

Capone-N-Noreaga

"The Streets Got A New Face"

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NORE:

A yo hash, no more aguardiente
We drank that shit a month ago, i'm still drunk
You know what I mean? Slow down on the Goose and all
that
I be seeing your stashes of Henny in the studio
Strickly, Tiger Bone, GuGod, Ebonte (Tong Ren Tang)
And tell them dude's we don't smoke dutches
We philly blunt nigga's
Whiteout's as far as we go
We stick to what we know!

A yo, I came into this game like a fucking tornado
Jose Luis Gotcha
Phillies, rolled proppa
A ran with Big Pun
And smoked blunts with Big Poppa
I'm spanish and i'm black
I don't rep one way
Give you the gun face
Bullets in your nostrils
Apostles
Bow down papi, like a prophet
The hammer's, like a part of my wardrobe
I rock it
Spacely, galaxy, thugs on a salary
Minority
Majority of yall, hustle characterly
I'm forced to fall back,
They tell me, dun kido
Never, never dreamed about the rap shit
I dreamed about a kilo
I want to be the dude
With the suit in "Casino"
Mafia dreams I dreamed that
And it seemed that
It wasn't really far from hand reach
I mean that
Penno greasy yo, santa margarita boring
The cup spill all over the floor

Just like a windmill
So we can kick the shit like soccer
I'm a Hip Hoppa
Never tried to front like a rocker
And you ain't got no wins in me qasa
Callete pasa
You're not even in me classa

This is monsters vs aliens
But we ain't animated
After my attribute
I bet we have them aggravated
Want us assassinated
But to bad we made it
We make our records from the hood
And they forced to play it
Skinny jeans, don't do that
It sorta make me erl
Because these dudes got on pants
That's tighter than they girl
I'm from the era of the camouflaged
My whole entourage
We get you sabotaged
My hood, the white gurod
Get you washed up
Like a laundromat
My niggas drink cognac
And do drive bys in pontiacs
Niggas got shot on my side
A certain way
They better act on it
Or i'll black on it
Wild like a cavemen
Savage or neantherthal
Animal ballistic
Get you clapped with the gold biscuit
I'm like esa
Make's alot and smokes reefer
Hella salashy shit
Omar khadafi swift
Farrakhan calling my horn
He heard my army get
Work thrown solid
Fiends still sniff the raw
Up north niggas coming home
On there work release
Not knowing now
That the younger niggas now run these streets

Hook:

A yo, the streets got a new face

They got botox
They got a facelift
Even your block
Ain't nothing real
Or even feel like it used too
Niggas coming home from they bids
And the juice crew
The streets done change
and I respect the changes
One thing that'll never change
The streets are still dangerous
Yea, and especially when you're famous
Plus you have these niggas running around
Straight brainless

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