

Capone-N-Noreaga

"Rotate"

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It's NORE time!

ETHER BOY!

Stretch your arms out or somethin man

NORE!

Busta Bus! NORE! I just strapped in for the remix
nigga!

Remix (G-Mix) Rotate (G-Mix) Remix (G-Mix) Rotate
Remix (G-Mix) Rotate (G-Mix) Remix (G-Mix)

All my niggas say OH OH OH OH OH (OH!)
All my shorties say OH OH OH OH OH (OH!)
All my niggas say OH OH OH OH OH (OH!)
All my shorties say OH OH OH OH OH (OH!)

Aiyyo su-perthug I love what the streets do
And we all New York artist it ain't regional
My Queens people told me tighten up my schemes
The homey Kanye told me tighten up my jeans (NO!)
Oh, my, God, go on God (GOD!)
NORE back, NORE back, go and tell Jesus
Go alert the hustlers people that sell keys
This is no reason this is no warning shots
This is no false alarm holmes or none of that
That, some pour in line to the protocol
Or get three holes in you like a bowling ball
Superthug rifle, Stokey Carmichael

I heard alot of artist wanna throw darts
But your boy rotatin on the Billboard charts (On the
charts)
Yeah, on the Billboard charts
Your boy rotatin on the Billboard charts
Oh! Uh! I'm rotatin the truck the truck (Truck)
Ride through Harlem rotatin it up
You broke, you ain't rotatin a buck
And I can slide your girl off and rotate in the guts

All my niggas say OH OH OH OH OH (OH!)
All my shorties say OH OH OH OH OH (OH!)
All my niggas say OH OH OH OH OH (OH!)
All my shorties say OH OH OH OH OH (OH!)

Get up (OH) Stand up (OH) Errbody hands up
We all in the club, club, we don't give a damn (WHAT?)
!)
It's that new me, in my new V
Used to wear Coogi, now I wear Gucci
I've been fresh since 9-8
Wore my Nautica suits in all whites, I'm straight
B.I.G. in the Land Rover
The other punk lil' rappers had to move over (SCOOT!)
I was kickin out with Hova
With that Jiggaman came and took the beat - game
over
Ruff Ryders came and took the street thang over
And N.O.R. came, "Superthug", it's over

Look! Everytime I spit I drop heat from the gutter
You ain't realize you can't stop me mu'fucker!
I pop off like a launch of missles and whistle
It's the way I hot the block I should open a chain of
Sizzler's
I out grind niggas in the street and how I carve a flow
All in the beat you should call me master, hammer and
chizzler
Like I'm a stop a hope that ain't somethin expected
Like you ain't already know I'm the nicest NOW JUST
RESPECT IT!

All my niggas say OH OH OH OH OH (OH!)
All my shorties say OH OH OH OH OH (OH!)
All my niggas say OH OH OH OH OH (OH!)
All my shorties say OH OH OH OH OH (OH!)

PONE!
Aiyyo, aiyyo, I'm a be the first with that new 750i Coupe
I suck over sour and shorties in them high boots (Love
'em!)
My goons'll treat ya face like a drive-thru
Take the order, eat ya food, then get high too
(UH-OHHHH!) That new CNN, that new Bussa, new
Kiss
I rep for niggas in the box like new kicks
PONE, I might rotate with new chicks
And still got workers rotatin two shifts

Bullets rotatin the joint when I blast metal

Session to have your funeral lookin mad ghetto
You don't know what time it is, I can't tell you
I got bad sinuses, I can't smell you
Don't make promises, 'cause they'll kill you
You just talk to the hood then they'll feel you
You try to leave without payin they gon' bill you
When you rotate with a snowflake, they gon' grill you
WHAT!

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All my shorties say OH OH OH OH OH (OH!)
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