

Invincible (LP Version)

Capone-N-Noreaga

(CNN, CNN, Capone and Noreaga)
(You know what I'm sayin'?)
(The invincible, untouchable, CNN)
For all the niggas who keep askin'
When CNN gonna do a joint with PremierHa, we did it, we here now, y'all niggas can stop askin'
Go cop the fuckin' album, The Reunion
(The invincible, untouchable, CNN)
(The invincible, untouchable, CNN)
But right now, CNN and Premier, nigga, do it like this, niggaYo, yo Melvin Flynt drop, my whole collasso stop
I can't believe I fucked up and made a half-ass album
My excuse is, my pops just died
And I ain't wanna make music, my pops just diedMy fans stuck with me, my shit still went gold
I got a habit just to drive, gettin' head and I roam
CNN, we like the Grand Royal
I write rhymes with the Coke oilYo, Apollo heat, see me, sell [unverified] right with [unverified] creep
Got out the club, seen the police, [unverified] deep
I'm like Frank Mathis, see me blow my dough
And any bitch givin head, if she blow I knowOh no, we had to go see Premo
Taped it up, The Reunion, a brand new cut
Up in D and D, stayin' with some rats and some sluts
From the projects, she know we need our welfare cutCNN, Network Channel 10, yo, it's all reality
I'm in it to win it, sit back picture that
Yo respect it, the legacy'll never end
CNN, Network Channel 10, yo, it's all reality
I'm in it to win it, sit back picture that
Yo respect it, the legacy'll never endPremo, what up man?
Yo, I'm not rowdy but I bang niggas and I pop collas
I grind for the top dollars, fight rottweilers
Put my hand on the Bible, tell it to the judgeI'm a lie for my thug, take it in blood
I'm dot com, I drop bombs, kill ya squad
Live like I'm still in the yard 'til I pop ya god
For my niggas in the bridge, with the 50 dollarPanasonics and the blank 8's
Who rap chronic collab jake
Whether we have not or have cake
We got gas to get that straightWe movin' at a fast rate, my last case I got bail
My first one, man did indicted
How I write it, sister can't stand it
I smoke bud, get pissy, who could flow with meStaggerin', bang like the wild Aficans
Spit gutter on a Premo beat, for the love of the street

The only child, my little brother was he
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CNN, Network Channel 10, yo, it's all reality
I'm in it to win it, sit back picture that
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Yo, yo, my thugs is bilingual
You see my shit speak Spanish
Disappearing acts make your whole team vanish
From coast to coast I got them things
Badda-boom-badda-bing, he the glorious king
Another album, another plaque
Another ounce and another mac
Another chromed out gat
Another place to face where I lace you at
I put all type a holes in ya face you black
Yo, yo, who think I don't got it?
I'm like workin' with a bird, I got long product
Give it to you raw, won't chop it
New York niggas is foul, we body sling shit in the val'
Them pregnant fiends, killin they child
I'm the next best thing to X, oral sex
Brand new tecs, food stamps and welfare checks
I'm the messiah, recognize it, political prisoner
From the projects, I send shots where the cops is, nigga
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Songwriters

KERR, KEVIN / MARTIN, HOLLY Published by

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