

Y'all Don't Wanna

Capone-N-Noreaga

[Noreaga]

Yeah,

Why they don't get a nigga like me
To sing the national anthem or nothing?
It's nothin!Nokio! (Flame, Nokio)
Nokio give us a beat baby, some gangster shit yo!
CNN, the best group that ever lived
Best blowing fucking group that ever lived in rap
Hundred percent real stories, we speak truth
Yo, tell 'em how your life is son
How your life is yo?[Noreaga]
My life is nothin' like a sitcom, you see I sip Dom
I rock Jor-dan's, and can't stand Pip-pen's
Bases loaded, coach want me to bunt
But I'ma go for the homer and cock the pump
I was the kid in the hood your moms ain't want you with
Now I'm rich, tell your moms one-two click
Since a young one, I love heaven and love hell
Escobar style, I'll build my own jail
The America's, America's, favorite thug
To sell cocaine, America's, favorite drugs
Me and 'Pone like the military, we train niggas
And the hoes don't fuck, they just brain niggas
CNN, focus on us, we coco-nuts
We throw our gang signs up, with us
Set up a congregation, so I can orally speak
I orally, have sex cause my aura is deep, it go[Chorus: Capone-N-Noreaga]
Y'all don't want to fuck with us
CNN out for them pesos
Y'all don't want to bust with us
Niggas better move when we say so
What's this I hear?
CNN ain't real?
What's this I hear?
CNN is wack?
What's this I hear?
CNN won't kill?
Now what's this I hear?
CNN ain't back?![Capone]

Yo, I give you every part of my life, to my paralyzed (?)
 To the foul death of my moms, the slug and the length of my arm
 I'm "The Answer" like Allen I.
 Who runs sick like cancer on the Island, I
 I'm the first that ever loc'ed on a Nok' track
 CNN back, like number five Jordan's purple and black
 We spazzed on purpose, fuck trying to sit in a cat'
 I erase drama and talk, memories in my rap
 It's kinda hard to rap on radio while I sit in the box
 All I could think was money, send a few flicks to my pops
 I give the street life my all, stripes and scars
 Nights was hard, felt I had a right to rob
 Now I spit righteous bars, FUCK living like the stars
 Give me a hood crib and a Chrysler Dodge
 Cause I'm just like why y'all, my kicks scuff like why y'all
 I still get harassed and searched up like why y'all[Chorus][Capone]
 Yo, imagine us cowards
 You still live with mommy, still get allowance
 I chase Henny, bubbling ounces
 I returned off a short stretch, stuck in the mountains
 What's this I hear huh? This is my year
 Pone shit kosher you think not? I give you my ear
 Now listen closer I was born, and I'ma die here
 Listen soldier, I rap and keep one in the holster
 Nigga you front, and I'ma pop one in your shoulder[Noreaga]
 Yo raise the partition, cock guns with ammunition
 Knock you out position, and have your little hoe missing
 Niggas get locked up, I spread my love
 Yo they leave God-Body but they come home Blood
 Balloon bags full of weed, yo I send you those
 And it's all about my niggas, won't mention hoes
 Keep it tight on all four corners, warrant search
 Po'-po' and C.O.'s they all get merked, it go[Chorus: x2][Noreaga]
 Yeah, it's like this
 Collaboration, CNN gangsta shit
 With my nigga Nokio on the beats
 On the boards, fucking shit up why y'all, yeah
 He on the boards, fucking shit up why y'all
 Huh, a hit record, got a hit record, written all over the track
 Hey yo, it got a hit record all over the track
 Yeah hit record, written all over the track

Songwriters

Ruffin, Tamir / Santiago, Victor J / Holley, Kiam / Miller, KenyaPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.

Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>