

Cappadonna

"Power To The Peso (Feat. Lounge, Wiggs &...)"

Visit "[Power To The Peso \(Feat. Lounge, Wiggs &...](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

F/ Lounge Mode, Solomon Childs, Wigz

[Intro: Lounge Mode]

Yeah, nigga!

Aiyo, what up man? This is all BB right here

Word, yo, we just slid in from the back door

It's Code:Red, nigga, level four, ya'll know what it is,
man

I told ya'll, huh? I didn't? Watch this one, though (Goon
Squad!)

[Lounge Mode]

Aiyo, I know niggas that get dusted and wild out

They foul out, talk to the cops and play they style out

Me? I'm real hood, and them niggas that was fakin'
before

I take they jaws, cuz Lord, I wish they would

Yes, Lord, it's all good, you know I hustle

In the tanktop with no muscle, all in the hood

And roll dice by the elevator, and post up

And wait there, if he comin' in, dog, gotta wait til later

I squeeze off, ease off from the nine milly

And my niggas be like, "Watch how he whine, Billy!"

And for the record, these niggas gotta come kill me

Where I'm at, in the Hill, by the Ooh, silly

Danger, danger, ain't nothin' change but space

Ask Space and Daxe, in how they manage

And how I do damage, fuck takin' flicks for cameras

You know them bandanas, run with them clip bananas

I'm on the hunt for the big dough to stick Santana

Plus these labels exec's come in a calm manner

N.S.Beezy, I stay easy

Fuck what ya'll niggas is talkin', I'm off the heezy

[Cappadonna]

In the hood, you get fake hugs and cold stares

Heat holdin' niggas with the apple colored wears

Try'nna get them greens, premature niggas get

knocked out and dope fiend

Niggas stand up, Staten Island, rip you and ya mans up

Hands up, yeah, kid, it's the real

Rough necks on this side, cats makin' a deal

Coke in the bill, weapons appeal, do what ya feel
From Park Hill to Jungle Nillz
So much that we gotta pay the bills
Give us the cream or get killed....

Goon Squad!

[Wigz]

Aiyo, my jewels so chunky, I got a brass monkey
With a, rock in his ear, two chips in his tooth
No cuff', I throw the ol' joint off the roof
It's a new year, I'm layin' new words in the booth
Fuck "The Truth", I'm "The Reason" why rap needs to
+change+
The same four quarters in +the game+, I got change
Nickles and dimes, rhymes, styles of Beneen
See, Cash Rules Everything, lord, I need C.R.E.A.M.
Gotta team that could elbow out the meat cooler
I'm a hustler, I could sell a brick to a jeweler
Off your front porch, g off ya back deck
This me, Lounge and the team, we dishin' up the
projects

[Solomon Childs]

We killas as sharp as knives
Work for hire, special key be the paralyzer
Got my own killa slang and dancers
Certain hammers for certain circumstances
These the roads of Allah's deed, knawhatimean?
I took the advances and bulletproofed the Suburbans
No handouts, stay earnin' mine
The hood hate to see a nigga shine and now I know
That a ho gon' always be a ho
And 23's can't fit on a '98 Tahoe
And ain't no superstars comin' off Apollo
The chicks around the way frontin' with tongue rings,
don't swallow
My mind was raped as a child, Rocky could of never
beat Apollo
The feds could of never caught 'Cino
P. Diddy would of never fell for a bird like J.Lo, power to
the peso, nigga!

Visit [Cappadonna](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.