

Phonetime

Capone-N-Noreaga

Son I zone, my gun is never on safety
I copped the new Jordan's, the white ones wit skate key
(Me, I'm just chillin Pop, serving my time
Got my greens on, these faggots ain't deservin a shine)
And yeah, while I'm home you like livin abroad
I heard those crackers dissed you, smack you at the board
(When twenty-four, they did the same to Norman and Lord
Heard you cop the silver GS, my nigga you scored)
Yea, it's nuthin, cause I'm gettin bread
Crack is dead, bitches wanna give me head
(You's a funny nigga, I just saw Kai in the yard
He said holla, when you getta chance, scribe the God
Tell Kai I said what up, and his sister is grown
I copped the four-fifth auto, it's pretty with chrome
(The day I come home, I need a mink and a brand new Mac
A few jump offs, some Dom's, some beer, and the crack)

I'm outside on the streets, just holdin it down
(I'm in jail pumpin iron son, and readin books)
I'm in the studio, droppin sixteen's wit hooks
(I'm in the yard in the cypha, just smokin my sticks)
I'm in Queens Coliseum, just coppin new kicks
(I hit the law library, hope to come home soon)
I just finished up the album, fin' ta drop in June
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

(My little dun gangstas, caught in blood beef with the Kings
You know Jarome brotha, my dun I used to creep wit in Queens)
And dat's my dun too, so I'ma find out now
And have my dogs on the Island, just get on the prawl
(On the other side of things, I'm tryin to get released
around my born day, but a nigga keep in beef wit da beast)
Fuck the police, cause all of dem niggas is fake
Don't lose your C.R., son you'll get your open date
(Dun, I'ma see ya regardless,
cause I got two violent felony charges)
And you know your appeal is progress
(You're my dog, dun)
And we gon keep this tight
I keep your commisary phat, I'ma keep you right
(I got the chronic stashed in a coffee carton and kicks
Good lookin for the bitches butt-naked and the flicks)
And you ain't gotta thank me, real niggas do real things
I keep freak hoes, they really do ill things

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I used to be ugly, now these bitches is Medusa
And guess what? I made you executive producer
Some extra G's, so when you come home you breathe

(They won't believe to see me come home to a V
Pigs pressin me, want autographs for they seeds
I gotta C.O. thinkin that we gon fuck when I leave)
Yo nigga think about this money, fuck them hoes
We gonna throw a pounda weed out, at one the shows
Spread it out, in the crowd, see them niggas get wild
Capone home, niggas still diggin our style
(Shit is foul, how these crackers tryin to keep me confined?
I gotta visit last week and saw Gremlin Divine)
Meet Timbo and Ice, got bent and rolled dice
Scooped, ridin loose, then we headed to Post
And got some hydro-weed and we had our toast
(Son there's only one minute left
Son there's only one minute left, son I'm ghost)

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