

Tragedy Khadafi

"Nore-faker"

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[Incoming ladies voice singing]
You don't want it, you don't want it
Standing all types of heat
You don't need it, you don't need it
No longer will you eat
You live for the street, this boy fights for life
And we gonna show you tonight

[Tragedy]
Yo Mahdi, M-A-H-D-I
Live and Let die whether you Blood or Nieta
Arab Necha
Two hits in dashiki
Camel Clutch like Goldberg move deeply
You heard of me foul Mahdi get left leaky
Prophecy El Khadafi like Salaci
Black gangster, 2-5 rhymes'll fall
Bounce back like MJ, off the wall
Yo ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Triple-O, when you see him in the streets, blood rush
Yo platinum gats, scratched of serial numbers

Yo we gun runners, playing your hood with green
Hummers
Shoot-out for two summers, Yo in the winter we lay up
Hennessy straight with no chaser
Trial with the suede blazer
After the first hearing
Murder the witness like you blaze her
Nectel with the Sprint pager
Yo, yo
You minor league playing the bench, we all major
Yo, Noreaga a.k.a. Nore-faker
Beat biter, rhyme style taker
Animaniac get clapped with foul gat
Send you whole skeleton back to Iraq

[Background voice]
Hahaha, send em back son
Send em back son
Lebanon, Bosnia

All that, y'all remember it
[Voice fades out]

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