

Cappadonna f/ 3rd Diglah, JoJo Pellegrino "Stories"

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[Cappadonna] Little Mike with the big head, He used to come around Rob niggas on the block like he wasn't getting feed He wore them all red outfits, His color was red Tear drop in the corner of his eye like Lil' Wayne Nose always running cause he sniffed cocaine He used to come around with JoJo in this little white truck On some South Shore shit, Like they aint give a fuck Now I aint supposed to tell yall they sell guns round here That cripple made dudes, And some got diarrhea Jugs on every block but we live out here And Staten Island be my nigga, Ben, Lilz, And Pop Beating niggas up on the ave and take they rocks Slim kid with the glass eye that know how to box Staten Island's popular son got cut with the ox See us racing down the terrace avoiding the cops Cracks be in they asshole make they asshole hot Run, If you ever pack a nice size gun Or get caught with that shit then you fucked up son [JoJo Pellegrino] Ayo, This one right here goes out for my Gee Street clique My G's from Gee Street, Stack G's on some G shit Narcs are circling sharks, Them Gee Street dicks Five bucks fills the Dutch, Them Gee Street Knicks Why my peoples had to go down for them Gee Street hits Yo, I smells a, Someone a Gee Street snitch Son slandered my name on that Gee Street strip Yo, Heard that Dread ran him off the Gee Street clique Picture hard to scale, It's heavy white, It's very hype But every night the block smell like chicken on the grill You aint chef'n hard for real, You had ten grams B.C. Before cooked, You wound up getting seven on your scale You shook, Stuck like the elevator doors Stoned like Scram, Leathafase and Kawz, What [3rd Diglah] Yeah, Yo you's a lame bitch Claiming you thing, You sang snitch Meanwhile meet with the Marshall pointing at named pics Your street credibility's shaky now You better relocate before them hood dudes eat your face But it seems you ready to meet your fate So I'ma guess that you ready to die, On some Carlito's Way So now you back on the ave, Two-five in the stash Looking for someone to blast, So you can see your grave Can't make no money now, Everybody's acting foul It's all cause you didn't have no money for trial We're not done yet, You

see your way And yet you got gagged and hog tied,
Corn chip You a Frito Lay, You better move out quick yo
Leave those trays, And get snitching out your life son
True G's don't stray

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