Cocaine Business (Hysteria) (explict)

Noreaga

[Noreaga Verse 1]
Ay yo we was chillin on the low
Yo in Vegas this was at the Magic Show
Had my PNB clothes and my West Coast hoes
Get me at the airport I'm at the MGM
Smoke Swisher Sweets and Zigs and Zags
Drinkin Brandy straight out a tall ass glass
They call em Maurice's I'm wit E 40
Mack 10 yo and that nigga W.C.
Yo in the lobby of the hotel it's off the hook
They got no more rooms cause the shit all booked
But last night I'm wit Wesley Snipes
Gettin drunk in Cheetah's just feelin aiight
I had to bounce early though, gotta catch a flight
Told Swizz Beatz give a pound to him and his peeps
I had to bounce in the limo, get somthin to eat
Ay yo, I'm bouncin in the limo gettin somthin to eat
It Go...[Kelis - Chorus]
Cocaine business controls America
Illegal business causin hysteria (4x)[Noreaga - Verse 2]
On my way to the airport, the limo drive
And then this cat pulled up in a pure white five
He said he hate me and he wished that I'd die
I rolled the window down and I said what's up
I said fuck you, then I rolled the shit back up
I paid it no mind, just drove off tough
And then the driver said to me, yo they followin us
Now I'm a little scared
But I'm still prepared
I'm like one deep wit one gat, nigga I'm here
Then I thought to my self, yo I'm near LaGuardia
Let me cut through the hood and have my niggas just body it up
Have my niggas on the block playin the cut
Call em up, when you see the white five fire it up
At this point I'm poppin shit, knowin I got it
"Come On Motherfucker!!!", out the sunroof I yelled
Hopin these niggas still follow me and still don't bail
It go...[Chorus]
[Pharrell & (Noreaga)]

Ohh(what, wha-what, what) Ahh
Ohh, that shit is gangsta, Ahh
Ohh(what,wha-what, what) Ahh
Ohh, that shit is gangsta, Ahh[Noreaga - Verse 3]
My niggas was on the block like I planned
They hit the passenger side up and killed his man
I hopped out the limo and just spinned around
Hit the ground, my niggas tried to hit the clown
I said chill, he say he want to see me die
So let me hit the nigga up, blow him kiss good-bye
Adios!
Now I just gotta be ghost
I gave my niggas a pound, and then I just hand em the toast
The limo driver got scared and tried to bounce on me
And yo besides the heat, I had an ounce on me
Bullet proof vest feelin like an couch on me
I called the hood cab, oh-5, came real fast
I had to bounce real quick, get up off da ave.
And yo motherfucker that's what I did
Ay yo, I still hit the airport and caught the flight kid
To all the haters, it don't even matter cause we still got doe[Chorus til fade]

Songwriters
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