

Capone-N-Norega**"Our way"**

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[Capone Talking] [Noreaga talking in background]

I want niggas to bang out to this shit

Niggas drive drunk to this shit

Drive drunk to this (14x)

Drive drunk drive drunk (1x)

[Chorus: Capone-N-Noreaga]

We doing this our way (yeah motherfucker we doing it
our way now)

I think its our way, I think its our way

If you don't like it hit the highway

(hit the highway nigga get the fuck up outta here)

I think its our way, I think its our way

We doing this our way

(yeah yeah we doing it our way like its fucking pose to
be)

I think its our way, I think its our way

Til we hit hundred on the highway (five the six)

[Iman Thug]

Call me the black machine gun jack megern

Touching my good making sure the bastards learn

Smash the burn

No time for fronting its nothing

Gets yours while I get mine not nothing

We flows with the ratical

Tongue mathematical

Cut niggas bent up shit with dirty attitudes

That's the way the world go round and round

Henny, bud on our dome like pound for pound

Peep the grimist

We high profile locist

Thugged out 41st side smokers

Now who you know

Get down like us

Gats bust empty out rounds that gust

Can't stand overpaid ass

Fronting ass bitch

Kicking to my niggas like they don't want dick

Dirting in the club

While her man couple of a drinks

All my niggas in the V.I.P. doing our thing

Chorus (1x)

[Noreaga]

Yo money bust snaps for pocket
And I don't dance
I get head
And I don't even iron my pants
I got a dead steel
Yall niggas ran with your legs still
I'll make you lose calories without the treadmill
From New York but still I been hating the knicks
And fuck Jordan but still I be rocking his kicks
My nigga Nas told me
Take your hoe to the flicks
And if she don't give you brain then you dodge the
bitch
We from Queens
The dro is like hard to get
We got to travel up to Harlem where its hot as shit
Yo its Melvin the african godfather
So yo god bother
You wanna taste the revolver
I dead dun
I shot toe then run
Now stay motherfucker give head to the gun
Stay on son
Itchy bon like number one
It's the QB album that us bless this dun

Chorus (1x)

[Capone]

I stand on the block
Fully baked hand on my cock
Old heads flirting saying I resemble my pops
I put work in
I'm the street in the sickest version
No crowd niggas collect my person to person
I buck right if my left hurting
I'm double jointed
Ducking the cops they stay searching
The elevators ain't working the steps too pissy
Thoro bread god son rep the bridge with me
I pull up in the S50 plus five
Let the thugs fly
Now everybody tough guys
Its murder in these blood eyes
Like I ain't got shit to live for
Fuck a thugs cry nigga shoot that's why god put em

here for
I been on the booze hit a buck on the highway
Been in my shoes
I'm thuggin rich make my own rules
Its time glory and pain I'm still with kane
I got O's dog for six fifties remember the name
Capone nigga

Chorus (1x)

[All]
Ain't nothing but a Queens thing baby
Three bent niggas straight going crazy
Hennessy is the drink that fades me
Bang out to this shit baby (2x)

[All talking]

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