

## Capone-N-Noreaga "Closer Sam Sneed Version"

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featuring Smoke from Complexion

(Noreaga)

Word up dun

Aight one time... do it like that one time I'm sayin'

No executes... no executes

Yo I started out in Iraq the wrong route

More [chickens] to doubt more money to count

Yo my Swiss account with more cheese amount

It's still piling and still gettin' calls from the island

Still do the things I do when I was wildin'

Tryin' to go from penny loafers to mink sofas

Spend a week with dime [chickens] as freaks

Body so bangin' I call they [tits] Santy

Ask [chicks] scream loud like Sam beats

I wanna be under the seats in our streets

Last year around the time this year

If I would of got locked

Yo I wouldn't even get it but now I got this rap thing

No more hustlin' at age ten my team played to win

Reach under the car seat nobody understandin'

Yo the black struggle gotta hustle to hustle

And once you get muscle nobody trust you  
Tryin' to be like Goldy in the Shaft days  
These lasts days comin' up  
Yo these little [niggas] comin' up  
Hear they're gun talk ready to buck  
Not thinkin'  
Black on black crime yo it's swine you're both stinkin'  
Pretty Ake yo Stan to Marley yo it's poppie offically  
Arab natzi 2-5-2 we regluate this tune  
(Smoke from Complexion)  
You say you never leave the thugs alone,  
You wanna be wit Nore or Capone  
You say you like the way he holds his crone,  
But you wouldn't leave him lonely  
You said you'd never waited 2-5 shine,  
But you wanna be his wife and push his ride  
Stand by his side and beat this time,  
But shorty you should hold him closely  
(Noreaga)  
Yo I still remember when we first did it  
Nobody with it  
Label said 2-5 is to thugged out  
So although we had to but God wasn't glad to  
Wait our turn to boiler now we burn  
On the daily done [fuckin'] in every telly

We can Fly just like R.Kelly

Them only secondary to the sun

I think I gotta son but I ain't sure

What's in store God there's more

Shortie says she came by knockin' at my door

Could it be tryin' to be what I can be

Islam me 2-5 my army

Said she about to have my seed

Soon to be it shocked me

Thinkin' bout a little me

Eternally I bleed thinkin' of seed yo at high speed

I multiply with [weed]

Now I slow my life down I got time to breath

(Smoke from Complexion)

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But shorty you should hold him closely  
(Noreaga)  
Hold us closely... hold us closely  
Word up... yo... yo  
A little bit of thugs is all it takes,  
To make this industry just great  
A little bit of thugs is all it takes,  
To make this industry great  
Black shine... black shine

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