

# Student Of The Game

N.o.r.e.

I feel like something special bout to happen  
Queens nigga but the meetings be up in manhattan  
Move the packs fast, hoops ain t both crick  
We up to cook another one, bullshit  
We should have the hood olympics, a cook off  
Let s see which coke is terrific and who is gifted  
With the coffee pot, biggest hold the cookie jar  
Let us separate the hustlers from the rookies y all  
I knew enough spanish not to get jerked when I want work  
Plus, plus, plus I let my gun off, berserk  
Got my cousins in the pink houses, never had job niggas  
They was into murdering, kidnaps and rob niggas  
I was to rhyme as a hobby on my closet lobby  
Fucking up ounces, take it back to quarters then  
Hoe sales with ... kimble, even show I water min  
Fast forward, got locked for a shooting  
Hits whop it, back when like kings first recruiting  
Locked in the zone, mind separate, guidance counselor  
I went to school with a weapon, not for protection  
Just to show it off, but I m gonn really use it  
The power of the gun, it gave me strength, I would abuse it  
I never ever ever thought I d make it out in music  
Started writing rhymes harder, and to visionthe youth  
Locked up, reading daniel goren s books  
Expanding my imagination, I got created with the bendomy person identified  
Hood pride, logical, wrote about the blocks, streets and obstacles  
Man this shit work when you think about it  
I mean I still get money when you think about it  
Rap, probably saved my life twice with it  
I m still nice with it, let s forget all the ice with ice  
Forget my accolades and other big things I did  
I was a wild kid, I would ve ran up in yo crib  
Remember war report, cnn legacy  
Hip hop pedigree, rhymes is a felony  
Student of the game, I take responsibility  
Give me tranquility so niggas can t belittle me  
I m still doing what I do way past you  
This album s home the heart, sorta feel like I have to  
Prove shit, do the new shit

And the true school shit, wild with the deuces  
Little guns for the little guns gala  
Blade back, in a leather couch, harawana  
Eye vision clearer, I love who I see in the mirror  
I couldn t make that clearer  
Try to compete with a real street nigga  
Doing street shit, you as soft as aloe vera, agh?  
Somehing special bout to happen  
Queens nigga, queens nigga  
I m still nice with it, cook another one  
Separate the hustlers from the rookies y all  
Cnn, cnn legacy  
Hip hop hop pedigree  
Rhymes is a felony  
Bill doin warrup dude?  
True school shit, real street niggas.

Lyrics provided by

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