

## Capone-N-Noreaga "Straight Like That"

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I'll murder you, you and you  
Don't give a fuck about you, you

It's Thugged Out Entertainment nigga  
Straight like that  
We cut, shoot, stab, sell crack  
Straight like that  
We eat, sleep, shit street life  
Straight like that  
We get knocked bail the same night  
Straight like that

We gettin' bitches, bitches, money, money, basically  
There ain't no kissin', we just fuckin' honeys, basically  
You see y'all snitchin' niggaz, talkin' funny, basically  
Me and my niggaz is known to keep it ugly, basically

I'm off Beelzebub, I walk wit the mac in my sweats  
Air forces, wife beater, fitted cap to the left  
My chain hang 35 inches, my heat 7 and a quarter  
Beard 8 and a third and my piece be Orca

There's no need for peace offers, my niggas be  
shootin', we riot  
We run the streets quiet 'cuz the law's biased  
Skip the battles back in 86, now niggaz tattle, chop  
crazy bricks  
Cop new kicks, quick to say they rich

Fantasize and flatten the hills, for niggaz in ghettos  
Its crack, bullets that kill, dreams are fulfilled  
Murders, ink in cold blood, holdin' grudges for years  
I keep two bitches, two hot biscuits, four dot sixes

The sorrow to swallow, I follow my motto  
Squeeze first, since the day I slung, ready rockin' a  
bottle  
I stand and deliver like Edward Olmos, wet whatever  
Respect whatever, I talk with a tech forever

Our show's at your service on behalf of Final Chapter  
[Unverified] I'm not a rapper, quick to slap ya

Got scheme, its not a factor, we gotta shine first  
Have 'em coppin' your album just for our verse

Straight like that, y'all better tell 'em  
I hope they don't act like we won't smack to back of  
their cerebellum  
Oh and did I mention? if I feel tension  
Get the full arm extension, get the whole block's  
attention

I know, you keep your life in your cash  
Your cash in the stash, stash in the car, car in the lot  
So when I blow up the lot, boom, your whole shit stop  
Y'all rappers is backwards, make the game flip flop

I'll take you to the spot with no witnesses and no cops  
Better have your glock out and cocked, about to pop  
To hustlers like Flynt, sellin' cracks like Sprint  
A dime a minute, now roll the dice, five in it

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Aiyyo, aiyyo  
I peeped your true colors while y'all niggaz was blinded  
I been down and spit a pound before you knew I was  
rhymin'  
You know me, illest flow, ain't no seconds for timing  
My sixteens'll rip through beats, cut deeper than  
diamonds

Make ya niggaz start to worry 'cuz my hood is dark and  
blurry  
When shots flurry, niggaz point guard like Marbury  
Ain't no arguing, all my click'll do is get the targeting  
Final Chapter split pies in two, it's half bargaining

I've seen you niggaz come up quick and then fall  
I've seen you frontin' for your broad like her pussy's the  
bomb

Clowns findin' their stash gone but my cash is long  
So I'ma let y'all pass on 'cuz you ass like a thong

My click is movin' out, now is you rollin' along?  
'Til I perish, I'm spittin' strong, it's that shit that I'm on  
Final Chapter's comin' at ya, now the drama is born  
Settle in this street life from the hoods to the lord

Aiyyo, I'm still ghetto that's why these niggaz love me  
I'm still on the run eatin' so I got chubby  
I spaz up in the Tunnel, stab niggaz with pens  
That's why 'til this day they don't let me in

I be in New York smokin' L.A. weed  
I hate a bitch named Pebbles like L.A. Reed  
I dead niggaz like Pac and BIG, blocks to live  
These niggaz can't eat like hostages

Fuck Camry's and fuck Honda Accords  
I rob niggaz like the Crips at the Source Awards  
And everything that went down was cool with me  
As long as I came back with my jewelry

We had machine guns, I think we had two or three  
And two or three limos, me and my nigga Timbo  
For bitches that suck nuts and spit it out the window  
You know my tempo, like Bloody Money 3

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