

# Superthug

## Noreaga

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm, I'm actually waitin on the bus now  
He said we have some kind of special assignment or something  
He's supposed to be callin' me, like any minute now, any minute  
Hold on, hold on, lemme get the phone  
Hello? Jackson here  
Ya, what? you found Manuel Noreaga?  
In the Phillipines?  
He has a mansion?  
Ok, we on it, on it, right now, rightWhatAyo, we light a candle  
Run laps around the english channel  
Neptunes, I got a cockerspaniel  
We on the run now, yo, it ain't no fun now  
And where I go, you niggas can't even come now  
You hate the law, nigga break it, I don't care  
And when ya get caught, remember that I don't care  
N.O.R.E., blow you off the atmosphere  
Yo for now we on the run, yo if that ain't clear  
Weak niggas wanna stick, you but that ain't fair  
You we down in vegas, money, skies too courageous  
And yo, I'm on the run, but still rip stages  
And call me animal thug, when I'm in cages  
I used to proof phrases, rolled dice with no aces  
Now I'm just included in the oasis  
Gotta take faces, no time for car races  
Check my sky, tell I got five pagesWhatYo hit Lousiana, then Atlanta, Indiana  
Forget a city slicker got country grammar  
Ayo we goin places, where my sound scan ain't tough  
So when I say I ain't Nore, yo it ain't that rough  
I leave the jake in my fake, askin all this stuff  
I gotta keep my mouth shut and don't say what, what  
But yo its hard to, Netherlands got the heart to  
Yo from New Orleans, L.A., V.A. to Queens

The I-95, now we hit the Phillipines  
But now its different, we gotta stay sober  
Yo, communicate, startech, motorola  
Keep it on the hush hush, don't talk to much  
Thugged out entertainment, you know we touch  
All our whips got navigation  
While you whips is just garbation  
Is you knowin what you facin?WhatThis is the life yo, of a superstar  
Fly ass mansions, and a million cars  
Gotta get the cash yo  
And its live or die  
The Neptunes and Noreaga  
The limit is the sky hit em'Yo, lemme, do it again, do it to win  
Last album was a eight, this one is a ten  
And when Capone come home, we gon' triple the cent  
Yo I love my family, treat my folks of kin  
Rockin air and better, like a Mexican  
Shottin' at my pops, cause yo next to him  
He told me every thug nigga is a gentlemen  
So I took heed, take my time sitll won't speed  
Yo a nigga got kids, so my family need  
A little more than they used to get  
Real, not the duplicate  
Takin no fours, makin y'all just recoupin' it  
Doin' it up, tell me whatcha wanna do wit' it  
Capone's plan, passport to foreign lands  
Overseas in Japan, politickin with Chan  
Yo, N-E-P-T-U-N-E-S

The way they lace a beat like one of the best, what?WhatYo, N.O.R.E., Nore, sep' fo' now we on the run eatin

Lyrics provided by

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