

## Mr. CEO

N.O.R.E.

Aww, yes how you do today  
My name is N.O.R.E, that's pronounced Nore  
Here on behalf of thugged out militainment  
I'm here to see the president of the record label  
I believe his name is Mr.Isenhawk  
I been out here quite some time  
So, aww can you let him know I been waiting  
And aww can he please hurry his ass up before I bounce you undadig!

So whats the matter Mr. CEOOOO  
You can't look in my face and feel my pain yooo  
Shit give a hood nigga a chance  
Anigga won't rob you, plus a nigga ain't gone dance  
So whats the matter Mr. CEOOOO  
You can't look in my face and feel my pain yooo  
shit give a hood nigga a chance  
A nigga won't rob you, plus a nigga ain't gone dance

Ayo nigga through in the key and let the engine spark  
Yo I love the rap game, hate the buiness part  
An give a hood nigga a chance, that's what they won't do  
Cause I stay up in the office, with the toast too!  
An shit fuck a check, I rather cash  
And you know I shoot niggaz, don't bring up the past  
But I just came home, and ain't leaving alone  
Give a nigga one chance, im a have the shit sown  
I'm a hard worker, I don't need no handout  
I opportunity and im a expand out  
It's militainment, military entertainment  
Brand new hot shit nobody with  
So invest your cheese, and pay this thug  
We belong on uncut, not midnight love  
So just make sure our contract ain't slim  
And then I'm ready nigga, yo where do I sign

So whats the matter Mr. CEOOOO  
You can't look in my face and feel my pain yooo  
Shit give a hood nigga a chance  
Anigga won't rob you, plus a nigga ain't gone dance  
So whats the matter Mr. CEOOOO  
You can't look in my face and feel my pain yooo  
shit give a hood nigga a chance  
A nigga won't rob you, plus a nigga ain't gone dance

My pain ain't for eyes, stress rhymes  
Exchange to a lot of gunz and buiness, best times  
To the CEO, im basically saying  
My life switching, digging out  
Spitting for niggaz the same route  
Ladies too, I went the game route  
Respect what we came for, press support  
I guarantee we x these niggaz name out  
All I ask is my own ar's  
Marly marl, wise and shawn  
Truthfully we got our own staff  
The hands on experience, advance that executive paper  
Stay in the streets we set for greater things

Whatever in the bank, bank on it  
Royalty time we thank each other  
Arrogant photo's we tear it down  
Bang them on billboards to skane  
Streets imagine, business of rap  
You can sit and laugh nigga  
Who done caked up, you flagrant as shit motherfucker

So whats the matter Mr. CEOOOO  
You can't look in my face and feel my pain yooo  
Shit give a hood nigga a chance  
Anigga won't rob you, plus a nigga ain't gone dance  
So whats the matter Mr. CEOOOO  
You can't look in my face and feel my pain yooo  
shit give a hood nigga a chance  
A nigga won't rob you, plus a nigga ain't gone dance

Yo let me holla at you ceo, a.r and president  
Give me a minute, here me out ain't no disrespect  
Let me speck my peace, we got a ill click of niggaz  
Now we got producers with beats  
We already to put shit down in the streets  
Been hustling to long,we need a new way to eat  
And I'm mad at your whole roster dog, must of them niggaz is weak  
The rest of them are imposters dog  
I know muse and maze will bring you plaque  
I'm a hustler nigga the first day I finish my pack  
Hit us with consignment and we'll bring it right back  
We for real with this game,and we spit it like that  
And since you worried about spending, we got a album ready done  
So hold on niggaz here we come  
Running through every burb, hood, every slum  
Niggas don't won't none thugged out

So whats the matter Mr. CEOOOO  
You can't look in my face and feel my pain yooo  
Shit give a hood nigga a chance  
Anigga won't rob you, plus a nigga ain't gone dance  
So whats the matter Mr. CEOOOO  
You can't look in my face and feel my pain yooo  
shit give a hood nigga a chance  
A nigga won't rob you, plus a nigga ain't gone dance

Do I look like the type who like to dance in club  
I like to stack cash, my son need to know this is his dad  
Mother may I take one step into the game  
The streets know my name, the fame I had it before  
When I approach my lifestyle, more potent than dope  
I write it real for the world, hate the industry rope  
I'm thugged out golden nugget with blood in a bucket  
We from the hood were these snakes, when you spit they try an d dub it  
I got a european attitude and ready for russia  
My hot flow, will leave canada dry, you ask me why  
Most rappers spitting you lie's, just to make you buy  
Unitied states, im like a piece of the puzzle  
I got to hustle  
Like I'm a south american  
Sell you album's in bundle's  
So let me live it up, and let the streets follow my story  
And much respect to the artist who done, done it  
Before me so it's my time to sell records and taking the glory