

## 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]