

# Phonetime (Skit)

## Capone-N-Noreaga

Son, I zone, my gun is never on safety  
I copped the new Jordan's, the white ones wit' skate key  
(Me, I'm just chillin' Pop, serving my time)  
(Got my greens on, these faggots ain't deservin' a shine)  
And yeah, while I'm home you like livin' abroad  
I heard those crackers dissed you, smack you at the board  
(When twenty-four, they did the same to Norman and Lord)  
(Heard you cop the silver GS, my nigga you scored) Yea, it's nuthin' 'cuz I'm gettin' bread  
Crack is dead, bitches wanna give me head  
(You's a funny nigga, I just saw Kai in the yard)  
(He said holla, when you getta chance, scribe the God)  
Tell Kai I said what up, and his sister is grown  
I copped the four-fifth auto, it's pretty with chrome  
(The day I come home, I need a mink and a brand new Mac)  
(A few jump offs, some Dom's, some beer, and the crack) I'm outside on the streets, just holdin' it down  
(I'm in jail pumpin' iron, son, and readin' books)  
I'm in the studio, droppin' sixteen's wit' hooks  
(I'm in the yard in the cypha, just smokin' my sticks)  
I'm in Queens Coliseum, just coppin' new kicks  
(I hit the law library, hope to come home soon)  
I just finished up the album, fin' ta drop in June  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah) (My little dun gangstas, caught in blood beef with the Kings)  
(You know Jarome brotha, my dun I used to creep wit' in Queens)  
And dat's my dun too, so I'ma find out now  
And have my dogs on the Island, just get on the prawl  
(On the other side of things, I'm tryin' to get released)  
(Around my born day, but a nigga keep in beef wit' da beast)  
Fuck the police 'cuz all of dem niggas is fake  
Don't lose your C.R., son, you'll get your open date (Dun, I'ma see ya regardless 'cuz I got two violent felony charges)  
And you know your appeal is progress  
(You're my dog, dun)  
And we gon' keep this tight  
I keep your commisary phat, I'ma keep you right  
(I got the chronic stashed in a coffee carton and kicks)  
(Good lookin' for the bitches butt-naked and the flicks)  
And you ain't gotta thank me, real niggas do real things  
I keep freak hoes, they really do ill things I'm outside on the streets, just holdin' it down  
(I'm in jail pumpin' iron, son, and readin' books)

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 (Yeah, yeah, yeah) I used to be ugly, now these bitches is Medusa  
 And guess what? I made you executive producer  
 Some extra G's, so when you come home you breathe  
 (They won't believe to see me come home to a V)  
 (Pigs pressin' me, want autographs for they seeds)  
 (I gotta C.O. thinkin' that we gon' fuck when I leave)  
 Yo, nigga think about this money, fuck them hoers  
 We gonna throw a pounda weed out, at one the shows Spread it out, in the crowd, see them niggas get wild  
 Capone home, niggas still diggin our style  
 (Shit is foul, how these crackers tryin' to keep me confined?)  
 (I gotta visit last week and saw Gremlin Divine)  
 Meet Timbo and Ice, got bent and rolled dice  
 Scooped, ridin' loose, then we headed to Post  
 And got some hydro-weed and we had our toast  
 (Son, there's only one minute left)  
 (Son, there's only one minute left, son, I'm ghost) I'm outside on the streets, just holdin' it down  
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 (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Songwriters

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