

Juvenile F/ Big Tymers

"Thunn"

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Aight you know how we do we come to the club
Naw mean?
Straight to the door , no linie , straight to the dinoor
Naw mean not payin for ninothing naw mean?
Y'know how we do my man put it on every tininime
Naw mean?
Funk Flex , Big Kap , N.O.R.E. naw mean?
My nigga putititon naw mean?
..... you know how we do
This one's for the clitiitub y'naw mean
Tearin it itiitout
Every time straight to the dinoor , straight to the dinoor

Big motherfuckin Kap
Funkmaster Flex
Def Jam
C -N- N
Yo , yo , yo

[Noreaga]
Yo bootleg has got me , and they had my shit
Two months before the album , I'm mad as shit
I told my label suck my dick , and fuck a flick
And Mr. Childs eatin and drinkin until I shit
I smoke cigarettes , and my breath smell like weed
I got my little brother head ? and party is speed ?
Drink my biz , have my niggas clip your ears
C -N- N We'll probably sell like , Britney Spears
Yo courageous , none of this's can take this
N.O.R. I'm like the rap married Davis
If you like me , dude yo you dig my shit
You don't like me? fuck you and suck my dick
I like my hoes just like summer , no class
And niggas workin so hard and gettin no ass
And C -N- N we stand for niggas that stand the war
Like Luce and Maze they keep the glock on stage
See us rollin and a hoop in the range
Yo the hoop's got mad guns , and the range got
cocaine
Damn right bury every nigga that write
That I can get wit all up and sell no more white

Yo let me stop frontin I bought a crib and two whips
Layin on the beach with some bitches and chewsticks
Top videos for more than a mil
I probably shot a video that cost more than your deal

CHORUS 4X: Capone and Noreaga
Them niggas they wanna pop , them bitches they
wanna pop
Them niggas who got the glock (who got the drop) ,
(we wanna rot)
Thunn

[Capone]
Yo
Yo now on top , I walk with a bop , came home inherit
the block
Same dude who bumped Paniro the cop
I'm livin life like a dealer
Fuck it , cop the bucket ten and out
Clips sprayin when we spinnin out
Street clap you , my records speak for my livin
Deeper than guns , iller than prison , time to pain givin
So I earnt mine and spit for Flex
Call a pitbull its clip to tech
Disrespect? My niggas come M-U style
I been thuggin since a child with a cap gun blowin the
trial
For possession this shit y'all compressed in a vial
Shuttin clubs down for the cake and wild
80 percent thugs 20 bitches make my crowd
Real from far like Picasso , check my features
Always a thug , fly nigga , check my sneakers
Me and thunn tight Butthead and Beavis
Nothin come between us
Burst your penis , I squeeze firm , how on earth?
Niggas boogie when the d's turn , throwin they work
In the bushes , everyday in the hood
I'm air like , naw nigga he's in the wood
Franchise what! Thugged out shit

CHORUS

conversation with Big Kap and others / Kap checking
messages

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