

Capone-N-Noreaga

"Vein"

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Pop goes the flow of the weasel
Strapped with an Ox full of diesel
Trapped in the desert with eagles
Thoughts of ghetto a capellas in cathedrals
Spilling heavy gospels with cheaters

Twisted up, I'm high off the reefer
Lost beyond regions of logic and reason, just being
We high so be not so obedient
To society's laws and limitations

Lost in this ghetto population
I'm just another face that's facing
All types of like stereotypes and hatred
But I ain't going to wait that and get all stressed out
I'm just trying to make it and strive with my

Hell went through changes, emotions
Inner thoughts and rages
Relieved and released on pages
My life in it's cycle and stages
Seen through descriptions in nature

Ever since back in the days
When niggaz was loving and hating
Everyone trapped and two thou
Caught The Matrix with diseases of judgment
That breed through the hatred conceived through
these scenes
And then painted

Now what really defines the line of a hater
And what defines the line is someone even greater
And what makes somebody jump that line trying to take
it
Wrapped behind enemy lines trying to make it
Mind in another universe while my physical's stuck on
the earth
In these inner city mazes

Yo yo yo, lay that shit down

What is you, a clown? You wanna see a little kid get
shot?
Give me two good reasons so I don't smack you
For flashing a gun in my face just to get some respect

All in all, it's all love and I'm here to protect
You only twelve years old someone'll snap your neck
You let your pants sag but your thoughts gotta pull up
Mental calisthenics, lazer brains can't push up

Or even sit up to fight for what they believe in
He thought about it I said, "Peace, keep breathing"
I see him mumbling shrugging his shoulder
He probably cursing but he know better

He had a beretta with the rubbed off serial digit
And I know he got it from Carlos the Midget
The only cat I know cold enough to hustle shit to kids
Him an' his three man team formed eight arm squid

And they laughed in the face of any possibilities of
being
Through and dead
We're all from the same ghettos
And these are the same hollow tips that knock nearly
out of stilettos
He cocked first, I cocked second and in that exact
second
Both of the gats burst

Man, this is your last fucking chance
Fuck you, this is your last chance

Live and orchestrated from blocks
Where animals grew up as four lazars we twist mad
sabres
Rock the sky pimping jays all day blazes
Wrapped in these inner city mazes

Relaxing on corners where cats stay wasted
Choking on 4-0 basics, you taste it
My life's an oasis, this trife's what I make it
Straight through these days spitting raps that laced it

I'm just trying to blaze these mics on the stages
Write on these pages like life as a scene in amazement
Like I'ma stay blazing mics until I'm fading
Off of this surface to return to my nature

In the meantime, spit flows and cop acres
Put my fam in it with shelter that's spacious

Everyday life yo, is rap in these mazes
I'm just trying to make it go slowly

Dissolves in my belly, got me aching
Niggaz up the block, yo I swear, trying to take it
But I'ma stay patient watching every move made in the
jungle
It's live trying to strive in this struggle

New York state of mind, that's the home that I come to
Nothing but pigeons living, trapped in this system
Bleeding, screaming, phoenix
We needed that scrap for that meaning to stay shining

Trying to escape out of hellfire's and lakes
Brain on another plane gliding through acid rain
That's stress trying to master pain
Spit words, not to hurt but to bash your brain
That's the worth of an MC wrapped in the vein
New York

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