

Halfway Thugs (feat. Tragedy Khadafi)

Capone-N-Noreaga

Word up son

I did cause I had to discipline niggas, know what I'm sayin'?

Eatin' like he live, he ain't live, word up

Nobody can't eat if I can't, word up If I can't eat God, don't let nobody eat God

You ain't live - I'll eat ya food kid

I'll take your food, it's on

It's on now word up 'Cause he's a halfway - thug that he betray

If you got locked that ass'd probably come home gay

Smack, blood out ya mouth (what the fuck you say)

Break your feeble ass down ('cause you ain't in my league) Yo, now ain't that the pot callin' the kettle black

I used to peddle crack, you never sold drugs so stop frontin'

I pushed the war button, you cold panicked

Use tools to fix ya fucking face like a mechanic Dramatic, dynamic, and underhanded

You say the shit that I say for so long I can't stand it

The God bandit, erupt like volcano

Shittin' lava, right on they armor, you blood(?) farmer What What? (??) Hasa, gato, nuto cuatro(??)

Imbalance the scales of slaughter, Iraq discipline

And open ya face, spit on the cut, pour the Henny in

??? fuck a popa get smoked properly It ain't even got to be handed on record

Just me and you, one on one, I'm only one

Yo, the only one, ??? team alphabet

Your power counterfeit, fraudulent, fraudulent yo Who's fascinated? I get highly lifted and upgraded

You player hate it, bite me before I made it

My opposition, competition ya code scratched

Like gats without serial numbers that don't match CNN form, gang is called "Art of War"

Yo you weak minded, dumb deaf the nigga blinded

Left behind in, lost and found you can't find it

John the Baptist, observe, mad water Surveillance my style, exile, feeble and fragile

Not one crew, fuck you up like we do

252 (25 to life kid) CNN will shoot right through

Set it off (what) break you off, just like a big brick Top that shit, mix and contaminate it

Navigate it, 2-5 the most hated

My satellite will orbit in rap, planet's my oxygen

We poppin' it, kick through door, do-rag and moccasin You can't stop, Lieutenant Arab

Thirsty to have what you have

Bust a new trade, Illuminati be the new age

Masquerade courageous, loud and boisterous in three stages They try to get my Thunn twist in cages

So get the word spread, spread it like love

You halfway - thug nigga you betray

Yo I used to hang around with y'all, cover ground with y'all
Now I flip turn around and pull the pound on y'all
Dissolve, that weak shit you thought just revolved
Like the Earth at its axis, I got access to map this
Pure blackness, yo attack this - blood sucker of the poor
My power show and prove, livin' on the 5th floor
We at war, with the foolish
Get deducted, lose points, they can't do this
Like I do this so what what, what what, what what, what what!

Songwriters

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