

Google That

N.O.R.E.

Shifty, low-down, gritty, and grimy
Like Fredro -- f-ck it, I get the bread though
I'll take the nine and buck it up at your head, though
I'll run your jewels, you do it because I said so
Ride around the hood with n-ggas that let the lead go
I would never rat, told my lawyers to tell the Feds so
Word to the bullpen sandwich and the bedroll
Like Starks in the Game of Thrones, let my head roll
Real n-gga, n-gga real
Team full of shooters, willing to pull the trigger still
If they see you ain't got it, they'll take it from you
If they feel like you pussy, they'll be waiting for you
I ain't pussy, go 'head and wait
You the dickhead that the bullet's gon' penetrate
Dead n-gga, dumb n-gga
F-ck you up, kill the shit, noose, redrum n-gga

I really drink Tiger Balm (you could Google that)
And I shot n-ggas too (you could Google that)
See, I smoke big (you could Google that)
You heard of me a little bit? (you could Google that)
F-ck n-ggas (you could Google that)
N-gga, f-ck the other side (you could Google that)
F-ck n-ggas (you could Google that)
N-gga, f-ck the other side (you could Google that)

I'm from the era of the stick house
Where n-ggas used to cook bricks at the chick house after you re-up
Dominicans, Washington Heights, they had me up
Debelow; weather so cold, it's like three below
My kicks stay fresh like a brand-new baby ass
I found a Chinese chick with a crazy ass
I call her "Suck-Me-Off" -- all she did was suck me off
All she want was won tons, soup, and some butter-soft
Leather; she told me that she Googled my name up
Shootings, robberies, and big coke came up
See, I'm an accurate shooter through your medula
You could get your ruler
Bought a missile the size of Zab Judah
I smoke weed, no other shit
The widow's getting high off some other shit
You could keep that, respect to you
Get out of line, put the heater to your neck to you

We get more money than Google, y'all n-ggas is doo-doo
Throw the Mac in your mouth and butt-f-ck your boo-boo
Yeah, pause, little pussy, I'm the cable man
Flow direct, your ho I wreck, horse dick stable man
Black Trump, n-gga, with fat pockets
Crooked like Jesse Jackson in a black watching
Broke n-ggas with rich whores
Run off in the Hamptons, sawed-off and get yours
Homies rock the freshest since AJ Lester's
Cooling on Orchard, buying shoes and vest-es
Why pretending who in it? Yo, we winning, y'all sent it
I post in the Ghost, the German Lugers is spitting
Pocket full, rock the wool, Chevys'll stop the bull

Raising the gauge, ramming his cocky wolves
Lefrac, Yonkers, and Staten wolves
N-ggas take massive pulls, so now we blast and them bastards move

[Hook]