Capone-N-Noreaga/Noreaga/N.O.R.E. "Mr. c.e.o"

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Intro

Aww, yes how you do today
My name is N.O.R.E, that's pronounced nore.
Here on behalf of thugged out militainment.
I'm here to see the president of the record label
I believe his name is Mr.Isenhawk.
I been out here quite some time.
So, aww can you let him know I been waiting.
And aww can he please hurry his ass up before I bounce you undadig!

Chorus

So whats the matter Mr. CEOOOO
You can't look in my face and feel my pain yooo
Shit give a hood nigga a chance, a nigga won't rob you,
plus a nigga ain't gone dance.
So whats the matter Mr. CEOOOO
You can't look in my face and feel my pain yooo
shit give a hood nigga a chance, a nigga won't rob you,
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Verse1

Ayo nigga through in the key and let the engine spark Yo I love the rap game, hate the buiness part An give a hood nigga a chance, that's what they won't do

Cause I stay up in the office, with the toast too!
An shit fuck a check, I rather cash
And you know I shoot niggaz, don't bring up the past
But I just came home, and ain't leaving alone
Give a nigga one chance, im a have the shit sown
I'm a hard worker, i don't need no handout
I opportunity and im a expand out
It's militainment, military entertainment
Brand new hot shit nobody with
So invest your cheese, and pay this thug
We belong on uncut, not midnight love
So just make sure our contract ain't slim
And then I'm ready nigga, yo where do I sign

Verse2

My pain ain't for eyes, stress rhymes Exchange to a lot of gunz and buiness, best times To the CEO, im basically saying My life switching, digging out Spitting for niggaz the same route Ladies too, I went the game route Respect what we came for, press support I guarantee we x these niggaz name out All I ask is my own ar's Marly marl, wise and shawn Truthfully we got our own staff The hands on experience, advance that executive paper Stay in the streets we set for greater things Whatever in the bank, bank on it Royalty time we thank each other Arrogant photo's we tear it down

You can sit and laugh nigga Who done caked up, you flagrant as shit motherfucker

Bang them on billboards to skane Streets imagine, business of rap

Chorus

Verse 3

Yo let me holla at you ceo, a.r and president Give me a minute, here me out ain't no disrespect Let me speck my peace, we got a ill click of niggaz Now we got producers with beats We already to put shit down in the streets Been hustling to long, we need a new way to eat And I'm mad at your whole roster dog, must of them niggaz is weak

The rest of them are imposters dog, i know muse and maze will bring you plaque

I'm a hustler nigga the first day i finish my pack Hit us with consignment and we'll bring it right back We for real with this game, and we spit it like that And since you worried about spending, we got a album ready done

So hold on niggaz here we come Running through every burb, hood, every slum Niggas don't won't none thugged out

Chorus

Verse 4

Do I look like the type who like to dance in club I like to stack cash, my son need to know this is his dad

The streets know my name The fame I had it before, when i approach my lifestyle, more potent than dope I write it real for the world, hate the industry rope I'm thugged out golden nugget with blood in a bucket We from the hood were these snakes, when you spit they try and dub it I got a european attitude and ready for russia My hot flow, will leave canada dry, you ask me why Most rappers spitting you lie's, just to make you buy Unitied states, im like a piece of the puzzle I got to hustle Like I'm a south american Sell you album's in bundle's So let me live it up, and let the streets follow my story And much respect to the artist who done, done it Before me so it's my time to sell records and taking the glory

Mother may I take one step into the game

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