Neva Die Alone (feat. Tragedy Khadafi)

Capone-N-Noreaga

Huhuhahhahahha, 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, 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 wrote
I 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 na
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 civilian
Mix-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 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 http://www.1songlyrics.com/