

## **Cannibal Whore Feast**

### **"You Can't Kill Me"**

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[Capone]

We put too much work in  
Seen too many cold days, too many nights servin  
It's been tried, we will survive  
CNN rise, keep street ties  
We got a hundred niggaz strong  
A hundred niggaz armed to kill you right or wrong  
You can't murder what's dead  
We walk the pavement with, one in the head

[Capone]

Now what I stands for I rise for, my man's who I die for  
Blows frontline in the war, despise law  
I'm built to be guilty, filthy, dirty, rich  
Niggaz wanna kill me 'fore I'm thirty-six  
Stop my lifeline, I'm tryin to hundred thousand dollar  
car and ice mine  
Predicate felon, lifetime  
Consecutive cases, no respect for racists, haters hate  
this  
Hope to trade places, and piss where my grave is  
I lay this down, I blaze this pound I'ma say this now  
Fuck around and I'ma chastise  
You ain't that wise, I'm out to capitalize  
My cap size is nine milli, leave you slumpin back in your  
ride  
My hood sit on bloody acres, parallel to my maker  
I squeeze vertical a fiend I'm servin you  
What dirt'll do to virginal niggaz, is get 'em kilt  
Filled with hot lead, but not by the feds, who wanna see  
me dead?

[Chorus: Capone]

You can't killlll, me  
We put too much work in  
Seen too many cold days, too many nights hurtin  
You can't killlll, me  
It's been tried, we will survive  
CNN rise, keep street ties  
You can't killlll, me  
We got a hundred niggaz strong

A hundred niggaz armed to kill you right or wrong  
You can't killlll, me  
You can't murder what's dead  
We walk the pavement with, one in the head

[Noreaga]

I can't believe what I saw, through the eyes of the  
corner  
I had warrants on each name, aliases in each state  
I got caught, what the hell did I thought?  
Turkey bacon or turkey ham, it's pork  
It's the same thing, you should look how I walk  
The gun make me lean to the left, I saw it and repped  
Look for the moment to step, Mo-e' I'm wet  
The judge know I caught a nigga and I beat him to  
death  
But it's okay, I go jet ski in the Bay  
away from New York, and go lay up in L.A.  
I know intelligent niggaz that move dough  
leave out of the hood, and lose all of they shit  
Well I don't lose nuttin, I learned how to mix with other  
cultures  
Other vultures, niggaz know I leave my path  
Kneeds the math, it's good like the Haitian hash  
It's amazin, you know my nigga Maze won't crash, it go

[Chorus]

[Capone]

As long as blood in my vein flows niggaz gon' hate  
Wish on my death date, give my description, to the  
plain clothes  
Rely on my fate, remain cold  
Like lost souls to the crossroads, guns I been bought  
those  
I'm a legend, only if Lord knows  
You can't kill me and place me in Potter's Field  
Y'all niggaz not as real  
I predict that I'ma die squeezin, thug it through the five  
seasons  
I place my trust in the heat, my higher bein  
You cannot kill me, or have me leanin slumped on a  
project gate  
with one in my stomach, barely breathin  
my moms grievin, my wife cryin, my kid's a bastard  
I bust iron, fuck livin or dyin  
Fools who work out get tight caskets  
Niggaz who merk out when I spray crash kid  
That's the way that I'm on it

[Chorus] - repeat to fade

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