

Nino Bless

"What'cha Know About Me"

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[VERSE 1]

Peep the memoirs of a Brooklyn Latin hustlin'
Petty dealer, moving haze through that Flatbush
junction
Flipped that, Yup! then later packed that substance
The type you cook, I relive it but I rap with substance
Cats'll bump this & get it, yet others'll be flustered
Some of it ain't for you, it's for the gutter and the
hustlers & they love this
Cause y'all scripts leave em numb
They don't feel it, ya bitch ass can't speak for them, we
eatin' crumbs
In the ghetto, yet you speak of funds, like it's such ease
for it to come
No wonder why I'm so hung to let you meet my gun
Got a shell for you from yours truly
N.I.N.O is back on the beat was off duty! (fuckers!)
Thought you knew me
Which other newbie could hang with Crooked I and Kool
G?
Speaking of which, haters be all tight wishin' they was
you instead
Up in the nose bleeds like G gettin' brain from
Superhead
All you dulla's could taste my Ruger's led
Cause if it's tucked in u know I'm puttin' you to bed
(Night night) my life's trife
Lookin' for a nice heist that's high priced
I might snap, fuck it, I might snipe, bust it
The future like Mekhi Phife, lookin' for somebody
better? Try Christ
You wanna try life? Test Nino
My advice, don't let ya ego, get you left in a deep hole,
No!
You could never ever, get on my level ho
Go get a shovel ho, nothing this muzzle holds
So FUCK D.O.A, I don't hate, I'm serious
Cause like chicks who think they preggy it's a lil late,
period!
I ain't furious, this ain't a diss here
Like Hov's really gonna hear this here

Despair, No more, but I'm still breathin' thin air
Damn, feel like I'm training up in Big Bear
Now let me make this one thing clear
Did I get kicked out? nope! I was never in there
So fuck the business affairs
All I need is one mic, a kick, & snare
I administer fear, this shit is so rare

Ghetto minister, lyrical, who else kickin' what I'm givin'
you here (yeah)
Go head snooze like Bless's isn't raw
Tails u lose now ya heads on the floor... (Fucker)

[HOOK]

So what you know about me, huh?
Said what you know about me?
(I do it and I spit it, some get it, most don't)
(And a lot of dudes tell me I should quit but I won't, No!
)
SO what you know about me, huh?
Said what you know about me?
(I ain't buckled inside, got nothing to hide)
(Never tuck in my pride, so fuck it I ride, or die)

[VERSE 2]

Wait, the stakes have risen, my plate
No steak or chicken, tummy growlin' but I stay with the
rhythm
Drake, I don't hate on the nigga
But cats'll conform to be makin' them figures (fuck it)
Shit, if that's ya goal do it up, that's wassup
I could rap for bucks, sell and do a track that sucks, but
That cash stackin' up with my pride ain't addin' up
I ain't mad, I'm a master this craft no matter what
So they question can he last or what?
They say "Nino, the game's changed when will ya ass
give up?"
So my answers "um, when pigs fly over hills
All while sleet and hail is fallin' over hell" (Get Real)
Bless will never chill on this path he's on
While these backpackers get they backstreet on
It's ass backwards so I'm bringin' rap back, bitch!
You wack rappers could get the mattic and ya cap bent!
I stifle my rivals like Cashis
I'm focused like the Jackson's on Michael's assets
Heart of a aztec, if I'm holdin' a ratchet
You bound to hear the bang like when my homie Grafh
spits
So coje lo con calma, my folks is known for trampas
A soldier since I tapped that code in Contra
Every verse I write is worth the fight

Watch me A-Rod the game but I'ma earn my stripes,
nigga!

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