Black Gangstas (feat. Tragedy Khadafi)

Capone-N-Noreaga

(Tradegy Khadafi) Niggas scared to pull a hit
for shit, my team will know a bitch sniffer
pyriamid off a dollar bill, she will, 97 to the hill
get ill, do your thing, I ain't mad at you son,
it's how you feel...
(Noreaga) Yo, blood scene, bloody my vision can't see
straight off top, me ral and Mussolini
was tied up, connect thinking that we wired up,
once these ropes get cut I'm getting highed up
slow it down, you moving to fast
kid it's the halves, you ain't know,
it's illegal life shit, bring bloody cash
so what you do, in due time, come back in view
that's why niggas can't relate to L.A., they stick you
As long we map this, revolution is a bliss,
keep the world in fits, my clique avoid death lists
black gangsta, 2 5 I co-perfect this
CNN, iced out piece, italian necklace
stef bauer, you and L, yall work the hour
you all dirty, like the clique don't take shower
there's more to get, hit the fuck up, taking power
100 channels, turn station, operation 140
earthquake would bring glory
Noreaga, but for short just call me Ore,
catagory, point-blank end of the story
(Tradegy Khadafi) (Capone) I never sweat these, I let trees blow
get bent on benches, hopping the fences
here they come in long trenches, crack
chase 'em, lace 'em, let the chef bake 'em,
jake, taste 'em, take 'em, wonder where we make 'em
roll dice, and break 'em on the street corner
betting stacks, holding packs,
hoping police don't run deep on us
peep the third floor shade that never rises
for jake, our whole weight, plus gat and great disguises
bullet proof down to my Nike's now we the livest
survivest, open up after I contact, combat
twisting yer cap, and listen to rap
postion to mack, to blow out your back
ho's across the map, foe's eat a dick in fact
I'm a score, flip and roll like Dominique Dawes
Yea flip that

(Tradegy Khadafi) 2x
Yo black gangsta, where they at, where they at
Queensbridge and Iraq

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/