

Paper Lace

"Options"

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[Capone & Noyd]

Light up! Light up! That's right! Bring it! Whatever you want!

Bring it! QB!(Guns, knives, whatever you want)

Whatever ya'll niggas want, man, whatever!

Bring money, lye, whatever you want!

You expect to come correct nigga!

Bring it, thugs, gangstas, whatever you want!

QB, Capone and Noyd, what?

[Noyd]

Niggas don't want beef, they don't wanna see me

They don't wanna be with their wiz and kids

And get fronted with heat

They don't wanna die, niggas wanna live

I know niggas wanna smoke blunts, puff puff and give

Believe niggas don't want it with the kid

Niggas rather drown down Bicardi and party and shit

You know my hoods though be bout this shit

My dunn's are a hundred sick, thugs who thump, thugs who pump

You weak, we deep, niggas from Queens

And we eat niggas with Jim, and get em for bling

(bling!)

You know my dun smoke more than fiends

My broads fit more coke in they ass and jeans

Which is great cause we dealin with a couple of apes

Til' we pull out these eights and get your safe

No masks, let these niggaz see our face

Pawn yourself, boy, cause we robbin the place, what?

[Chorus: Capone and Noyd]

[C]We can shoot, fight, smoke, drink

Jail, nigga, bust that ass down with shanks

[N]We can thump, chump, we aim to kill

Thug nigga put it down, the game is real

[C]We can shoot, fight, smoke, drink

Jail nigga, bust that ass down with shanks

[N]Nigga we can thump, chump, we aim to kill

Thug nigga put it down, the game is real

[Capone]

Yo, yo, hey yo, niggas never learn
Til' they shot and get a jail term
Both havin bullets is hot
The average ran by the room
And the city is ridin', cops knockin'
The streets is watchin', without shades
I don't stop, I just keep clockin'
Haters played on my bad judgment
Like dude's numbers (you want it?)
Then floss for a few summers
Newcomers walk in my steps, often I rep
Bang guns, still got corporate respect
They think they fuckin' up the projects,
Installing cameras, niggas'll shoot them shits out
And get 'em more bananas, you know the ghetto life
Jail, blood, sweat, and tatted tears
Block wars, every young bitch having kids
I'm the lost boy of Queensbridge, drama never told
Been a piranha in the streets since seven years old
Two and a half years cold, now scorchin'
Like a bullet bucked from a four fifth
Grunt nigga, fallin'

[Chorus]

[Noyd (Capone)]

Yo, yo, now we the niggas cockin' the hammers, rockin'
bandanas
My whole clique gangsta boy (Straight bananas!)
(Compulsive gamblers bet the X-5)
(It's money on the line, I form better, the all bets on the
side)
To death niggas ride, with the guns you can get it live
(Slain in the public, the game we above it)
And we don't discuss nothin, we leave the guns buckin'
You get knocked down with four pounds, keep frontin'
We rep Queensbridge and you heard of us all
There's Noyd and Capone and we murder you all
(Leave you in the morgue, toe tag, and polaroid
picture)
(If my shit jam, and don't bust, then Noyd'll hit you)
And I won't stop 'til I get a man, pop a nigga
Or pull out the box cutter and 'ox the nigga
(Who can stop this killa? Capone, the block guerilla)
(I snap shots, still got the picture)

[Chorus]

