

Phonetime

Capone-N-Noreaga

[Noreaga], {Capone}

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, cause 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, cause 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,
 Cause 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
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 I just finished up the album, fin' ta drop in June
 {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 hoes
 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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 {I hit the law library, hope to come home soon}
 I just finished up the album, fin' ta drop in June
 {Yeah, yeah, yeah}

Songwriters

SANTIAGO, VICTOR/HOLLEY, KIAM/LEWIS, LESHAN Published by

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