

N.O.R.E.**"Thiz Iz Hip Hop"**

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(Feat. Bumpy Knuckles)

Take soft white and turn it into tan hard
That shit is chemistry, at least a form of science
I was raised by the wolves but the dogs my alliance
My hood used to call me "Papi Shoot-a-lot"
Cause all I really did was sell coke and just shoot a lot
Increase the crime rate every time I drop a new tape in
the Tri-State
My stick Pyrex
Niggas getting shot up and locked up for directs
Hand-to-hand, that was something I enjoyed to do
I told my workers nine-to-five I'm employing you
You could do the nine-to-five or the ten-to-six
I'm twenty five-eight, holmes, that's my shift
Them niggas out of bounds like a referee
I'm a chef with the coke, no recipe
I could show you to your grave, that's your destiny
So these so-called shooters don't mess with me

This is hip-hop, this is how it's supposed to sound
Don't dance to it, just hear the sound
Nah, you can't dougie to this
You could only get high and get gully to this

Yea, this is hip-hop, this is how it's supposed to sound
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You could only get high and get gully to this

See, I'm a bodybuilder with the fly shit I spit
Change my whole sculpture, Rosay wine exquisite
N.O.R.E.'s a hurricane, cold like a blizzard
Sodom, Gomorrah, Expedition Ford Explorer
Cover me, lay low
This help when we play God
Cocaine on steroids, call the shit A-Rod
New York play yard, painting like Picasso
This shit colossal, spit like Soppo
Catch me in a Tahoe, G-Shock rubber watch
Newport smoker, Googoun drinker
Fuck your vest, nigga, cause I'm aiming for your

thinker

What up to all my niggas hand-to-hand in the morning
Doing it, yeah, and got it locked like a vice grip
What up to all my niggas that's scrambling on the night
shift
The night life with the right white
White tops got colors like Mike & Ikes

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Talk stupid out your ass, I'll blast
No cash, free throwing, Steve Nash
So fast, see blowing
Bitch nigga, you scared, Deebowing
That bum don't stop, he keep going
Leave you dead in your birthday suit
From downstairs I shoot through the roof
Bada bing, through the California King
Put the money on the table
It's mine, nigga, you boxed in
Freddie Foxxx and Noreaga, the locked-in
Goons on the Voltron, turning the volts on
45 Colts on, military coats on
Hip-hop general, 38 snub by the genitals
That's spitting, no casing, defacing
Got green like Boston
You retain Ben Rothman
Once I leave you in the coffin, shot

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M-m-motherfuckaz act like they hate it but
motherfuckaz love it
M-m-motherfuckaz act like they hate it but
motherfuckaz love it

M-m-motherfuckaz act like they hate it
M-m-motherfuckaz act like they hate it but
motherfuckaz love it

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