

# Reunion

## Capone-n-noreaga

CNN, CNN

The reunion man, we back again man

Are y'all ready man?

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

Puff 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, don't want to live each day

The real people do real things

So why is real people still doin' fake things? Huh?

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Peace God, what's up 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  
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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  
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[Incomprehensible]

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