

## Live

### "Noorotic"

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Y'all motherfuckers buckle y'all motherfuckin seatbelts  
If you need to get high, there's a mask and shit in the  
overhead compartment  
I can't tell y'all what the weather's like cuz my radio's  
fucked up  
And if we should experience any type of motor  
difficulty  
Don't panic, take one more hit off the oxygen mask  
Calmly put your hands between your legs  
And kiss your black ass goodbye!!

I'm swift like a motherfuckin gift for Christmas  
When I send my vapors off like Halls menthalyptus  
My verbs and nouns shatter walls of underground  
Let me be blunt: I like crackin brews with bitches  
The ninety-four era I cause terror, whatEVER  
Rainin on you punks with the funk, so get your  
umbrellas  
My guns cruise, tennis shoes, what's happenin  
I got clapped on, now I'm the one doin the clappin  
I'm Flexi Wit Da Tec like Artifacts make Memorex  
blow tape decks when I'm more strapped than latex  
Felt like menopause, I make niggaz act like beatches  
Yo yo that nigga Red be frontin -- with they ass full of  
stitches  
Woo! I just don't give a FUCK  
I bite your whole nipple off, sick like sickle-cell anemia  
Travel around my curse universe  
I'm droppin 98.7 degrees down to Red Alert  
Droppin the slang, I'll bust your brains with the real shit  
Come hit my blunt so I can make y'all feel it  
Abuse niggaz verbally so call Dyfus  
I'm a warrior, to the heart, but I didn't kill Cyrus  
Noorotic, my style format rocks the project  
I get as ill as chief of police on narcotic  
Give me a time and I'll free your mind and lick your  
funky emotions, to blow your veins up with funk  
overdosing  
Now who's that nigga that got your crew bellin?  
Not with guns with funk when I rock tracks like Van  
Halen

I'm in the world, with Jacob's Ladder  
I'm seein a lot of happy copycat rappers actin like they  
got asthma  
They attackin me, they slowin they rhymes down  
actually  
They got factories with little dolls named after me  
But it's no question my funk segment leave the whole  
atmosphere  
pressed-in, I take advantage of niggaz like I was  
molesterin  
Newark New Jersey's what I represent  
liiiiyyiiiihhhhh  
My brain be zoned and I phoned home to ET's home  
and to hook me up with stash spots to put my chrome in  
Whattup to Prince Street, Avon Ave I roll a spliff with  
Fat to be passed through Bedrock and Diamond District  
So what the fuck I got clapped on for my truck  
Then I laughed cause fuck the cash I just wanted my  
tape bag  
Fantastic fabulous my shit is fat shit  
The bomb like Elway throw bombs on John Madden  
Fuck that, let's get to the point, my shit's the joint, I  
roast  
Motherfuckers from the East coast to the West coast to  
your breakfast  
voltage, I got funk for days by the buckets  
PPP packs a bunch of wild motherfuckers

Hold hold hold, wait wait wait  
Let me school this bitch  
Yo bitch my shit is tight, can any MC do this  
\*sounds of sex\*  
And come back on the mic?

I think not, my paper make pen leave nuff ink spots  
On blocks where your punk ass still bustin off  
slingshots  
Talkin shit about me when I'm drivin by slowly  
Sayin I'm this and that when half y'all punks don't even  
know me  
Now just for that I let your girl suck my dick from the  
back  
and let your moms give me cornrows on my crack  
Cause I'm nasty like that

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