Noreaga F/ Big Punisher, Cam'Ron, The Lox, Nature ''Partner To Swing''

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Verse 1:

Check it, I catch more heat than a histitic jew You catch two thumbs down like a Matty Rich movie review

Your individuality is missing like Adam Walsh Your image faker than the hair on Diana Ross Too far gone inside my art form Worshipping the ground that I walk on, that's cool But while you're being me who's being you? I'm hot like Patra, Doggystyle on all fours

End your career like Christopher Williams did Al B. Sures

Mass hysteria, malaria come to ya area You couldn't touch my style with Hands Across America I slaughter, spit in your water like Kidd homes Leave you need orthoscopic surgury like Quincey Jones Cause I can give Beverly, Demi and even Melvin Moore (more)

Van Halen, Eddie, get Ellen ready make Pauly Shore (sure)

Your new single sounds like the double dutch bust remix

Watch you collapse and die like you was River Phoenix
Me and rap go way back like LL's hairline
Nigga fuck a punch line. Lwrite fucking punch rhymos

Nigga fuck a punch line, I write fucking punch rhymes I'm gorgous so when I'm performing just leave your girls at home

I'm the best thing to happen to bitches since the straightening comb

When I'm up in 'em spittin' venoms I never go soft (never)

I make that pussy snap Back Back Back and Forth Some more outtakes over B.Rich roughbreaks I write more rhymes han Rick James makes license plates

So life every voice and sing Cause I don't need no partner to swing

Hook:

They don't know

They don't need a partner to swing (X6)

"More cash in my hand" - Grand Puba

Verse 2:

Surrounded by more mysteries than the stone henge Warning your friends, Chino X could make the corrinor cringe

Urinating in the audience when I perform Biting the heads of chickens and bats like Ozzy Osborne

I got multiple personalities so be afraid The cypher is ? I'm Jim Jones now here's the Kool-Aid You better recognize and know the time like Barisa or dance like Kid'N'Play

Cause You Ain't Gonna Hurt Nobody You better fear will I knife or stick in you Look up at the sky and ask why has God forsaken you Chin-wa! Bringin' new styles that MC's couldn't start While the walls be closin' in on them like fat around Dr. J's heart

To keep in shape I scrap knives and I take lives Subliminally I encourage teenage suicide When my video is on the Box you gets to orderin' People want to know the 4-1-1 on art of origin I was bitter got richer, the nigga child molester Throwin' out my shit like Red Fox did Ann Nester Can't be productive when your partner is just a lazy bitch

Leaves you feeling frusterated like you signed to Wild Pitch

Now like Sammy Davis ran from the IRS
You better run from that nigga Chino X
And if you score well then perform, MC's with hesitence
Remember you can be replaced like Ann did on
Crushed Grapes

You're man is holding you up don't front like everything is dandy

Peace to 5 foot 6 now I'm out like John Candy

Hook (x4)

verse 3:

So now you gotta put in time if you wanna get near me But you can't hear me, cause you're an asshole like Dennis Leary

Leave you crispy like the children of Kadaffi You couldn't get no justice if you dug up Thurgo Marshall's body

My career is right out of the bible in the show bizness I drop my staff it turn to snakes just like Moses If I found a new crew with same circumstances Catch the L and they'll be assed out like Prince's pants

I'm back on track without another nigga urfin' me Peace to Ragman, now I'm out like Freddy Mercury So lift every voice and sing Cause I don't need no partner to swing

Hook (x3)

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