

# The Change

## Noreaga

1: NoreagaMy life is like a movie, ayyo 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 moms 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-Nore, 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  
Yo, you can't find me, gotta hit me on the Internet  
W-W-dot-Nore, if not call me  
I used to dream of, gettin' out of this rough shit  
Now it seems I'm trapped inside of thug shit2: Noreaga  
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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>