

Any Given Sunday Soundtrack

"Reunion"

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Song: Capone & Noreaga

[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
Unassisted, I shivered and frail
My ice similar to hail yo, for the 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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