

Nothin'

N.O.R.E.

Oh! (Militainment) Oh! (Militainment)
Oh! (Militainment) Come on
(Militainment) Oh! (Militainment)
This one is the hot one!
(Militainment) Aiiyo! (Militainment) Homeboy, I came to party,
your girl was lookin' at me
She's a haggler naw I'm not taggin' her
But you don't want them boys to come over and start askin' ya
What you wanna do, nigga? (Nothin')
What you trynna do, nigga? (Nothin')
What you wanna do, nigga? (Nothin')
What you trynna do
Yo N-O-R papi say what, that nigga's the man
With his manager Chris and the label that Jams
Still flossin', showin' your rocks
Ain't you dudes heard "Grimey" man we stoled your watch
It goes Indian style, he's bent in dashiki
Strapped with the veritek baby tec B.T.
True she at the bar lookin' good in the brown dress
Four to six shots and them things ain't around yet
Persona all thugged out loud and clear
Sayin' fuck the straight Henny, just grab me a beer
You see I'm reppin' now, and my mami's I got a weapon now
Shoot at them clowns at they feet, they high steppin' now
Left that wack label cause I don't like pricks
I'm like a hammer that you hold on your hand, I make hits
At the white boy club whylin' buyin the bar
They like hey now, you're an all star, it go
Homeboy, I came to party,
your girl was lookin' at me
She's a haggler naw I'm not taggin' her
But you don't want them boys to come over and start askin' ya
What you wanna do, nigga? (Nothin')
What you trynna do, nigga? (Nothin')
What you wanna do, nigga? (Nothin')
What you trynna do I spit mack millimeter rhymes, kill a liter in line
My nigga Peter got a heater of mines
Niggas still lyin', in they wack ass bars
Only time they seen jail, when they watchin' Oz
I'm in the club pissy drunk like ahhdadidaaaaa!
And mami took her papa like dadadidaaaaa!
Adios kill your soul then we body your ghost

They call me gordo, sip champagne and sip porto
Playin' Captain Clue (Man you ain't nappy too!)
I like when chocha be nappy too
I treat life like a fast car, low on my speed
I try and chill, and sell more records than Creed
Been a hustler (What? what?) way before "Melvin Flynt"
A criminal, don't need no prints
These dudes gave me a brick and they ain't seen me since
Coulda woulda, had them dudes straight hoppin' the fence, it goHomeboy, I came to party,
your girl was lookin' at me
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But you don't want them boys to come over and start askin' ya
What you wanna do, nigga? (Nothin')
What you trynna do, nigga? (Nothin')
What you wanna do, nigga? (Nothin')
What you trynna doLa la la la la la la la (Oh!)
La la la la la la la la (Oh!)
La la la la la la la la (Oh!)
La la la la la la la la (Oh!)
La la la la la la la la (Oh!)
La la la la la la la la (Oh!)
La la la la la la la la (Oh!)
La la la la la la la la (Oh!) Well oops I dunn dunna again, I got another one
I keep it hid in my pocket I got another one
Fast and furious, dunn dunn dunn tudunn
Still be in, Miami and jet skiin'
In the ocean where the sharks be at, just O.D.'n
Adebesi, want a brick to pay double easy
I got them thangs that a move easy
And I told the lawyer, I sold blow to old Goya
I'm half Spanish, you see I cook coke to Goya
Half spanish, all day arroz con polla
Recognize, when I'm runnin' the game, before me
Chickens wasn't even messin' wit brain, because me
Now you started gettin' head on the westside highway
So recognize my nigga you did it my way
Ice rockin', brick choppin' and gun shoppin'
I did it all beat cases without CochranHomeboy, I came to party,
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What you wanna do, nigga? (Nothin')
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La la la la la la la la (Oh!)
La la la la la la la la (Oh!)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>