

Capone-N-Noreaga "You Can't Kill Me"

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We put too much work in
Seen too many cold days, too many nights servin'
It's been tried, we will survive
CNN rise, keep street ties

We got a hundred niggaz strong
A hundred niggaz armed to kill you right or wrong
You can't murder what's dead
We walk the pavement with, one in the head

Now what I stands for I rise for, my man's who I die for
Blows frontline in the war, despise law
I'm built to be guilty, filthy, dirty, rich
Niggaz wanna kill me 'fore I'm thirty-six

Stop my lifeline, I'm tryin' to hundred thousand dollar
car
And ice mine, predicate felon, lifetime
Consecutive cases, no respect for racists, haters hate
this
Hope to trade places, and piss where my grave is

I lay this down, I blaze this pound I'ma say this now
Fuck around and I'ma chastise, you ain't that wise, I'm
out to capitalize
My cap size is nine milli, leave you slumpin' back in
your ride
My hood sit on bloody acres, parallel to my maker

I squeeze vertical a fiend I'm servin' you
What dirt'll do to virginal niggaz, is get 'em kilt
Filled with hot lead, but not by the feds, who wanna see
me dead?

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I can't believe what I saw, through the eyes of the
corner
I had warrants on each name, aliases in each state
I got caught, what the hell did I thought?
Turkey bacon or turkey ham, it's pork

It's the same thing, you should look how I walk
The gun make me lean to the left, I saw it and repped
Look for the moment to step, Mo-e' I'm wet
The judge know I caught a nigga and I beat him to
death

But it's okay, I go jet ski in the Bay
Away from New York and go lay up in L.A.
I know intelligent niggaz that move dough
Leave out of the hood and lose all of they shit

Well, I don't lose nuttin', I learned how to mix with other
cultures
Other vultures, niggaz know I leave my path
Kneeds the math, it's good like the Haitian hash
It's amazin', you know my nigga Maze won't crash, it go

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As long as blood in my vein flows, niggaz gon' hate
Wish on my death date, give my description, to the
plain clothes
Rely on my fate, remain cold
Like lost souls to the crossroads, guns I been bought
those

I'm a legend, only if Lord knows
You can't kill me and place me in Potter's Field
Y'all niggaz not as real
I predict that I'ma die squeezin', thug it through the
five seasons

I place my trust in the heat, my higher bein'
You cannot kill me or have me leanin' slumped on a
project gate

With one in my stomach, barely breathin'
My mom's grievin', my wife cryin', my kid's a bastard

I bust iron, fuck livin' or dyin'
Fools who work out get tight caskets
Niggaz who merk out when I spray crash kid
That's the way that I'm on it

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