

Come Thru

N.O.R.E.

Evening, is the time of day
I find, nothing much to say
Don't know, what to do.. but I come to

Here's why they call me the ghost - I'm half live half dead
And when there's beef I bring all of the toast
And I got more guns than most of New York
And I aint got to say shit cause the toasters'll talk
Holiday Styles ignorant nigga
Tre pound four pound still tearin off your ligament nigga
I'm the hardest rapper out bitches diggin a nigga
And like anybody who beef can swim in the river
When I walk through the door all the children'll shiver
It's like, "He's so gangsta - y'all so pussy"
I murder y'all faggots so y'all don't push me
All I know is goin through hell, blowin a shell
I got, down so hard I thought no one'd tell
But I was damn wrong, I hold it down like my man's gone
I shoot anything I get my fuckin hands on
to leave y'all coward niggaz bloody like a tampon

Yo.. E Nicks where you at nigga?
Uhh, uhh, yo
I'm sick and tired of rappers talkin 'bout, all this cheddar
And when you see them in the streets got a bullshit Jetta
I'm like dog stop frontin, you shouldn't be braggin
And why the fuck you got rims if you push a Volkswagen?
I spit vicious, let my bank account switch digits
And if money was height - you'd be midgets (go on nigga)
I spit hard save it, sinner nigga affadavit
And next to God, I'm most niggaz mom favorite
Y'all talk gangsta but you notice the mob
And I could bring you to the hood and get, both of you robbed
You see I live in the streets, I sleep in the streets
Fuck it - I probably got, more guns than police
Niggaz say I'm too hard, them niggaz too soft
Straight pussy, I heard they suck dick up North
And it ain't so foul so, hold your breath
And you probably still real just a gangsta left

All I can say this the game I chose
For this European car and these name brand clothes
Get respect from these niggaz, spit game at hoes
Come down with a bounce and a strange-ass flow
I got bigger than I thought I would
I did shit that I thought I could
Act rowdy cause I fought that good
Them blocks is mine I bought that hood
They know I squeeze, smoke trees, and blow bo-dies

And your boss even know, that y'all niggazs can get it
Have y'all skeleton CRACKED, and some holes in your fitted
Have your body chopped up, in six different lakes
And you ain't even safe right in front of the Jakes
They call me Stan Still, cause I fuckin just stand still
And most of y'all niggazs run, plus your mans will
Folded up in a corner, behind a van still

And your hoes can get it, then your mans will
[Chorus]