

Artist: nore

Title: Violators

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Just to be clear, L Boogie does +not+ in this case refer to Lauryn Hill

[Swizz Beatz]

Let's get it started, get it started  
Let's keep it started, keep it started  
Yeah, yeah, Violater the album  
Go, go, go!!

[L Boogie]

This is for my mob and my thug niggas  
Ruff ryder bug niggas, Def Jam website violate the club niggas  
Screaming what, what niggas, yall a bunch of but niggas  
Always want figures but never play the cut niggas  
Talk mad shit but never put up niggas  
Is it cause I bust wit stuff that just shut up niggas  
Flow like dro, I pull then clip it or mix it wit some moet then sip it  
Then turn around and flip it, shit on your whole album wit a snippet  
Run up on your lawyer for your contract then rip it  
Shame on your label, for trying to let you eat at my seat  
When they know I call my name at this table  
I'm gon always be here, and yall always gonna fear  
The bronx making them recoreds cause we always prepared  
Got sons you don't know about, ones you don't know about  
Buns by the tons, mad guns and we going out  
What!!

[Swizz Beatz]

It ain't over, It ain't over, ain't over

[Sonja Blade]

I'm the one wit the chrome and the clothes  
Drop flows from the dome , wit the ice got the price of a home and a lobe  
SONJA BLAD-E, just so you know baby (yeah)  
Hold eighty roll through you and your old lady  
How rich this dough made me, gold az matching the navie  
Shit you won't find at old navy, two hundred zero ad  
Still live shit, spit to divide cliques on some wise guy shit  
Same chick from the ?, pretty eyes lips, thighs hips everything five and six  
Height five six, jeans five six, benz green five and six keep me five or sixed  
We know dice hit want cream fold, for two green five six seelo and the ego (yeah)  
So how you flipping grams yo (uh uh)  
I'm touching keys like pianos to getting dough like Tony Soprano

[Noreaga]

Yo my niggas is on the same level I'm on  
You ask me why I'm Melvin Flynt I'm doing a porn  
Ay yo yall niggas is faker then a three dollar bill  
And I don't shoot to bust yo I shoot to kill  
What's going on yo, the jumpoff and jump off flow  
Yo I'm in five O, O, O, yo pass that hoe  
After you get done wit it, yo let me hit it  
Bitches know how I come, I bring the cock wit it  
All of the thug piece you know I gotta rock wit it  
I ear plane the hoe like I cockpitted  
Yo I love my niggas, don't love no chicks  
I like to light the blunts then order my licks  
Foundation motherfucker like the bottom of bricks  
I'm from Iraq nigga wit domican hits  
Peurto Rican motherfuckers yo yall fake they fits  
Violator motherfucker

[Mysonne]

Yo, yo  
I told these niggas from the gitty up  
Yall give me sixteen yo I'll tear this whole city up  
And niggas don't believe then tell em put fifty up  
All bets is down, all my thugs do dirt, all our tecs spit rounds  
My ? playas disrespected clowns  
Bringing guns, weed and coke to connected towns  
See I pop niggas like corn, and real killers do killings wit the lights on  
I knock em out, cause I don't like to fight long  
Remember me lefty gun up in my right palm  
It's Mysonne, see Mysonne is the one that knock on your door  
You open up, you see a whore wit the glock to your jaw  
See Mysonne is the one that hit the blocks wit the raw  
For his money, Mysonne air the block wit the four  
Yall cowards don't want war, yall can't stand pain  
Cop you some gators, drink champane  
Cause when it comes to the street shit, I let the heat lift  
Murder scene police lines nigga white sheet shit  
Yall roll wit niggas, I'm the one they roll wit  
Yall go get niggas, I'm the one they go get  
Yall niggas don't want nothing to do wit me  
Cause I spit guns and rhymes like their's two of me

Motherfucker

[Prodigy]

Niggas can't be serious, we wear guns like clothes  
But only show em when it's time to blow em in bulk  
We been through way worse then war, razor fights and more  
Left niggas wit leaks, holes and wide jaw  
Be the quiet storm, appear how you wanna scale bar  
Check out your weight, see if it's worth to war  
We did the street life yall niggas just got involved  
My appetite for guns is similar to carnivores  
Dislike me you head on, fight me you dead wrong  
Cause now a days you only get wet wit my dead on  
Don't let this song push you, the fourth hit you  
Have you keyed up gasping for breath on the floor cripple  
Infamous we take it to the extremes my words  
Especially when a nigga mistake me for herb  
Get buried over words, I'm loose wit the dessy bird  
I can show ready or tell, yall niggas heard

[Busta Rhymes]

Now gitty up now, it's lighting horse back saddleing  
Rob beaches like we rowing a boat and we paddleing  
Down a stream of water, wet any nigga challeging  
Blow one all in your knee cap leave you staggering  
Scrambling cause theirs a whole lot of shit we be handling  
My hands all in the money, Fuck it we dibble and dabbling  
Got you imageing how this could really all be happeing  
My landscape of live niggas stretch from here to Maryland  
BLAW put one in a nigga who be rambling  
And blow a hundred thou if yall niggas is really gambling  
Gritty niggas feel the snap pop leaving it crackling  
You know the bouncer keep all of my live niggas wild wit him  
Traveling to see niggas from Howard through Grambling  
Ha round up my niggas to form a large gathering  
Yo rattling niggas who walk badlimp  
Beat you in the same place till the blues start blacking  
C-E-O niggas stay genaral managing  
FLIPMODE throwing those heavy bundles we carrying  
Yo analyze my many live niggas cramming it  
We throw a three pointer, while yall niggas throwing javelins  
Sweating your whole shit, feel your clothes dampeing  
Dancing in a line of four wheel drives we lamping  
The ? arms length up in the draw paneling  
Or unraveling the truth on how niggas remain champions  
HA, HA, HA

[Busta Rhymes]

Flipmode, Violator, We always silence shit  
Fuck is wrong wit yall  
Cut that shit off now  
Cut it off nigga  
Cut it off nigga