

# Banned From Another Club

N.O.R.E.

Thugged Out Militia- 2001

Now put your cards on the motherfucking table and see whats, what  
Give life the dick hard she a slut  
That will make her feel it in her gut  
Then I move to my career  
So fuck your perspective, your thoughts get neglected  
Like Muggsy's shot and Marcus Camby rejection  
Hit the sixth row, pass the courtside section  
I know you clown niggaz must be kidding  
This lefrak commission, put a ending to your vision  
This rap shit turn five to sixth sense's  
I know your profile, I'm like a hood human census  
Major factor, nigga not a major actor  
Deal with major niggaz, fuck major bitches  
Who else but the sho god  
Open up the book, shit will never be closed  
Like a spell on the industry, and no one got the code  
But Al G.A.D.O and S.H.O we the mainstream where  
Ever we go y'all niggaz know

From the front to the back, stay packed, fall back  
It's a wrap, thugged out rule that  
I know you mad cause your girl on our back, she with us  
It's a wrap, thugged out rule that  
Don't want no problems, but if y'all want to clap, we got gats  
It's a wrap, thugged out rule that  
Everywhere we go we get tested at a show  
We let everybody know  
I'm let everyone know we shut it down (It's a wrap)

Banned from another club again... again  
But we'll get it popping outside my friend (you ain't gotta let us in)  
Banned from another club again... again  
But we'll get it popping outside my friend (you ain't gotta let us in)

Yo, papi and I'm banned from the Roxy  
Mad shootout's and more fights than Rocky  
I hold records N.O most connected  
My died arm strong, your pass intercepted  
Hoes meet me in the motel, with just a thong  
We goin' drink smirnoff, bitch, fuck the don  
You see my lucky charm, my niggaz is on  
and I'm a foul nigga bitch, I could fuck you moms  
You see I'm banned from the Tunnel, my niggaz is foul  
Body shit when I come through, like Martha wild  
and I would hate to have to, break your face bone  
For Greystones, have you looking like Grace Jones  
Hit niggaz up, machete's will split niggaz up  
Automatic's will blast, fifth niggaz up  
Al Gado, and Sho and this N-O  
and if them niggaz got beef, them niggaz will go

I'm the wrong person to love, easy to judge  
and I ain't perfect, I'll tell you now I hold a grudge  
Because we in the club, rolling thicker than fuzz  
The wee dark the same, play this rap like a match

Just spark the game, and tear apart your fame  
Blow so much smoke clouds, shit it would start to rain  
an still flow lovely  
Get on stage and get gully  
I'm never fall off I got A, B C scully huh..  
(Hate me or love me) that's your altermatum  
The devil price my soul, I still ain't pay him  
But usually they love me, walk in the club  
an make the crown look like they playing rugby  
Ripe show's on a fradulent stage  
No matter what y'all say, we living all of our days  
spit fire, no matter what the margin pays  
Y'all witnessing (Final Chapter) in their starving days  
show us love

[Chorus 2]