

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
Unassissted, 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