

N.O.R.E.**"Student Of The Game"**Visit "[Student Of The Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I feel like something special bout to happen
Queens nigga but the meetings be up in manhattan
Move the packs fast, hoops ain t both crick
We up to cook another one, bullshit
We should have the hood olympics, a cook off
Let s see which coke is terrific and who is gifted
With the coffee pot, biggest hold the cookie jar
Let us separate the hustlers from the rookies y all
I knew enough spanish not to get jerked when I want
work
Plus, plus, plus I let my gun off, berserk
Got my cousins in the pink houses, never had job
niggas
They was into murdering, kidnaps and rob niggas
I was to rhyme as a hobby on my closet lobby
Fucking up ounces, take it back to quarters then
Hoe sales with ... kimble, even show I water min
Fast forward, got locked for a shooting
Hits whop it, back when like kings first recruiting
Locked in the zone, mind separate, guidance
counselor
I went to school with a weapon, not for protection
Just to show it off, but I m gonn really use it
The power of the gun, it gave me strength, I would
abuse it
I never ever ever thought I d make it out in music
Started writing rhymes harder, and to visionthe youth
Locked up, reading daniel goren s books
Expanding my imagination, I got created with the
bendo

my person identified
Hood pride, logical, wrote about the blocks, streets and
obstacles
Man this shit work when you think about it
I mean I still get money when you think about it
Rap, probably saved my life twice with it
I m still nice with it, let s forget all the ice with ice
Forget my accolades and other big things I did
I was a wild kid, I would ve ran up in yo crib
Remember war report, cnn legacy

Hip hop pedigree, rhymes is a felony
Student of the game, I take responsibility
Give me tranquility so niggas can't belittle me
I'm still doing what I do way past you
This album's home the heart, sorta feel like I have to
Prove shit, do the new shit
And the true school shit, wild with the deuces
Little guns for the little guns gala
Blade back, in a leather couch, harawana
Eye vision clearer, I love who I see in the mirror
I couldn't make that clearer
Try to compete with a real street nigga
Doing street shit, you as soft as aloe vera, agh?
Something special bout to happen
Queens nigga, queens nigga
I'm still nice with it, cook another one
Separate the hustlers from the rookies y'all
Cnn, cnn legacy
Hip hop hop pedigree
Rhymes is a felony
Bill doin warrup dude?
True school shit, real street niggas.

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