

## Ini Kamoze "Da Story"

Visit "[Da Story](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Noreaga]

It was, four in the mornin got a call on the cell  
What the hell, you niggaz just shot at?  
Yo they missed her, blazed most fired pistols  
Now it's our turn, to play calypsos  
Yo, me and you, meet me by the two  
A war goin on, that's involvin the crews  
Bring both your arms, Rel and Moose down in St. John's  
I wish my nigga was home, the black Fonz  
Yo we rock charms as big as Vegas  
Different crews of different size try to player hate us  
Top of the league like Bulls and y'all cats is Lakers  
Trash since Magic left, but he was the greatest  
Aiyyo we call Shan, yo Shan peace God  
You and Maze got the info?  
Them cats that tried to shoot Moose's hitmen yo?  
A nigga named Ricky, from the Bronx, cold wop city  
Thugged out, shoot his gat mad sickly  
I laid low, called Big Pun and Fat Joe  
Them niggaz my click, we three amigos -- they said  
that they knew the cat, exactly where he live at  
And when I get there, just blaze God and don't look  
back  
Cause Ricky got no kids and no wifey  
So when I get there God it's like more than likely  
There's Ricky like Ricardo, plus Renaldo  
So when I get there, take the coat, plus the cargo,  
what?

Chorus: Maze

We strong-arm, blazin firearm long kong  
When the beef come niggaz storm on  
(repeat 2X)

[Noreaga]

Yo like a day pass, I'm bandana'd up with a mask  
Just shot up the whole spot, crib to grass  
Pissed in his toilet, on his walls, in his halls  
Cut Ricky from his neck to his balls  
Anyone can bust a gun and stab a nigga is real

Cause you gotta have the guts for the way that it feels  
Word got back, them niggaz said Ricky a rat  
All that, coke we took yea we cooked the crack  
The police don't really want us, they want the coke back  
It's impossible, just ask the word by the hospital  
Across from the mall right in Hoffman Park  
It's in tennis bags, guarded by a hundred Iraqs  
Yo we swerve low, beside the Jake, there go, Roberto  
The brother of Ricky, he 'posed to be wild, it's gettin  
deep  
How he knew where I'm at, how he knew how I eat?  
The fools pulled out, no doubt, Roberto grabbed the  
sick ?  
We hit the spot, then we hopped in the whips  
Now it's a chase on the highway, the L-I-E's  
Yo them fools ?, niggaz drive by me  
Iraq banner, not he, ? aqui

Chorus

[Noreaga]

Aiyyo we just crashed into the pole, now we roll  
another Dutchie, calm down and stroll  
on foot, my whole click, got control  
of the whole output, now we roll  
Yo any nigga be a man for a minute y'know  
Then he, turn around once he know you got dough  
It's like a cycle, that read psycho, man in the mirror  
like Michael, my whole click down to snipe you  
Since then, Roberto had beef, with melanin men  
Every nigga he hate, was darker than him  
Older niggaz than him, stay buggin on him  
Tellin him he weak, he ain't touch my skin  
But once again CNN prevail, tho-rough  
Cause even the G-est don't really understand Hell  
I did this, from Iraq, to livin the cell  
So y'all niggaz know, what? Meet you back in Hell what?

Chorus 2X

Visit [Ini Kamoze](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.