

Cap.One

"Noreaga Blood Money"

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Chorus:

New York get the Bloody Money, dirty cash
live niggas who smoke weed, car thief style
you monkey walk, a hunchback, keep quiet
talkin 'bout mi casa, scared to death when I pop up
I'm fouler than gats that dont bust when they supposed
to
been around you, play close, but wasn't close to you
the setup was weak, you coming
I saw you cuttin corners, snake-type shit
tie you up, seal your lip, wrist bleeding
cowboy rope, choke your throat
put the bogey out in your face
now your face laced like ash tray space
stay fuck outta my way
get a scar on your face, shoot you up above waist
if I aint got beef right here or right there
Ice Grill fear, shoulda set it off right it off right there
CNN war report, spread across New York
guard him indian style kness bent, militant
yo the world know Noriega from Iraq

beef would be serious, keep it real as that
get stabbed in your back, my man Alley Cat
little cousin from Jamaica, brown-skin thug
thuglife, yo we stuck in the game like it's a drug
my pops was a thug nigga, was on the streets too
Uncle Wise been banned since '82
back on the streets, A hundred seven got brew
I see you, come see you, writing scrolls
to the rest of the fam, locked in holes
now ay-ay, money come first, snatch purse
go to church, yo that's not me, money I'm cursed
he bliss glamorous, diabolic, devilish, this game real,
realer than
you
think
just think, spots get rushed, knots get touched, police
busts
yo what happened? Police kicked door, yo he was
rappin'
your wife, wha-what!, dressed indecent
a hundred crackers, yo it's the one-ten precinct
Chorus
yo time zone, cabron, madicon
bitches callin me up tryin to set me up
like Amina and Gina, kid they from Medina
Emmanuel, use fish gill to sell
General click deep with cartel

when niggas get locked, who you think they call for bail
shorty legs mad smooth, son I left slow
pussy plus dick could only equal a fuck
fatty bangin', she analyze, my chain hangin'
we waitin, conversatin', evil as Satan
illegal life, watch police on bikes
son I feel ashamed, they monkey wrenched the whole
gang
a stress day, police watch the twelve "K"
while I smoked shorty sipped chardonnay
ale', laid back, cognac
and I dont even drink like that, I sell crack
yo my license, playin type mean, sell to fiends
bust guns, parallel
pistal (pistol), bust well
kid whatever, desert storm like bad weather
click together, keep gats under the leather
you lightweight, what? I'm heavyweight hold weight
yo these jail niggas comin' home taking a shit
yo illegal business, them niggas got bagged quick
got smoked
god body cat, he sniff coke
yo he's old time, thinkin 'bout drinkin' his wine
regulatin' 9-9, get my crew out, survive shootout
tactics, keep gats under the mattress
player hater, my team a bunch of regulator

set you up, you wont make it to the elevator

you never been to jail, I'm jail seen

niggas seen, me in jail since thirteen

shooting up scenes

real niggas take cream

Chorus 2x

(people giving shout outs

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