

## **N.O.R.E. "Grimey"**

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Yeah niggas, part four muh'fucker  
Thugged out niggas  
Neptunes, nigga what nigga  
Violator, nigga what nigga  
This shit is serious, type serious  
Uh, uh uh, nigga what nigga  
Uh, uh uh, nigga what nigga  
Uh, uh uh, part four nigga  
Yo, yo, yo

It's like fuck, it's King Tut jewelry, blind fury nigga  
I smoke boogies, conspiracy theory  
It's like I'm Malcolm, with just the X  
These bitches swear they in love but it's just the X  
Niggas act like, my coke ain't long in stress  
Like I don't keep two shotguns under my chest  
I flip, obsolete see I'm the king of the streets  
And show muh'fuckers how to rhyme on Neptunes'  
beats

In Miami, Pun shoulda, won the Grammy  
This year I'll bring the shit home to his family  
Go 'head, and keep hatin', until you receive  
Mad volts in your chest plate, hard to breathe  
See you a hater like star and buc, nigga what  
And fuck Tommy boy, you niggaz just suck  
I'm the ultimate, gun on my dick, hoes swallow my spit  
Wanna drink every bottle I sip

Nigga when that heat is bustin' off  
And the ambulance come and rush you off  
And the witness like, "We don't know dem boys"  
Me and my niggaz goin' hey, hey, hey, hey hey hey  
Then we resume, hangin' with stars  
Then we live in fat houses and fat ass cars  
Then we drive and scream, nigga fuck the law  
Me and my niggaz goin' hey, hey, hey, hey hey hey

Yo, yo, I alternated with the greatest, upgraded my  
speech  
We violator violatin', y'all niggaz capiche?  
It's unsafe like late night on Orta beach

Drink some river ranches and get slurped at least  
Let's have fun wit it, in the bridge my niggaz dunn wit it  
Niggaz had hit records, but we done did it  
Pop a collar; see them chicks they like to holla N.O.  
You know them hoes already know they gotta swallow

Money like Nutty Professor, fat as fuck  
Four gold albums; ain't none of it luck  
Brad Pitt, fight club shit, fuckin' you up  
Since you, seem so tense release the mutts  
I'm connected, the police release my cuffs  
Call me Fillmore, naw nigga 'cause I'ma feel more  
Nigga this my year, you gonna feel nore  
Money we got it but still try and feel more

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Type of niggarole, we must be dunns  
Toothbrush shanks and rusty guns  
Nigga get popped can't hush me son  
Sellin' everything 'til they cuff me dunn  
93 ac' fuck a range nigga  
Saliva at the mouth of your chain nigga  
Reynolds wrap, coke, and doo-rags  
Never cleanin' up, nigga screw that

You see we unbreakable, y'all niggaz is uncapable  
We 2G nigga we use gats that's untraceable  
Still smokin', and niggaz know how I do it  
Keep big shanks, shit'll cut in half your buick  
Just me and shorty, late night in the park  
And gettin' so much brains I'm startin' to feel smart  
Off beelzebub, feelin' my love with cold heart  
See these fake niggaz, my fists'll break niggaz  
We switchin' labels, now it's time to break niggaz  
We switchin' labels, now it's time to break niggaz

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Violator, nigga what nigga  
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...

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