

## Capone-N-Noreaga/Noreaga/N.O.R.E. "Iraq"

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[Noreaga]

Yo, word up, I'm bout to rep my motherfuckin hood  
This is my hood, nigga

[Chorus 2X]

It's laundry mat track, keep the loot in Iraq  
Iraq, see the wirly world, see Iraq  
Binoculars, eyes is out, sun they watchin us  
Jake hit the strip, now police try lockin us

[Castro]

It's cream on my land, original man  
My team break border and court order  
ESP network, TNT explosive expert  
Your head jerk  
Backflip, illegal life shit  
Bad guys and black whips left the scene rowdy  
Air cloudy, a bunch of smoke flow astoundly  
New assembly, new identity, remember me  
Keep remedy for the poison of my enemy  
Martin Remy, Jack D to to allizy  
Yo, to Motif, Dom P, personal henny  
Have me hurt many  
Actions, coke infractions  
Immanuel and Fidel, our money well  
Help the crack sell, stack bail, then we map trail  
Get it all back  
Smoke the black, hold the gat

[Musolini]

The streets got me thinkin bout my man's passin  
Stashin, the lex with a passion, gotta make it happen  
The block steamin' and 12 K the cops schemin  
Security be on my back for wrong reason  
I'm livin what I'm sayin on the block all day  
Before I wasn't sure, but now i know it's the way  
Like, if i get caught i'ma pay  
Illegal life, livin trife, what can I say  
Gettin bent, million dollar dream, hennessee and moet  
While I'm chillin' with my man on the wooden set, Front  
I strike accurate you get wet

Whatever choice you select handle appropriately  
Baby 9, murder my crime, you a fake  
Lefrak shine, just wait  
I need half outta that cake of regulate  
Taken while you scheme and contemplate  
Only results in the 360 action  
But if it come back, then I'm pumpin double action  
Blastin, tearin' niggaz physicals in  
Try and contend, you gets no days with no wins  
My clientele excel is like the devil's spell  
Drove me to the streets young  
So now I know it well

[Chorus]

[Mendoza]

Yo, son, I'm packin steel, where ya hard hat  
You pull out you bust that  
Your gat useless, where ya heart at  
It fingers the trigger, change ya name to fake nigga  
Beef with every nigga, watch ya back  
Of course you get clapped, you didn't bust gat  
Splendid nigga, dirty rat  
For my Iraq attack, Bust you with mega gat  
Once a cool cat, smokin dagger, put it in my back  
Why you did it like that, now my skin bubble fat  
Go to sleep, I wake you up  
Noreaga: What, What What, What  
Mendoza: In Ya crib, tie you up  
Noreaga: What, What What, What  
Mendoza: Hot oil on ya gut  
Noreaga: Get bucked, Get bucked  
Medosa: Iraq element don't give a fuck

[Chorus]

[Troy Outlaw]

We on a mission, not a small time thing  
I'm addicted to the cash like the crack head is a fiend  
to the crack  
But I ain't into doin no drugs, I'm just pushin hits  
And stackin' chips like I'm stackin' bricks For a buildin'  
Cause we be buildin' this empire fortress  
Secured tight like barbed wire for infiltrators  
Regulators, manipulate  
Booby traps got you hooked like fish to bait  
Watch you deflate like air baloon  
Tryin' to ambush this platoon you run into a monsoon  
Like stormy weather, your fatigue ???  
Cause we bust bullets, Thinkin' much more clever  
Eatin' through your gear like acid rain, feeling pain

Livin' like a snake in the grass, you won't gain  
Simple and plain, my team play the game so we can  
win  
We want it all so we can breathe like the wind

[Noreaga]

Bustin 360, cherry red 850  
He blitz devilish, get cursed for fuckin' with me  
Eyebrows thick, resemble (some arabian guy)  
Arabian mind with source to fire arm  
Caesar, waves bangin, brown wallibies  
Empty cigars stay smoked in cool cars  
Queens escobars wear jewels like scars  
You heavy gold, Slick Rick, changed it  
Yo, the main vic, plottin on you since 86  
Now its 96, you lay low, you mad rich  
Strictly big shit, big play heavy wait  
While in car, hear a verse, put it in park  
Let the dutch spark, now we ride my weed dark  
Dig deeper, black guns and black reefer  
My brother's keeper, Throwin the world in a sleeper  
The grim reeper, so much work he got a beeper  
The word death, stamped that, it's on your chest  
Yo, you bullshit, my click thick, kid, we pull shit  
Grip tight, illegal life, aerolight  
Thug blood, the same blood, thicker than water  
Slaughter, play this shit in tape recorder  
From Iraq to Yugoslavia, Samalia  
Compadre, diamante, papi  
World World 3, CNN history  
By the powers of God that's invested in me  
Since 93, locked up, I did three  
Got 85 percent of y'all worshipin me  
Back in L.C., hop in cap 33

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