

drivers seat

Capone-N-Noreaga

(Killer be, 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)[Iman T.H.U.G.]
Yo, Iman 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 want to take heed the hidden treasure
Recognize it's Iman T.H.U.G. wit Noreaga
Recognize that 2-5 shine'll last forever
Embedded in your mind like the seams in butter leathers
Butter leathers, check it yo yo yoChorus 2x
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[Noreaga]
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'll fear this
Turn my shit down everytime 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 Moschinos and tuxedos
While all why'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 shitI 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 seatWe 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 seccion 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[Iman T.H.U.G.] (Busta Rhymes)
I keep it real wit a nigga (yo yo) keep it real wit me
(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
(WHAT!) Black juice in the Yukon driver's seat (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!)

Songwriters

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