

N.O.R.E. "Come Thru"

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Vanity Fare's 'Early In The Morning'
Evening is the time of day
I find nothing much to say
Don't know what to do but I come to

Here's why they call me the ghost
I'm half live, half dead and when there's beef, I bring
all of the toast
And I got more guns than most of New York
And I ain't got to say shit 'cause the toasters'll talk

Holiday Styles, ignorant nigga
Three pound, four pound, still tearin' off your ligament,
nigga
I'm the hardest rapper, out bitches diggin' a nigga
And like anybody who beef, can swim in the river
When I walk through the door, all the children'll shiver

It's like, "He's so gangsta, y'all so pussy"
I murder y'all faggots so y'all don't push me
All I know is goin' through hell, blowin' a shell
I got down so hard, I thought no one'd tell

But I was damn wrong
I hold it down like my man's gone
I shoot anything, I get my fuckin' hands on
To leave y'all coward niggaz bloody like a tampon

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Yo, E Nicks, where you at, nigga? Uhh, uhh, yo
I'm sick and tired of rappers talkin' 'bout all this
chedder
And when you see them in the streets got a bullshit
Jetta
I'm like dog stop frontin', you shouldn't be braggin'

And why the fuck you got rims if you push a
Volkswagen?

I spit vicious, let my bank account switch digits
And if money was height, you'd be midgets, I spit hard,
save it
(Go on nigga)
Sinner nigga affidavit and next to God, I'm most
niggaz mom favorite

Y'all talk gangsta but you notice the mob
And I could bring you to the hood and get, both of you
robbed
You see, I live in the streets, I sleep in the streets
Fuck it, I probably got more guns than police

Niggaz say I'm too hard, them niggaz too soft
Straight pussy, I heard they suck dick up north
And it ain't so foul, so hold your breath
And you probably still real, just a gangsta left

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All I can say, this the game I chose
For this European car and these name brand clothes
Get respect from these niggaz, spit game at hoes
Come down with a bounce and a strange ass flow

I got bigger than I thought I would, I did shit that I
thought I could
Act rowdy 'cause I fought that good
Them blocks is mine, I bought that hood
They know I squeeze, smoke trees and blow bodies

And your boss even know that y'all niggaz can get it
Have y'all skeleton cracked and some holes in your
fitted
Have your body chopped up in six different lakes
And you ain't even safe right in front of the Jakes

They call me Stan Still 'cause I fuckin' just stand still
And most of y'all niggaz run, plus your mans will
Folded up in a corner, behind a van still
And your hoes can get it then your mans will

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