

# Neva Die Alone

## Capone-N-Noreaga

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Huhuhahhahhaha, oh shit, haha  
The invincible, CNN  
The unstoppable, CNN  
Lebanon, Bosnia, Kuwait, Iraq, Syria, yo, yo, yoYo icepick, Arabic, Saudi Arabia  
My clique roll thick, rip shit, like WrestleMania  
Saddam Hussein, president of what I claim  
Still the same name, tied to this shit like I'm to blame  
Then maintain, gettin' this Cream with bloodstain  
2-5-to 'cuz the crew stuck in the game  
A quarterly, you vs. me, and try to slaughter me  
The door was locked, top lock stuck, bad luckCome out the elevator, K-tone, like, "Nigga what?"  
Arab Nazi, play the low, [unverified]  
What up though, 151, we smoke 'dro  
Brown bags, tons of hash get smoked  
Yo, that real shit, pro'ly make you bleed down your throat  
Then choke, coughin' up the murder I wroteI smoke spanky, hit it hard, mega hard  
Then burn it down under the ground around guard  
I rented, bitch on my dick then I presented  
Diploma, keep her wide open in TONY roma'  
Back shots, Holiday Inn about to bone her  
And cold own her, drop her off inside Corona  
With pistolo, call me tomorrow on the 'Rola  
The Ayatollah, strike back you're just a soldierFor them thug niggas holding their gats and never scared  
I'm prepared, every day get bent on beers  
Play the corner close, quick to jump on the toast  
Dead shot, take your knot, dun and get ghost  
While you talk fronting, walk fronting like a villain  
Soft something, so hot what a feeling  
Mo' with the ice chillin', roll dice make a killin'  
Wanna see twice a million, no love for a got civilianMix-a-lot in the spot yellin', for a second, freeze dealin'  
Back to business, pump 'til the pack finished  
Stack spinach, mad bent, crash renters

Full enough to whip somethin', a-alike twist somethin'  
Henny got my shit sunken, stay drunken  
Wit' a bop, holdin' your cock  
(Yeah)Pushin' weed drop  
(Hahaha)  
Yeah, the game don't stop  
(Don't stop nigga)  
Let the beat drop, bring it back to the top  
Just for them thug niggas, chicks and hard rocks  
Street to cell block, rock to Comstock  
Movin' like a flock of Arabs in war-lockMakin' on blocks a four-carat stone, infrared chrome  
In Kuwait I await skull and crossbone  
In my own zone, Motorola flip-phone  
The infrared on the Giorgio Armani specs  
Blowin' tecs at the opposite sex  
For the six-figure check, my slug injects  
When the god lay to rest, my seed is next  
I was blessed with a thug's caress and a dime's finesseTitanium chest and bubble vest  
(Yeah, titanium chest and bubble vest)  
My pop's dead, now it's too late to warn me, inform me  
D's wanna plant ki's on me, eternally I wanna sleep  
Without the venom of a snake nigga tryin' to creep  
Stakes is high and a thug's blood runs deep  
The Jakes wanna see me layin' under six feet  
Or so it seems, now my team work against meThey can't stop my money move, it's too intensely  
Khadafi, I plant bombs where the Feds be  
I'm like Moses in the middle of the Red Sea  
With infrared and a case full of hundred G  
Leadin' my thugs to the land of [unverified]  
With no cops, pure coke growing on the tree  
Arab Nazi, Tommy Hill and Nikes on  
Guerrilla rap song  
Yeah, CNN guerrilla rap song

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>