

Da Story

N.O.R.E.

It was, four in the mornin' got a call on the cell
What the hell, you niggaz just shot at?
Yo, they missed her, blazed most fired pistols
Now it's our turn to play calypsos

Yo, me and you, meet me by the two
A war goin' on, that's involvin' the crews
Bring both your arms, Rel and Moose down in St. John's
I wish my nigga was home, the black Fonz

Yo, we rock charms as big as Vegas
Different crews of different size try to player hate us
Top of the league like Bulls and y'all cats is Lakers
Trash since Magic left, but he was the greatest

Aiyyo, we call Shan, yo Shan peace God
You and Maze got the info?
Them cats that tried to shoot Moose's hitmen yo?
A nigga named Ricky from the Bronx, cold wop city

Thugged out, shoot his gat mad sickly
I laid low, called Big Pun and Fat Joe
Them niggaz my click, we three amigos, they said
That they knew the cat, exactly where he live at
And when I get there, just blaze God and don't look back

'Cause Ricky got no kids and no wifey
So when I get there God it's like more than likely
There's Ricky like Ricardo plus Renaldo
So when I get there, take the coat, plus the cargo, what?

We strong arm, blazin' firearm long kong
When the beef come niggaz storm on

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Yo, like a day pass, I'm bandana'd up with a mask
Just shot up the whole spot, crib to grass
Pissed in his toilet, on his walls, in his halls
Cut Ricky from his neck to his balls

Anyone can bust a gun and stab a nigga is real
'Cause you gotta have the guts for the way that it feels
Word got back, them niggaz said, Ricky a rat
All that, coke we took, yea, we cooked the crack

The police don't really want us, they want the coke back
It's impossible, just ask the word by the hospital
Across from the mall right in Hoffman Park
It's in tennis bags, guarded by a hundred Iraqs

Yo, we swerve low, beside the Jake, there go, Roberto
The brother of Ricky, he 'posed to be wild, it's gettin' deep
How he knew where I'm at, how he knew how I eat?
The fools pulled out, no doubt, Roberto grabbed the sick ?

We hit the spot, then we hopped in the whips
Now it's a chase on the highway, the L I Es
Yo, them fools? Niggaz drive by me
Iraq banner, not he? Aqui

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Aiyyo, we just crashed into the pole, now we roll
Another Dutchie, calm down and stroll
On foot, my whole click, got control
Of the whole output, now we roll

Yo, any nigga be a man for a minute y'know
Then he, turn around once he know you got dough
It's like a cycle, that read psycho, man in the mirror
Like Michael, my whole click down to snipe you

Since then, Roberto had beef, with melanin men
Every nigga he hate, was darker than him
Older niggaz than him, stay buggin' on him
Tellin' him he weak, he ain't touch my skin

But once again CNN prevail, thorough
'Cause even the G-est don't really understand hell
I did this from Iraq to livin' the cell
So y'all niggaz know, what? Meet you back in hell what?

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