

# Nowhere Else To Hide

Noyd, Big

Straight out the slammer, grab a hammer, a new shiny Mac  
Nigga front on me, I'm puttin two up in his back  
Which means a nigga stunt on me, he gettin clapped  
It's a fact, won't catch me in the street and not strapped  
Not at all, your boy Noyd keeps it raw  
I came a long way from stuffin cracks in my drawers  
To goin on tour to hangin plaques on my wall  
You try to stop that, I take your fuckin head off  
I just drive by slow  
And point the heat right out the window  
A nigga want beef, I'm lettin that thing go  
In other words I let that machine gun blow  
When it come to my foes  
My gangstas, dealers, some real live niggas  
Hustlers, killers, gettin guap niggas  
Ready to pop off, somebody gotta die  
Nigga, I'm everywhere, how the fuck you gon' hide?  
When it's

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I said it's hot in here, the cops here, the homie got the glock, yeah  
They say we hood cause you can find us right here  
Sippin on a light beer, dipped in Carhartt gear  
And I know niggas on the Island doin life there  
They ain't got a slight, yeah, ready to fight, yeah  
My name's Rapper, America's nightmare  
And we don't fight fair, nah, cause we quite sick  
I got homies that'll bang you with a ice pick  
They beat up police with they own nite sticks  
You get on my nerves, no question that I might flip  
Look dunn, I'm not dumb, I roll with a big gun  
And I spit heat at you faster than Big Pun  
I got a lotta rhymes but all I gotta say is one  
Once they hear me spit on the drums, their career is done  
You could try to run but where you gon side to?  
You ain't here, I was in the street, you been lied to

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I woke up one mornin, turned my radio on  
I couldn't find my money, I knew it was on  
Damn, I was dead bent, sippin Henny's, drownin beers  
It couldn't be that chick cause that bitch still here  
Where my gun, hit my dunn, damn, this hangover killin me  
Party poppin last night, the streets feelin me  
But stop, where's my guap, though?  
Don't make me have to wake this bitch up with the.44  
Everybody know how I bang for that dough  
Whether a gangsta or a hoe - what's this over here?  
Oh shit, she lucky, there it go  
Listen ma, I don't wanna sound mean  
But damn shit, a nigga had to bang for this CREAM

And even though it really ain't nothin to me  
I'm tryina get you, I can't let you get me  
You lookin real sweet and you fly, too  
But think about it - you get me, tell me where the fuck you gon hide, boo?

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