

# Reunion

Capone-N-Noreaga

CNN (CNN!) CNN

The reunion man.. we back again man.. are y'all ready man?  
Hahahahahaha, yo, yo

My niggaz get locked up, and when they come home  
it's mink coats and Cristal, just ask Capone  
We play the game like mobsters, Oliver Stone flicks  
Based on a true story, it's Nore'  
And all of my niggaz buck for me, the projects love me  
It feel good to have love in the hood  
And I ain't got to buy weed, cause my credit is good  
Machine gun lyrics, CN lift spirits  
Smoke more weed than dreads, hip-hop heads  
gotta, listen to this before they piss in they beds  
My mission instead, leave these niggaz missin and dead  
and leave em dumped in a river, buttnaked and red  
N.O., erase niggaz no pro-blemo  
Keep a razor in my mouth - spit it out  
And I never had to move nothin, I shit it out  
And I still got it but I had to Thug It Out

Yo, it's like my mission just to live this way  
I had to sell things, but I wanted to live each day  
The real people do real things  
So why is real people still doin fake things? HUHHH?

Peace God

Whattup nigga?

I'm glad you home

So we could, take over the world, it's ours to own  
Stars that bone from the ghetto, to cars and homes  
Laced out, Jesus piece, ice the face out  
My Niggaz On The Run they place out  
Flee fiends with the cake mouth  
Automatic guns, bullets spray out  
Lay out, what? Gimme the cash and the coke  
Sometimes I got money, and I still feel broke  
And sometimes I got reefer and I don't even smoke  
I don't sleep, ninety-five percent of the time I'm woke  
The other 5 is when a nigga high, hear the thugs cry  
And me, I'm Thugged Out, I just sleep on the floor  
with the rats and the roaches, keepin it raw  
My heat is the fourth, while y'all niggaz lean on the law  
Peter pay Paul, an outlaw, he stuck up the mall  
I watch for the cops, still a Thug after the deal  
CNN gotta thug it for real

Thuggology's the major, paper

Capone-N-Noreaga teach ya, villainize your whole nature  
The law was built around capers since the years of the West  
and are you real or fake? How many thugs hear the question  
Twenty grand on the lawyer, extra hundred for bail  
Next to death's kiko, is goin to jail  
Unassisted, I shivered and frail  
My ice similar to hail yo, for the 85 that's in braille  
I keep Chanel on my hoes, crazy blowin the scale  
Mad chickens for my thugs locked, low on the mail

Yo it's 'Pone or it's Fonz, either pretty or thug  
Whichever way it's called, in every city a slug  
If I was dyin would a true fan give me they blood  
and would my man take the stand, lie in front of the judge?  
My thesis, be one of a thug, prestigious  
I rock fatigued up, down in Cali khakis with the creases