

# Drivers Seat

## Capone-N-Noreaga

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Killer B, yeah, rest in peace, I'm sayin' son  
Ain't no room in this game for everybody, you know?  
But uh, we gon' do our thing baby, we gon' do our thing Yo, I man T.H.U.G. something stunnin', rappers get  
done in  
I migrate, Queens Jamaica, Brooklyn gets sunning  
All feelings though, we all grow wit' this buckle  
I recognized life is a deal, cards and a shuffle Everything revolves around me, I couldn't see that  
25 to Life and hip-hop, you got the feedback  
Who need that, hundred gram stashed up in the cheese stack  
We fo' black, want more trip, we get that old back And keep this world high, yearly raw supply  
These fuckin' tracks have a nigga feelin' wide inside  
Any bottle tip high smokin' lah in the rye  
It's on you, if you wanna take heed the hidden treasure Recognize it's I man T.H.U.G. wit' Noreaga  
Recognize that 2-5 shine will last forever  
Embedded in your mind like the seams in butter leathers  
Butter leathers, check it yo, yo, yo I keep it real wit' a nigga keep it real wit' me  
I cut the hand off a nigga tryin' steal from me  
2-5 be that bomb diggy bomb you see  
Black juice in the Yukon driver's seat I keep it real wit' a nigga keep it real wit' me  
I cut the hand off a nigga tryin' steal from me  
2-5 be that bomb diggy bomb you see  
Black juice in the Yukon driver's seat I keep it real wit' a bitch that keep it real wit' me  
Cut the hand off a chicken tryin' steal from me  
CNN be that bomb diggy bomb you see  
Now it's Nore now in the fuckin' driver's seat Yo I shot rapid, burn weed inside a back quick  
Iraq embassy need a straitjacket  
Yo let's rachateer this, while most niggas will fear this  
Turn my shit down every time they hear it P H D me, rapidly right in back of me  
Tackle me, them niggas make loot but only half of me  
My faculty, blow holes in your Mos chinos and tuxedos  
While all y'all niggas free load, reload Explode on, roll on, fold on, Ghengis Khan  
Dusk till dawn Art of War

Still time to score, yo we kid we poly for  
Yo Victoria's Secret bitches that suck dick raw  
The freak, Rick James type, I got the long pipe  
Kick doors in, snake four fours in  
Yo escape the Nor-van, swervin', TV's inside Suburban  
Iraq dishieke, diamond cut pinky  
Listen to Trag shit wit' Noyd and Chinky  
Network like the Internet, wit' Henny wet  
Nine, oh be my set, so whatever be next  
Nashiem, he laced this beat on some east coast shit  
I keep it real wit' a bitch that keep it real wit' me  
Cut the hand off a chicken tryin' steal from me  
CNN be that bomb diggy bomb you see  
Now it's Nore now in the fuckin' driver's seat  
We overdose this, high class wit' one E-Class  
Shorty came through, she iced out and dressed in blue  
Said she move from Brooklyn, reside in section two  
Know how we do out here hoe, a two for square  
Get high and disappear play the projects on super low  
Plus she feelin' my style, Too Hot like Coolio  
Plus her cooty though, bangin' just like the studio  
From Iraq to Inglewood, it all good  
From hood to hood, regulate like a thug should  
Yo we in too deep, losin' sleep and can't call it  
The game is still fresh until the jake try to spoil it  
Even people I was loyal wit', give my life to  
Be the first who turn around and try to spike  
Now they don't like you, sendin' ten dogs to bite you  
I keep it real wit' a nigga, keep it real wit' me  
(Yo, yo, we keep it real nigga)  
I cut the hand off a nigga tryin' steal from me  
(Cut ya hand off, fuck)  
2-5 be that bomb diggy bomb you see  
Black juice in the Yukon driver's seat  
(What, what)  
(We keeps it real wit' niggas who keep it real wit' us)  
I keep it real wit a nigga keep it real wit me  
(Fuck, cut ya hand off)  
I cut the hand off a nigga tryin' steal from me  
2-5 be that bomb diggy bomb you see  
(What)  
Black juice in the Yukon driver's seat  
(What)

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