

## Marque

### "Stay Tuned \*"

Visit "[Stay Tuned \\*](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

\* also appears on the Nothing to Lose soundtrack as 'Thug Paradise'

Uhh, yeah, uhh, uhh, uhh  
It's a Queens thing (uhh, uhh)  
Too fly, word up  
Khadafi, the next life, yeah, Thug Paradise  
No doubt, check me out, yeah, yeah  
Aiyyo Son let me let me put you on to what happened  
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 Ceasar, 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 gravesite  
The tombstone let the record show I was sinnin  
Lay me in the earth with the Armani linen

\*chorus\*

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 Ac-u-ra, 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

\*chorus\*

Yo niggaz broad daylight, woke up, early in mornin  
Gettin even breaths, my team'll grab heat  
Bust the fonta leaf, then roll up, some Sweets  
they was on since yesterday night, Dunn got bucked  
in his windpipe, we'll go to war until you pre-write  
Pick tight, can stick to guns in a gunfight  
Yo lots of diamonds, the new millenium was promised  
Black comments, we tryin to squash that big  
But niggaz get hard-headed, filled wit leaded  
Fuck around and get deaded, now for 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, stickheads, 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 Iraq dick  
The General hoe, create my own chrome like y'all vote  
Blast it too, and plus it take two, now know

\*chorus\*

