

## **Dre Dr**

### **"Nationowl featuring Nowl"**

Visit "[Nationowl featuring Nowl](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

All right, is everybody ready \*YEAH!\*)

(Alright now, here we go)

Nationowl divides this bomb to blow

Adios serials worldwide

Once inside ya ride, usin the mic like a screwdriver

to break down the speed

While labels were sound asleep, Nowl peeped and  
creeped

and stole the ground beneath they feet

Far from the bail, still makin my sales

Movin tapes like weight, we's hip-hop cartel

takin over, no doubt

Like thongs, they ass out but win amounts with the  
Doctor

Dre, all day cash his cheques

Like Play, I hittin you in the head like strays (BUU-YU-  
KOW!)

Nationowl's defence covers my ass

and team o' outcast niggas who're quick to blast

Our beat's on hit, keep the peace on

MC's couldn't find my path (Where you at niggas?)

Chorus:

Pledge a legiance to my team

Let's scheme, nigga, we gots ta get CREAM

Cos worldwide shit's outta control

Why you can't get down with Nationowl

Young and old, my niggas who's on parole

Why you can't get down with Nationowl

Bitches who own, my niggas whose heart is cold

Why you can't get down with Nationowl

Nationowl's anthem, got'cha soul on lock

still fully loaded, cocked the handgun

Composed like the Phantom

while the face of earth gets ugly, we ever lovely

Bitches who never duck me, "Nowl loved me"

In thinkin I must spend dough til I'm dizzy

Assholes around like a frisby

And for satisfaction chew an MC like Wrigley

History's about to be made, I met'cha in a way

tryin ya hardest to delay

My flight batterin, keep the world ringin like \*?  
Sadaran?\*

Lyrics bone shatterin

Pretenders wantin to be Cinder-rella

What? That shoe you tryin ta wears, not fittin

Now we're strippin niggas like a Chippendale

I'm rippin hell, burnin the devil and inhale

Chorus

In the last days, which side will you be on?

Nationowl's on the side that I beat on

I demand put me on

From the door I use MC's to wipe my feet on

My shit be bumpin like in-grown hair

For twenty-six years trained in ghetto warfare

Nigga, I see more green than St. Patrick

Pro actors, game of life with no practice

Controllin craps like I had a remote

It's a rule, now go enter ya tomb

No joke, much over I scold

It's some game for all who's tryin ta split ya coats

Best believe that these are our last years

Prepare or get done from the rear

As we move there, where? The final frontier

United we stand, divided we don't have a prayer

Chorus

Are you wit me East Coast?

Are you wit me West Coast?

Are you wit me?

Are you wit me?

Are you wit me West Coast?

Are you wit me East Coast?

Are you wit me?

Are you wit me

