

## Nordman

### "Reunion"

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[noreaga]

{\*howling\*} cnn (cnn!) cnn

The reunion man.. we back again man.. are y'all ready  
man?

Hahahahahaha, yo, yo

My niggaz get locked up, and when they come home  
It's mink coats and cristal, just ask capone  
We play the game like mobsters, oliver stone flicks  
Based on a true story, it's nore'  
And all of my niggaz buck for me, the projects love me  
It feel good to have love in the hood  
And I ain't got to buy weed, cause my credit is good  
Machine gun lyrics, cn lift spirits  
Puff more weed than dreads, hip-hop heads  
Gotta, listen to this before they piss in they beds  
My mission instead, leave these niggaz missin and  
dead  
And leave em dumped in a river, buttnaked and red  
N.o., erase niggaz no pro-blemo  
Keep a razor in my mouth - spit it out  
And I never had to move nothin, I shit it out  
And I still got it but I had to thug it out

Chorus: cnn (repeat 2x)

Yo, it's like my mission just to live this way  
I had to sell things, but I wanted to live each day  
The real people do real things  
So why is real people still doin fake things? huhhh?

[nore]peace god

[cap]whattup nigga?

[nore]i'm glad you home

So we could, take over the world, it's ours to own  
[cap]stars that bone from the ghetto, to cars and  
homes

[nore]laced out, jesus piece, ice the face out

[cap] my niggaz on the run they place out

Flee fiends with the cake mouth

Automatic guns, bullets spray out

[nore] lay out, what? gimme the cash and the coke  
Sometimes I got money, and I still feel broke  
And sometimes I got reefer and I don't even smoke  
[cap]i don't sleep, ninety-five percent of the time I'm  
woke  
The other 5 is when a nigga high, hear the thugs cry  
[nore] and me, I'm thugged out, I just sleep on the  
floor  
With the rats and the roaches, keepin it raw  
[cap]my heat is the fourth, while y'all niggaz lean on  
the law  
[nore]peter pay paul, an outlaw, he stuck up the mall  
[cap]i watch for the cops, still a thug after the deal  
Cnn gotta thug it for real

Chorus

[capone]  
Thuggology's the major, paper  
Capone-n-noreaga teach ya, villainize your whole  
nature  
The law was built around capers since the years of the  
west  
And are you real or fake? how many thugs hear the  
question  
Twenty grand on the lawyer, extra hundred for bail  
Next to death's kiko, is goin to jail  
Unassissted, I shivered and frail  
My ice similar to hail yo, for the 85 that's in braille  
I keep chanel on my hoes, crazy blowin the scale  
Mad chickens for my thugs locked, low on the mail  
Yo it's 'pone or it's fonz, either pretty or thug  
Whichever way it's called, in every city a slug  
If I was dyin would a true fan give me they blood  
And would my man take the stand, lie in front of the  
judge?  
My thesis, be one of a thug, prestigious  
I rock fatigued up, down in cali khakis with the creases

Chorus 2x

[noreaga and capone ad lib to fade]

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