

## Doin What I Want To

**Bizzy Bone**

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Capo Regime, Lil' Capo Confuscious first and foremost. Yeah, yeah. Live in the ghetto, we're in the ghetto, War Drone, Rasuu, Gotti, Nina Ross, Skails; Seven, Seven, Seven . (Outta my mind, outta my mind, outta my mind and outta my brains, brains) the pain is, motherfuckers. Yeah. Hell yeah my nig gas. Get that shit for us.

Bitch, it's Mr. Business Man/ You can suck a dick or something/ Dippin' through abandoned buildings and tuckin' my motherfuckin g pump and runnin' a trench and I don't even think about no pe nsion; Just get me out of this dimension (It's clear, niggas) J esus was sanction/ Destination was Heaven or Orion/ My body was man, so was the brethren/ So here we are, 2000 years and plus later/ Plus labor, dippin' in my Oakland Raider/ Momma Mabel dr ank liquor till the last savor/ Bullets is following like Satan , holler at the Savior/ Notice the shit gets spiritual with the misfits/ Think its some street niggas like sellin' dope or sel lin' Bisquick/ Stripped that woman down/ Hurry up 'fore somebod y come take her/ Would you leave her if somebody raped her? And if she cheated on ya, would you take her ass back? And if he be eated on ya, would you cut that nigga some slack? Some married nigga can come feel that/ How many can feel the gun clack? Then the one come and clackin' em back/ Rap for the fuck of it/ And , oh dog, my way through/ Buck it/ Bless my little brother, mon ey is a motherfucker

Just doin' what I want to; I'm livin' my life/ My life, my life ! Tell me what I gotta do/ Just to survive (Just to survive, ye ah) Just doin' what I want to; I'm livin' my life/ My life, my life! Tell me what I gotta do/ Just to survive (Oh...)

Niggas, we Kamikaze pilots/ We are the Vietnamese when it comes to violence/ Are we movin' in silence? The desert ease/ Ugly s tyle, for the real O.G's inhiblious been trippin' on human bodi es, the body's working with me/ Say the early bird get the word , huh? I'm feelin' the war drum, beatin' my chest; My ancestors , do my best/ My momma was European, Italian to be exact/ And, oh the German in her father, my father she'd a harrassed him/ A nd welcome to Revelation, we in the mist of Babylon/ We in the war now; Get your own plane or stay on the ground/ Capo, you my nigga forever/ Fuck what bitches say, yeah! That's my brother, he'd never play me on any day/ Pass me the green leaves as soo n as I write that/ Heterosexual-type that, homosexuals bite tha t/ Black gloves and hands dirty/ And shit concurrin' in the aft ermath and we will smoke/ My 7th Sign soldiers...

Niggas talkin' bullshit/ Naw, dawg, ain't got time for that/ Pi ty the fool, I tell you/ Try to conquer by dividing proof, stup

id/ Gambini named me the Capo simply cauze he knows I'm ready w  
ithout a doubt/ My hammers cocked, barrel down your mouth/ Sepe  
rate fate from the profound great, and bury, we can't bury no m  
ore dead weight/ You dickin' much demand, midget/ Dealin' with  
gigantic game, flammable as propane, ready to blow/ So get the  
fuck out of my way, no chance for survival/ My rivalries, finis  
h them, fatality/ Totally unstoppable, new steel-o/ Wannabe's t  
ry to copy this rap-ability/ Mentality, war/ No sleepin' rippin  
' as I spoke/ Read it and weep/ Regime lock it up and throw awa  
y the key/ Funky comedina/ Bartender, we need some more Henness  
y/ Get drunk, then flip out/ It's another gangsta party/ Everyb  
ody scream loud!