

## Mr. Capone-E "Supposed To - Floetry"

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New York City  
What's Going On  
What you been up too  
Yeah I know  
Bunch a niggaz nunning around with throw-backs and  
fitteds on  
Niggaz know who started the game man  
You know once niggaz start doin you  
You got to do something else  
Ya know what I'm saying  
Do bigger better things  
Switch lanes with big and better rings on niggaz  
Big nigga shit  
Fuck em  
Yeah  
Aiyyo

[Verse 1]

Listen, what you pappas read you thinking I ain't  
getting sleep  
Its way past the streets no doubt the shit is getting  
deep  
L-B-N-Y-G your local heat clappers  
Pass the pill man I'm fillin ill  
I'm sick of all you cheap rappers  
Get the mic up kid yo flow is mad trash  
The cast got you talking shit man ya mad ass  
I put ya bitch niggaz on from the start yo  
Plus I am the wizard that gave you your heart so  
I bust a few shots off all ya get still  
I run this shit motherfuckers you just lives here  
Never wanted problems it wasn't necessary  
But I'm a bury niggaz quick fast in a hurry  
These fuckers think I'm something sweet because I  
love the women  
Ok these niggaz want problems it's problems that I'm  
giving  
The crack started us off the hook and don't look for  
trouble  
This lifestyle I live it we give it to you double

[Chorus]

The bank shit official crack stars is who I hang with  
Tote my slang with lets give that dude the same shit  
The guns pop off of those that come to close to  
The fam niggaz track you strike back, yo we supposed  
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[Verse 2]

Aiyyo

These new niggaz run around like they been done it  
You just spark enough faggot ass I've been blunted  
I gotta team in every borough New York nigga  
Watch how you talk, watch where you walk nigga  
These jumps wear their steak suits so lets eat 'em up  
They ain't worth it because I let our bitches beat 'em up  
Fuck the star shit I'm up in the bar with  
Cast a hustle of the prove we got muscle man  
Before you haters out there that can't see me  
Mad because your girlfriend bump my CD  
Your read easy live with your corny stash  
Or get gun up when we run up on your corny ass  
Back up off us nigga you the softest  
Actin like you sold crack with coppers and officers  
Flash back shell-toe thick strings and jewelery  
RIP to Freaky-Tah Mike and Cooly-B

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I keeps a Yankee fitted on tracks is spitted on  
I have no problems showing mine we can get it on  
Its never hate believe me it's strictly fact yo  
Your corny rap flow match your corny rap show  
Shine ahead niggaz time to get niggaz  
How y'all coming with that bullshit you spit niggaz  
Take a time out you really not moving nothing  
Killing me with your fronting like your moving  
something  
To them so called friends of mine that gayed out  
You niggaz played out I'm glad you niggaz stayed out  
Fuck the crab shit the best of friends is living well  
I know you niggaz see me doing me I'm giving hell  
Pass the mic crew never did like you  
Getting comfortable niggaz ain't invite you  
You lame niggaz I'm as hot as a flame niggaz

You know why I'm in this game niggaz

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Floetry]

This cowards walking with a complex here  
We drop him so quick we from the crib to the film set  
Ain't nothing new about the soul or new about your flow  
If you want your stripes you got to earn them yo  
This goes out to you and you and you  
And if you feel it in your heart yo it must be true  
Walk how you walk and do what you do  
Live while you live we're the proof so we're supposed to

[Chorus]

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