

N.O.R.E.**"Talk 2 'Em"**

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(Feat. Gunplay)

Somebody better talk to 'em

Speak what's on your mind

I only hear the numbers that come after dollar signs

Talk to 'em

Speak what's on your mind

Careful what you saying when them killers 'round

Glass of white Zinfandel

Call in my nigga Dell

Slang shit, gang thick

That shit is for Sigadale

Now everything is Rigadelia

From now on, I order work

Like a scale, I perform

I got my young'un with me

He ain't smart so I the nigga dumbing with me

You'll probably get it later

Noreaga, wild connects with Al Quaeda

Godfather, kush stuffed in the Garcia y Vega

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Careful what you saying when them killers 'round

Talk to 'em

They must not know (not know), they must not know

Somebody better talk to 'em

They must not know (not know), they must not know

Somebody better talk to 'em

Pour Crystal, please, pass that

You feel hand-to-hand, I'm way past that

I roll blunts, and ash that

I'm on my white boy party shit, crash that

So look in my eyes and see that I'm real

Don't gotta talk about the things that I did

You better talk to 'em

I walk through the hood and I'm by myself

And the Tec-9 that's under my belt
It goes..

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Blow ashes in their face, call em 'Ashy Face'
Run a marathon, dumb dudes get knocked, erased
Decapitate, I hire they head off
On a platinum main course
This is the main source
Live at the barbecue, double dimmers an obstacle
Blow green tropical, science is fiberoptical
I maintain, this is my shit
Heavy metal style, I had a hood marsh pit

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'Sup Baby Dale, Baby Dale
Do what we gotta do like we just gotta do, man
Around the corner for the percolator
Keep the percolator percolated
On the fire hydrant and now into this hold up
You think it smelled that?
Follow the energy!
Follow the energy!

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