

## Goodie Mob "NORE-Faker"

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(incoming ladies voice singing)  
You don't want it, you don't want it  
Standing all types of heat  
You don't need it, you don't need it  
No longer will you eat  
You live for the street, this boy fights for life  
And we gonna show you tonight

(Tragedy)  
Yo Mahdi, M-A-H-D-I  
Live and Let die whether you Blood or Nieta  
Arab Necha  
Two hits in dashiki  
Camel Clutch like Goldberg move deeply  
You heard of me foul Mahdi get left leaky  
Prophecy El Khadafi like Salaci  
Black gangster, 2-5 rhymes'll fall  
Bounce back like MJ, off the wall  
Yo ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
Triple-O, when you see him in the streets, blood rush  
Yo platinum gats, scratched of serial numbers  
Yo we gun runners, playing your hood with green  
Hummers  
Shoot-out for two summers, Yo in the winter we lay up  
Hennessy straight with no chaser  
Trial with the suede blazer  
After the first hearing  
Murder the witness like you blaze her  
Nectel with the Sprint pager  
Yo, yo  
You minor league playing the bench, we all major  
Yo, Noreaga a.k.a. Nore-faker  
Beat biter, rhyme style taker  
Animaniac get clapped with foul gat  
Send you whole skeleton back to Iraq

(background voice)  
Hahaha, send em back son  
send em back son  
Lebanon, Bosnia  
All that, y'all remember it

(voice fades out)

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