

Capone-N-Noreaga "Thug Paradise"

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It's a Queen's thing, too fly, word up
Khadafi, the next life, yeah, Thug Paradise
No doubt, check me out, yeah, yeah
Aiiyo son, let me, let me put you on to what happened
And how it went down, check it, tell me son, word up

Yo, TV's in the headrest, Sega Entertainment
Pushed the Lex Land on the way to my arraignment
D.A. got a witness, lawyer can't explain it
Face the judge, on some money maintain shit

Black Caesar, hundred grand on the Visa
Took the stand, suddenly, caught amnesia
Found him in the warehouse, tied in the freezer
That's the life of a thug when he hold heaters

Willies, up North, turn to dick beaters
Sendin' flicks to any bitch that'll feed us
360 ways with the shell-top Adidas
The Black Jesus, Lebanon, remain calm

Rock and stay green, sippin' on Don
Arabic link, Cartier on the arm
Nigga fresh off work release, Hercules
Nigga fuck the deez, we blazin' trees

Capone bag the keys, let's move like a gypsy
It's hot out here, relocate to Poughkeepsie
Feds play the roof in the hood try to hit me
Snakes on the block wanna sip Mo' wit me

The life of a thug wasn't made right
When I die leave a bottle of Don by the grave site
The tombstone let the record show I was sinnin'
Lay me in the earth with the Armani linen

All my convicts, livin' on the edge of life
Criminal type thugs who love to pull a heist
We move sheist, livin' in these days of trife
Rockin' four carat ice, in Thug Paradise
Thug Paradise, yeah, yo yo, yeah, yo, in Thug Paradise

One for the money, two for the villainous streets
From Willies holdin' millions, foreala with no feelin'
Shit, my resident, Q-B settlement
Hit him on the hill, Jake wonder where the medal went

Jump in the Acura, then blast a trey
Pour this A for those who passed away
My whole click shinin' like a diamond
While on Riker's Island, fake niggaz eat a dick rhymin'

Mighty chrome we got a song
Capone-N-Noreaga's on, we try to touch like a flip
phone
I sip on Porter while you get extorted to single
Illegal life stick you, I hope the world bought it
Yeah, no doubt, Capone-N-Noreaga

All my convicts, livin' on the edge of life
Criminal type thugs who love to pull a heist
We move sheist, livin' in these days of trife
Rockin' four carat ice in Thug Paradise

Yo, it was broad daylight
Woke up, early in the mornin'
Didn't even brush my teeth
I grabbed heat, bust the frontal leaf

Then roll up, some sweets
That they was on since yesterday night
Dunn and got bucked in his windpipe
We'll go to war until you pre-write

Pick tight, can I stick to guns in a gunfight
Yo, lots of diamonds
The new millennium was promised
Black comments

We tryin' to squash that big
But niggaz get hard headed, filled wit leaded
Fuck around and get deaded
Now I'm wetted, God set it, automatic

Yeah, me you face these niggaz starvin'
General of rap swarmin', acousiastic
Attract with the glock plastic

Move quickly, switch rides to Poughkeepsie
Black tipsy, but tell me, destiny
Move quickly, stick heads, be tryin' to stick me

You mad morbid, but it's a planet out of orbit

Can't absorb it but tell me, you all for it
Can't call it, my defense'll make you forfeit

Son, you quit fuckin' wit Iraqs dick
The General hoe, create my own chrome like y'all vote
Blast it too and plus it take two, now know

All my convicts, livin' on the edge of life
Criminal type thugs who love to pull a heist
We move sheist livin' in these days of trife
Rockin' four carat ice, Thug Paradise

Yeah, thug Paradise, Kaddafi
Four carat ice, twenty five to life
See ya in there, yeah, yeah
Kuwait and Iraq

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