?
Are you wit me?

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