

Capone-N-Noreaga

"Grand Royal"

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[Capone] (Noreaga) Primo! (Premier!) CNN (CNN, Channel 10 hah) You thought we wasn't gonna do it again nigga? (We gotta do it again, y'heard?) It's history in the making baby (Once again, historia) Back to the motherfucking game! [Noreaga] Aiyyo it started from "The War Report", talked about the war we fought Slime got locked and came home to "The Reunion" Eight years later, new religion of communion Channel 10, and once again keep your TVs on YouTube distributed, iPhone equipped with it MySpace can get with it, beef gone, did your bid I mean digital, lifetime criminal I feel invincible, I feel invisible Cause you niggas can't see where I come from The diddy-dum, the gun where you run from N.O.R. basically with 'Pone make greatfully Music, I think you dudes should be thanking me The hole in the gap man, we done filled And it's only been a drought cause Primo chilled But stick up kids still out to tax And them damn gas prices need to fucking relax [Chorus: DJ Premier scratches] "CNN", "CNN" "CNN, we're like the Grand Royal" "CNN", "CNN" "The Reunion, a brand new cut" "CNN", "CNN" "We're like the Grand Royal" "On the microphone, word up" [Capone] Yeah, yo, see money is power, power put the fear in a nigga heart A high school dropout but I'm mainly trigger smart Einstein of the corner, I learned to cold trade Low fade, half-moon park to get mo' paid Take a walk with me, all white Air One Nikes on Through the land of gun slingers and pipe dons I'm parallel to hell with ice on, stones is canary A thousand pennyweights of the Virgin Mary I draw that big burner, might cause a solar eclipse A true thug's prophecy, money over a bitch Get consignment on a ki', that's hitting that hood lotto Do right by your niggas, bet nothing but good follow Tip your glass up, salute and have a toast to your enemies Every nigga locked in the pen is a kin to me Crowding at 9-5, I don't need no problem with troopers Cause they even do you dirty with money like Frank Lucas [Chorus] [Noreaga] The recession got niggas wilding out on the max And the mediums in regular jails is cold facts And niggas back home ain't doing good either They foreclosed on

homes, no home grown neither Now everybody
hurting, walk around with the zombie face Hit the
marines or hit the army place [Capone] Aiyyo I bang
Rugers, used to have a fetish for revolvers Till I
squeezed off the MAC-10, it made me heartless Gang
bangers love me, throw it up like they nauseous Bitches
say I'm gorgeous, now they say I'm lawless I'm a true
heat holder, gun toter, keep coca And turn them feet
skinny like Al Roker, yeah [Chorus]

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