

# Lehhhgooo

## N.O.R.E. feat. Busta Rhymes, Game & Waka...

[Hook: Busta Rhymes]

Y'all know what it is  
I sneak up in the club  
I got that ratchet on me  
You don't want me to bug  
You know what niggas call me  
They call me superthug  
And if a nigga act up, I let go me a slug  
Lehgo, lehgo, lehgo  
Lehgo, lehgo, lehgo  
Lehgo, lehgo, lehgo  
Lehgo, lehgo, lehgo

[Verse 1: N.O.R.E.]

Fast car, top down  
Do she know how I like it? Top down  
Red top, red bottoms  
What up wit J.B.?  
The feds try to ride em  
Guacamole, my pistol-i  
Kick niggas in they face, soccer goalie  
Uh huh, I'm kinda feeling myself  
No E-pill or nothin' but I'm feelin myself  
Yup, Southpaw awkward, left hand slapbox  
Them bitches whip soft toys, matchbox  
And I be good on them back blocks  
I'm old school with the drop tops and rag tops  
Brought the cash boy, iPads and laptops  
I got the hammer there, still in the stash box  
I stand tall, youngins look up to me  
And OGs got love, they fuck with me

Repeat Hook

[Verse 2: Game]

Somebody walked up and told me Nore shot somebody  
So I shot him and turned up my Rakim

Sped off, black Lincoln sittin' on stock rims  
Under black tint Cincinnati cock brim  
You know my flavor nigga, pull out your razor nigga  
Let 'em slice me once then I'mma blaze a nigga  
Taste your blood like 45 minutes after Mayweather lace his gloves fighting Pacquiao  
And all you little new niggas actin' styles  
Just to pack a crowd, I come through acting wild  
Dressed in all black, blacker than a black and mild  
Blowing on that sour diesel, fuck yeah my jacket loud  
My bitches cream, my tires screech  
I bust guns and I wire teeth  
Hurricane and N.O.R.E  
Can't live with us then put us where God be

Repeat Hook

[Verse 3: Waka Flocka]

You're like a Flocka calm down, shawty let it go  
Brick squad pulled up it's like a car show  
Bands in my pocket, flag out my cargos  
V.I.P. status so I'm walking through the back door  
On that Remy V, I don't want brown  
I love the sound when your girl go down  
Beef you better let it go  
My youngins, they'll open up your cantaloupe  
Every round on me 'til the bar close  
Worlds above haters, Chicago  
Got a 9 on me, call me Rondo  
Easter pink in my cup, no Nuvo

---

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>