

The Change

N.O.R.E.

My life is like a movie
Aiyyo, da bad guy lose, good guy win
Weak nigga pretend to be live when he not really
I smoke a foul phillie, write rhymes try to stay illy I got two seeds, had 'em both in the same month
Ya plan it like that but things occur
Baby mom's hatin' me
I ain't hatin' her, yo, you know what? Most of the time that's way the go
One minute you high, the next you low
Not a soul love, they just love the doe
Sometimes, I think if a nigga wasn't Nore What could I have bumped that bitch like I did
And would I get ass as a regular kid, only twenty years
Don't understand this shit
Nigga fake me, jealous of my manuscript I, manage to flip, casually rip, for my loyal niggas
Fuck that cat's some snitch, I did a bid
Came home survival thug don't come thru
So I don't show love, that's how they view me Hatin' me, tryin' to screw me
And your bitches only catch me in jacuzzi's
At some other shows, politickin' with my other pro's
Kickin' back, what? Callin' up some other hoe In a minute, I won't claim no set
Yo, you can't find me, gotta hit me on the Internet
W-W-dot-N.O.R.E., if not call me
I used to dream of, gettin' out of this rough shit
Now it seems, I'm trapped inside of thug shit In a minute, I won't claim no set
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I used to dream of, gettin' out of this rough shit
Now it seems, I'm trapped inside of thug shit For my thug niggas just livin' they life
Drivin' expansive cars, always got one wife
Where they could hide the work at, how to eat plus to work that
Most of y'all hoes know y'all not worth that And ya know me, type a nigga play no D
I'm feelin' like my man Hollywood
Green chronic make me feel good
Total Recall the hood Remember when niggas just stood where they should
Now these niggas actin' outta place, talkin' out they fuckin' face
Screamin' how the real when they the snakes
Yo, this Titanic bullshit, overdose shit, nap shit 48 hours left to clap shit, crack shit, bogard like Bogota
While ya imbosiles still really think y'all real
Just because ya bust a gat don't mean you keepin' it real
Yo, I'm ill wit' the heat and I'm ill wit' the pill On the street or on the mic, dick what you like?

While y'all jealous niggas, hatin' me just on spite
I'm like Digital Underground, do what you like
My Cartier's glow like laser's, Fantasia's
At every show what, got y'all hoe's pushin' up Daisy's
N.O.R.E. the way I plan this shit
Yeah, like Mase said
Phonin' young bitches n' shit
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Songwriters

Victor Santiago;Curt GowdyPublished by

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