

Noreaga

"Stay Tuned"

Visit "[Stay Tuned](#)" on 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

