Black Gangstas (feat. Tragedy Khadafi)

Capone-N-Noreaga

[Tradegy Khadafi][Chorus] Niggas scared to pull a hit For shit, my team will know a bitch sniffer Pyriamid off a dollar bill, she will, 97 to the hill Get ill, do your thing, I ain't mad at you son, It's how you feel...[Noreaga] Yo, blood scene, bloody my vision can't see Straight off top, me ral and Mussolini Was tied up, connect thinking that we wired up, Once these ropes get cut I'm getting highed up Slow it down, you moving to fast Kid it's the halves, you ain't know, It's illegal life shit, bring bloody cash So what you do, in due time, come back in view That's why niggas can't relate to L.A., they stick you As long we map this, revolution is a bliss, Keep the world in fits, my clique avoid death lists Black gangsta, 2 5 I co-perfect this CNN, iced out piece, italian necklace Stef bauer, you and L, why'all work the hour You all dirty, like the clique don't take shower There's more to get, hit the fuck up, taking power 100 channels, turn station, operation 140 Earthquake would bring glory

Noreaga, but for short just call me Ore,

Category, point-blank end of the story[Tradegy Khadafi] [Chorus][Capone] I never sweat these, I let trees blow

Get bent on benches, hopping the fences

Here they come in long trenches, crack

Chase 'em, lace 'em, let the chef bake 'em,

Jake, taste 'em, take 'em, wonder where we make 'em

Roll dice, and break 'em on the street corner

Betting stacks, holding packs,

Hoping police don't run deep on us

Peep the third floor shade that never rises

For jake, our whole weight, plus gat and great disguises

Bullet proof down to my Nike's now we the livest

Survivest, open up after I contact, combat

Twisti

Songwriters

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