

N.O.R.E.

"The Problem"

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(Hook)

The moment when you see that nigga face again
Replay it in yo mind then your breathing change
Hes reachin in his jacket, he gon make it rain
The by standers screamin Lawwwdd
The DJ screamin Lawwwdd
The AK screamin Lawwwdd
Thats the nigga drama hard
Her baby stretched out on the boulevard

(Verse)

Niggas tryna shit on me and make history
Supposedly I help chicks, help them with groceries
Supposedly I still break, gripping my rosary
Still shoot ya block up then make you notice me
(Lawwwdd) Bullets flyin in the air much
Fuckin heard the guy hurt, I dont even care much
(Lawwwdd) And Im still smoking bogomill
Still have the street meetin, stop one broker deals
You my nigga nigga fuck how nigga Oprah feels
PAPI, I pop guns, they dont pop me
Known for shootin niggas, but nah, they never shot me
Hang hang good bell gang, dont make us pop 3

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(Verse)

Yea, I hear you talkin what yea, nigga whatever nigga
You did time, me too nigga, whatever nigga
Post these blunts, dicker, only people to fuck uh
NORE + Pharrell could only equal to what what what
what
From blood money to love money and thug money

Nino wuddup? Fuckin the oldest Gs money
Ive shot niggas in they motherfuckin peep holes
Winter time, shot niggas in they ski clothes
(Lawwwdd) still I stay focused still
Catch cases, got cases is open still
(Lawwwdd) slime fall or slime out
Good bell gang hang hang, nigga Rarrell

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(Verse)

Neptune, cocker spaniel, underground, raw for Daniel
My dick, 2 can handle 2 chips, the Cuprianos
Italian shit, The Soprano, I attack like a rebel
I attack, I attack, counteract, cardiac
Shootin at yo Pontiac, wherever is yo army at
(Lawwwdd) Must got em with the peach mix
(Lawwwdd) I was rollin with some freak chicks
(Lawwwdd) here the drinks come spiked, prefixed

(Hook)

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