

Tragedy Khadafi

"Calm Down"

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f/ Nas, Noreaga

[Tragedy Khadafi]

Yo Yo Peep the black Moses

Literature in pure dosage

From the landscape of Kuwait jakes and vultures

Too many of us lose focus

Due to the fact that we all just a bunch of soldiers

foul cultures

Funny how the streets mold us

Allah told us in the cages where they hold us

Its much colder

Then babies follow our footsteps the way we rep

They model us leave a richer nigga dead and wet
though

We learn the same jewels but it seems we forget
though

Yeah

Shoulda knew what love is before we learn what a thug
is

Know we left our seeds to be raised by they mothers

I seen the hood raise brothers

Kill too many of us

A thin line between the haters and the ones who love us

A thinner line from the freedom and the foul judges

In the streets where the snake niggas hold grudges

Chorus #1

(Nas)

Music make this thug calm down

Music make this thug.....calm down

Music make this thug calm down

Music make this thuuuug.....calm down

Yeah

[Nas]

Yo Yo

I know you hate to hear the drama but drama's all we know

We laugh with the rich cats when they leave we switch back

Somebody asked yo how he get that with his bitch ass

Comin' through on the humble just to chit chat

He used to be down on the corner with us

He was born with niggas but know he's on to mad figgas

With mad bitches a sharp dresser

Cool nigga but about to be called out

By the heart testers never known for bustin his chrome

Wasn't soft but wasn't respected till he was grown

School he graduated somebody you could say had made it

While we stayed in the projects walking the pavement

Everybody has their ups and downs

But this one kid had stayed rich while we slang the
grave shifts

I'm tired of it said a cat whose name I'mma leave
anonymous

Cuz he might take it as some kind of dis

Anyway he saw him driving up inside the projects

Tried to stick him but he got bodied in the process

The victor had become the victim

Thought he had a smooth nigga caught but a smooth
nigga licked him

Chorus #2

(Nas)

All the way doooooown

Music make these thuuuugs...calm down

Music make these thugs calm down

Music make these thuuuugs...calm down

[Noreaga]

Yo Jose Luis gotcha golden guns Frank Sinatra

Amigo sancha all on the scene with menacla

Fajardo Bayamon me and Ramon

Chrome K-Tone back to San Juan my pops home

Sit on the throne like a king of my kind

Take mine genuine laced up laid up

Yo ?Que Pasa? ven aqui yo you and your hijo

Perico Puerto Rico Manny's hijo Chico

He kept his heat low by his feet though

Came with mami chula grande cula

Little menuda smoke buddah fatty bangin' plus the
bitch cuta

Que linda you should seened her

Iraq rush ya premises the nemesis

Drinkin Guinesses What! for Revelation on the Genesis

The Nazis and worn papi call up Khadafi

I'm on today we stayin' bent all day

And put the lye out in your mug like ashtray

Cabron! Castellano too many people in my cypher
bloody up my visiano

Too much weakness the German secret laid my
pregame down

You just a hijo slap you with the black heat though

I'm all about my clique blowin' up people showin' up

CNN What! we want the gold nothin less

Buddah bless me caress me bitches here too sex me

Undress me suck me off Crunch much like a Nestle

Suck it off suck it off suck it off suck me off

Chorus #1 and #2

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