

Bizzy Bone

"Doin What I Want To"

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-Bizzy Bone-Intro-

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Capo Regime, Lil' Capo Confuscious first and foremost. Yeah, yeah. Live in the ghetto, we're in the ghetto, War Drone, Rasuu, Gotti, Nina Ross, Skails; Seven, Seven, Seven. (Outta my mind, outta my mind, outta my mind and outta my brains, brains) the pain is, motherfuckers. Yeah. Hell yeah my niggas. Get that shit for us.

-Bizzy Bone-

Bitch, it's Mr. Business Man/ You can suck a dick or something/ Dippin' through abandoned buildings and tuckin' my motherfucking pump and runnin' a trench and I don't even think about no pension; Just get me out of this dimension (It's clear, niggas) Jesus was sanction/ Destination was Heaven or Orion/ My body was man, so was the brethren/ So here we are, 2000 years and plus later/ Plus labor, dippin' in my Oakland Raider/ Momma Mabel drank liquor till the last savor/ Bullets is following like Satan, holler at the Savior/ Notice the shit gets spiritual with the misfits/ Think its some street niggas like sellin' dope or sellin' Bisquick/ Stripped that woman down/ Hurry up 'fore somebody come take her/ Would you leave her if somebody raped her? And if she cheated on ya, would you take her ass back? And if he beated on ya, would you cut that nigga some slack? Some married nigga can come feel that/ How many can feel the gun clack? Then the one come and clackin' em back/ Rap for the fuck of it/ And, oh dog, my way through/ Buck it/ Bless my little brother, money is a motherfucker

-Chorus-Lil Louis-

Just doin' what I want to; I'm livin' my life/ My life, my life! Tell me what I gotta do/ Just to survive (Just to survive, yeah) Just doin' what I want to; I'm livin' my life/ My life, my life! Tell me what I gotta do/ Just to survive (Oh...)

-Bizzy Bone-

Niggas, we Kamikaze pilots/ We are the Vietnamese when it comes to violence/ Are we movin' in silence?

The desert ease/ Ugly style, for the real O.G's
inhiblious been trippin' on human bodies, the body's
working with me/ Say the early bird get the word, huh?
I'm feelin' the war drum, beatin' my chest; My
ancestors, do my best/ My momma was European,
Italian to be exact/ And, oh the German in her father,
my father she'd a harrassed him/ And welcome to
Revelation, we in the mist of Babylon/ We in the war
now; Get your own plane or stay on the ground/ Capo,
you my nigga forever/ Fuck what bitches say, yeah!
That's my brother, he'd never play me on any day/ Pass
me the green leaves as soon as I write that/
Heterosexual-type that, homosexuals bite that/ Black
gloves and hands dirty/ And shit concurrin' in the
aftermath and we will smoke/ My 7th Sign soldiers...
-Chorus-

-H.I.T.L.A.H Capo-Confuscious-
Niggas talkin' bullshit/ Naw, dawg, ain't got time for
that/ Pity the fool, I tell you/ Try to conquer by dividing
proof, stupid/ Gambini named me the Capo simply
cauze he knows I'm ready without a doubt/ My
hammers cocked, barrel down your mouth/ Seperate
fate from the profound great, and bury, we can't bury
no more dead weight/ You dickin' much demand,
midget/ Dealin' with gigantic game, flammable as
propane, ready to blow/ So get the fuck out of my way,
no chance for survival/ My rivalries, finish them,
fatality/ Totally unstoppable, new steel-o/ Wannabe's
try to copy this rap-ability/ Mentality, war/ No sleepin'
rippin' as I spoke/ Read it and weep/ Regime lock it up
and throw away the key/ Funky comedina/ Bartender,
we need some more Hennessy/ Get drunk, then flip
out/ It's another gangsta party/ Everybody scream
loud!

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