

Hare Krishna

N.O.R.E.

Yeah, we in the building
My boy N.O.R.E., Nor' in the building
The RZA Rah Rah in the building
QZA Queens in the building
Straight up and down, Wu-Tang in the building

Hare hare krishna, a good learner's a good listener
(It's the N.O.R.E., huh?) He come with the RZA
Say hadi hadi rama, control your karma
Stop that drama, President Obama
RZA, you get trapped in six
Up, you better grab your crucifix, it's the remix
Digitech, back inside your set

Mind design like assassin, I drink with a passion
Guns like cameras, cuz them things stay flashing
But I'm an architect, I build with my own hands
Foundation nation, I have your Haitian facing
Fruit juices, raw vegetables
Castrate that ass, how you roll with no testicles
And I don't fuck with niggas, cuz they assholes
They like hoes, they get touched in they ass hole
I throw diamonds on my bullets, call it icey hot
Cuz I still buck you down on a pricey block
You too relaxed now, fuck you in your canape
Distribute the rock, you can call that Lin-Sanity
You say I plan to be, greater than your family
Send the word out, I got bombs in your Camry
And things change, since my days of the hand to hand
Cuz now the fucking hustlers is customers, sniffing grams

It go mixtape Illuminati-lumni, some die
Some cry, used to let the tech fly, you sun fry
Awkward, orthodox, you pork face, porky pot
Shoot you in your toe, now your hoe can't walk a lot
Stand still accurate, shoot accurate
Tell 'em niggas stand still, they best fall back a bit
I'm from the era of the golden, original
Style never stolen, these wack dudes lame, and they stealing niggas lingo
Split a Reynolds wrap, from a kush from a mango, smacking niggas tangos
Snap backs and all that, bifocals smashed up
Bitches wanna sleep with me, I roll like a boss
So the niggas wanna eat with me, fly admired frequently
Hand to hand secretly, your boss wanna speak with me
You see my ladies, yeah, they smell like a tangerine
Every day's a photo shoot, live in the magazine

Hare hare krishna
A good learner's a good listener
DJ Friction, he come with the RZA
Saying hadi hadi rama, control your karma
Stop that drama, President Obama
RZA, you get trapped in six
Up, you better grab your crucifix, it's the remix
The RZA up inside the building, you got my boy N.O.R.E.
That's the end of the story