

Aaliyah F/ DMX

"Nahmeanuheard"

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[Dwnlzy]

Where my skateboarding niggas at?

[Chorus 2x: Dwnlzy]

I know you heard, know you heard

I know you niggas heard

Know you heard, know you heard

I know you bitches heard

Know you heard, know you heard

I know you all heard

What what what what what what what what!

Tell me you heard!

[N.O.R.E.]

Yo, yo, yo, yo pull that nigga over, snatch the nigga out
the Rover

Dat dat dat, gun shots all over

And I wasn't there, but if I was

There'd been a lot more gun shots goin off then they
was

So, tell 'em hoes to fix they wig

You see my stomach all round, my dick all big

And my guns come mixed like Robin kids

N.O. fuck ya wife, snatch ya ice

And my coke come white, like Barkley wife

Can't stand how, these niggas be frontin

Dumpin off 8 shots, ain't hurtin nuttin

And who gives a fuck bout, who's spirits is better?

As long as my shit is dope when I put it together

Me and Swizz with another one, hot forever

And you can call Violator, for show that you whoof

I like a Swizz beat, shit already come with a hook, it go

[Chorus]

[N.O.R.E.]

Yo, yo, yo, ayyo it's hope sittin, motherfuckers know
me

Everytime I drop an album, niggas O.D.

Though I send slugs at ya, and ruin your day

Your like "man there's holes in me, it won't go away"

And I'ma straight surgeon, I'll change ya face up
You'll have no ear, when I lace ya shape up
Cause really N.O., I don't fuck with niggas
And if you even met me, you just a lucky nigga
Niggas always talk about how much jewels they got
But nigga I talk guns, that's usually hot
And 9 times out of 10 they gon usually pop
It's like herpes, it won't go away, it stay hot
Man, I be spittin like these niggas is dead
Cause I'ma get my money, these niggas is dead
So what, I be hype, I be ready to buc
From the closet, I keep my fuckin gear in the truck, it go

[Chorus]

[N.O.R.E.]

Yo, yo, yo, got the Lap Truck, tell them hoes to lap up
Hit me on the 2-way, my phone is tapped up
Matta fact, don't even hit me, it's too much low
But if ya hit me on the pager, then use them codes
I got the feds on me, I'm supplying the coke
And don't flash no money, I act tight broke
Cause man, I'm in this game with somethin to prove
Only been a hood tour, no smoke to groove
I was on a record label that loved to loose
No promotions, lucky when we hit the news
Beef, it don't bother us, we got God with us
Rip some pieces of niggas, we got 'Card with us
Man, Swizz'd drop it, I'm ready to do it
Don't think a nigga nice, these niggas is stupid
Man, signed a deal, rap'd sell
And these niggas straight gay, these niggas is squeel,
it go

[Chorus]

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