

## Cap.One

### "Noreaga Channel 10"

Visit "[Noreaga Channel 10](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Featuring Tragedy Aka Khadafi]

Intro:

(I'm feelin' this here) Yeah son feel it man word up son.

You gotta

just do

it yo. (C.N.N.) Yo word up it's a different channel son

word up on

watch

the channel son different plain now man. (It's all good)

Word up baby

all

good in every hood. (Queensbridge) Word up you hood

nawsayin'? (Iraq)

Left

rack and all adat yo my hood word up gotta rep

together son word up

for

life son. (check) Word up son let them know though son

I feel you man

let

'em know son.

Capone:

It takes nothin' but a hot slug to fill a villian

Crook I'm about to make a killin'

So weed to escalate the feelin'

I regulate the dealin' jealous niggas hate the feelin'

I stack my safe appealin' jake on my trace I'm peelin'

And what a Mecca had whole fuckin' nation kneelin'

Embrace the wheel and hit a buck without crashin' fuck

My drug passion got a nigga stashin' fast what

One love to hill billys run forever out to Chile'

Playin' the cuts nigga what can't stop the willy

Cops harassin' niggas blastin' while the day' passin'

Time for action cock the mac what a satisfaction

Shoot laughin' slug caught up in the chest gaspin'

Nigga blanked out chopped before he start rappin'

Hook:

Khadafi:

Microchips in the celly the game don't stop (don't stop)

Tappin' in your bank funds with the labtop (labtop)

Wanna own a block before the ball drop (ball drop)

Arab natiz puttin' hits on the cops (x2)  
Noreaga talking:  
Word up son fucked up son word up Trag. I know you  
know us both man  
but it  
took the penile for us to click youknowwhat!msayin'?  
(yeah y'all met  
up  
north) Knowwhat!msayin' we had to meet up north (know  
what's real  
about all  
this though that...) What real about it? (we were young  
we strive we  
trying  
to eat knowwhat!msayin'?) God degree (we got a lot of  
fake niggas out  
man)  
7-3 and 12 jewels. Niggas ain't bustin' that heat man.  
Niggas just  
frontin'  
yo they ain't bustin' they heat they know who they is.  
(I'm tellin'  
my...)  
Know who they is. (yo word is born)  
Noreaga:  
C.N.N. network channel 10 it's on again  
Street niggas that' grown men  
Bold face gat in your face stay in your place  
Yo crime lace catch more beef then Scarface (x2)  
Court case illegal minds too late  
Back in '92 (you remember Juice son?)  
I buc tose and got live General Emanuel  
Cell block cold crop  
Go bagged up yeah by cream cop  
(FUCK THE WORLD) The way the world cold dissed me  
? poppie locked for posse call up Khadafi  
Collect all from Arab natzi the fowl motney  
You were lat in jail gte what what what what  
Them new jacks they comin' through  
Scared to death of the jail stories that's true  
You cold weak live life on the street  
While locked up homoed with pink sheets (bitch nigga)  
Discrete and your cell shook to sleep  
I wild out no doubt till the day I'm out  
Me personally what I did three kid you weak  
Your station and P.A.C.  
Outro:  
Son fuck this jail shit so tell 'em about the streets son  
(echo

