

## Nordman

### "Nothing"

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(Chorus)

Homeboy, I came to party  
Your girl was looking at me  
Shes a haggler naw i'm not taggin her  
but you dont want them boys to come over and start  
askin ya  
Whatcha wanna do? SHHH nothing  
Whatcha tryin do? nothing  
Whatcha wanna do? nothing  
Whatcha tryin do? nothing

Yo N-O-R papi say what, that nigga's the man  
With his manager Chris and the label that Jams  
Still flossin showin your rocks  
Ain't you dudes heard grimey man we stole your watch  
It goes indian style, he's been in dashiki  
Strapped in the baby tek baby tek B.T.  
True she at the bar lookin good in the brown dress  
Four to six shots and them things ain't around yet  
Persona all thugged out loud and clear  
Sayin fuck the straight henny, just grab me a beer  
You see I'm reppin now, and my mami's I got a weopen  
now  
Shoot at them clowns at they feet, they high steppin  
now  
Left that wack label cause I don't like pricks  
I'm like a hammer that you hold on your hand, I make  
hits  
At the white boy club wylin buyin the bar  
They like hey now, your an all star, it go

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I spit mack millimeter rhymes, kill a liter in line  
My nigga Peter got a heater in mines  
Niggas still lyin, in they wack ass bars  
Only time they see jail, when they watchin Oz  
I'm in the club pissy drunk like ahhdadidaaaaa!!!!!!  
And mami took her papa like dadadidaaaaa!!!!!!  
Adios kill your soul then we body your ghost  
They call me tordo, sip champagne and sip porto  
Playin cappy coo (Man you ain't nappy too!!!)  
I like when chocha be nappy too  
I treat life like a fast car lower my speed  
I try to chill, and sell more records than Creed  
Been a hustler (What? what?) way before Melvin Flynt  
A criminal, don't need no prints  
These dudes gave me a brick and they ain't seen me  
since  
Coulda woulda, had them dudes straight hoppin the  
fence, it go

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La la la la la la la la la (Oh!)  
La la la la la la la la la (Oh!)  
La la la la la la la la la (Oh!)  
La la la la la la la la la (Oh!)  
La la la la la la la la la (Oh!)  
La la la la la la la la la (Oh!)  
La la la la la la la la la (Oh!)  
La la la la la la la la la (Oh!)

Well ooops I dunn dunna again, I got another one  
I keep it hid in my pocket I got another one  
Fast and furious, dunn dunn dunn tudunn  
Still be in, Miami and jet skin  
In the ocean where the sharks be at, just O.D.'n  
Adebesi, want a brick to pay double easy  
I got them thangs that a move easy  
And I told the lawyer, I sold blow to old Goya  
I'm half spanish, you see I cook coke to Goya  
Half spanish, all day roastin poya  
Recognize, when I'm runnin the game, before me  
Chickens wasn't even messin with brain, because me  
Now you started gettin head on the westside highway

So recognize my nigga you did it my way  
Ice rockin, brick choppin and gun shoppin  
I did it all beat cases with Cochran

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