

N.O.R.E. "Banned From TV"

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Banned from TV
N.O.R.E. moving
Shut the fuck up

Ay yo, ay yo, regardless of rain or snow, sleet or hail
I kick street tales, choking niggas like I'm sprewell
Golden state, holding your fate in the palm of my hand
Blow you away like it's part of the plan

I gotta call it like I see it, talk it like I be it
Walkin' my walk, thugged out orthopedic
'Cause I'm soon to be up, give me room watch me heat
up
Niggas try to stick me like Abdul Lerima, follow the
leader

Make me go extra hard, yo N.O.R.E.
Should I hold back or show the repirtore
Quit at 16 or throw in extra bars just for the non
believers
I show them why it's so hard to reach us

I get pussy with my fathers features
Puff heavenly, heavenly, see me at 6'1'
Weigh a buck 70
Catch me in spots y'all niggas never be

Packed in like green bay Harlem week to queens day
Performing a Capella, no DJ 98 live, no replays
Make it seem easy, so tell a friend to tell a friend
That it's them again, nature noreaga, wild gremlins

Yo, yo, champagne on the rocks
Pour on the fort Knox lazura
Shark salad with cabbage
Pork chops and apple sauce

Twin connection, disrespect watch your body cave in
Pump the shotty guagin', hit the shorty while he potty
training
I ain't playing, I'm truly the worst
Simply the first to get his whole body fully reversed

Uzi it hurts, leave you double dead
I'm a bubble head
I never listen to nothing my mother said
Ay yo I hold niggas ransom for money like Johnny
handsome
Been sonning niggas for so long

I think I got a grandson
My passion is money, a stash and a honey
That won't ask questions but will blast anybody
That's my kind of girl, kinda of world I want to live in

Not a cell or a prison or in hell's Armageddon
Just a little ghetto
Where my niggas control the middle
We know the riddles of life where others know only a
little

Yo, yo been in rich places, sick places
Seen my story on 6,666 pages
Wages, I wrote six aces
And at the same dice games, I caught six cases

All over big faces, now it's tipped laces
Ready to dig faces, but the bang it ain't
Bitch spaces, niggas loading up they rib cages
Cats like to rip places

Bloody lip tastes, but the Cam is in big races?
But I stay in import the pig places
But the world know the girl though
I fuck her off a furlough

She'll be up, hook me up
All your sales could be luck
Only question for these ducks is
Baby girl can we fuck

You the type that need a wife
Thought L-o-x told y'all the key to life
Asshole, yo I don't play around
I lay it down

Fuck around, I spray around
Flick a biscuit, nigga risk it
My ass, you can kick or kiss it

Ain't no niggas in the world more thorough than this
(Bust off)
And sit the hot barrel dead on your lips

Like 2 thirds of a brick
(Penaro and kiss)
And kiss the crystal white fluffy part in the back of a
whip

See the plan is to stash all, and cash y'all
The weed so strong, they gotta put it glass jars
Niggas try to smoke me out, mope me out
'Cuz the rims on my new joint be poking out

I'm about to have no feelings
Shit is deep, do they dance with the devil when they
sleep
I wake up gripping the air, wishing the hit
Shit that they kick in ya ear

When your soul be drifting in air
My gift is half rotten when I spit it tears
That shit'll drop down my eye, I'm too tired to cry
And I ain't never seen a nigga that too live to die

They say you get what you ask for, so get it 'cuz you
asked for it
If a nigga ain't a thief, then he better have the cash for
it
And we gonna be around 'til ya body rott
And if the feds bring us in we get the same time gotti
got

What, what, what, what

Yo yo, ay yo, there's two ways into the hood, one plain
The other smoke chronic like straight to the brain
Ay yo let's get loose, hennese straight, with tomato
juice
Queens stallion, my guns, fully Italian

Now y'all niggas recognize medallions
I play the best hood, O T with Tim Westwood
Used to be on section 8, now my section is good
Thugged out niggas, we eat as much as we could

And I don't give a fuck what, yo I save my shit
And I don't give a fuck what, you can save your shit
Y'all niggas like extra skin on my dick
Listen to Bob Marley, you funny niggas like Steve
Harvey

Frontin' live with a weak army
I play the nice guy too, I'll smoke wit you
But the realness, I ain't got no love for you

That's why I never do a song with you

Not even if your babies mom fucked the crew
And promised to give us head and swallow too
I still say no, no is no, no can doe
Ya niggas drinking henneray, drinking my flow

Yo, thug shit thug shit what what
What the fuck is the deal
Thugged out entertainment, entertainment
L-o-x terror squad this shit is fucking official

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