

HED (Interlude) [feat. Nature]

Noreaga

See a lot of niggas talking bout war you understand what I'm saying war
But now as a nigga grow he progreses and he has a lot more happier things
To talk about (more happy) jigga kick that shitYo you can catch Norea
In L.A.

Wit mo bitches and I tough titties some fly hoe's
Wit a pound double o's
Be 12's extraordinary pushing a man wit (errrr) exquisite
Watch em lock pivot
Move lemme get it
Straight dig in it
Penetrate till you get straight Bo Riddick
Half of ya friends said they ain't see him, and him
From A.M. (M)
To P.M. (M)

Ill be chillen wit a hoe in the next B.M.

Yo I dodge fast
Can't mess wit es crack-heads
Back spreads
Purto Rican's wit dreads
Yo ma masita
I'm not virg just like the margarita
Guanamena, Guantanamena
Jose its like Juan, back at Bia-bone
Born alone, die alone
Never known to cry alone
I hold it down till Capone come home
I used to never drink, now I'm known to drink plenty
Cristal, Henny, Mo get me on the Remmy
Packers sent me dolo, but I order beef semi
Don't make me and my click just down many
Guinnesses

(Whut) stay high like the blimpses
Nemesis, blow holes through the premisis[Chorus]
Gettin' he'd in the whip, and not crashing it
Gettin' he'd in the whip, and not crashing itYo doggystyle was my favorite position, until I switched shit
Dead shit, got on some he'd shit
Doggystyle was my favorite position, until I switched shit
Dead shit, got on some he'd shitGimme some he'd
Gimme some he'd

Gimme some he'd
Gimme some he'dA yo I cock a cannon
Me and French canannon
Travel to the top of the Grand Canyon
We don't fuck, still instead yo our click gettin' he'd
Then we hit the next state
In the next bitch bed
Its all fun to us
When we in the tour bus
Pola-tickin' about which bitches we fucked
Same hoochie that same bitch tha happened in Queens
Seeing lil bitches from the hood stripping in dreams
(Whut) in it for once
Now toked out and smoke blunts
Then the pussy, still rock gold fronts
Turned out, no doubt
All tha sons showed her the route
Yo I did it all when I was fuckin' wit the thugs
Traditional, plus a nigga pops sold drugs
Yo impeccable like the fuckin' Chinese rugs
Still sexual, bone'en bitches right in the clubs
Yo inadequate
Deep just like devil's advocate
I bless that, CNN shirt plus a Guess hat
My whole click touched that bitch and caressed that[Chorus]Yo doggystyle was my favorite position, until I
switched shit
Dead shit, got on some he'd shit
Doggystyle was my favorite position, until I switched shit
Dead shit, got on some he'd shitGimme some he'd
Gimme some he'dA yo peep the verse
'Cause Iraq like Strange Universe
My chest glow, from the ice left in my gold
It was war when
We used buy weed from Norven
Now we straight branch it out
Man shit out
Condow, three floors
Bitch four doors
Looken for yours
Victoria Secret in draws
Yo I love hoes who long dick without asking
Waking up in the morning, he'd action
Yo peep it
Nore wasn't always on some freak shit
Fell in love once wit this shortie on some weak shit

Name was Nova
I'm on like the Iatola
Carani
Catch me wit the next mans lady
Drinking Don P. gettin' bent crazy
Cristal is for the ones that only drink babies
Yo I love hoes in them g-strings and bow legged so help me God
My dick get hard
See you noticed
Most hoes stay focused
Below the abdomen
Her bell on my scale when I'm stabbing it
And I bless you wit
Niggas take out y'all small intestines, mad hoes get addicted
And get domestic
Mad cause I don't fuck em like I use to
Bone they ass like I used to
'Cause now I'm used to, just gettin' he'd
Didn't want nothing hit the bed
Instead
You know my lah still laying spread[Chorus]Yo doggystyle was my favorite position, until I switched shit
Dead shit, got on some he'd shit
Doggystyle was my favorite position, until I switched shit
Dead shit, got on some he'd shitGimme some he'd
Gimme some he'd
Gimme some he'd
Yo (whut, whut) its like type crazy, crazy growing up, doin' the
Same shit I did, doin' a lil bid. Three and a half years, shit
Felt like a skid nah sayin', you know? I just went and enjoyed
My motherfucking self, throw my guns in the air

Songwriters

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