

Capone-N-Noreaga, Bang Bang

(Noreaga)

We gon thug this shit out

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And say bang bang, bang bang, bang bang, bang bang

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Bang bang, bang bang, bang bang, bang bang

And throw your sets up nigga

Gang bang, bang bang

We keep long gats and big chains

I don't like havin sex, I like brains

And smoke some spliff, fans wit five in the range

And it's, nuthin for me, and shit on your three

I'm from Iraq, twenty minutes from Q.B.

I aim you, so you should just let us be

Or find yourself shot up, in the hospati

You be leakin, and Dole in ya face, some hot teeth

Yo it's Nore, but you can call me P.O.P.

And getta dose of the dope, but dope is so deep

Only white girl I'll fuck, is Pamela Lee

And I'm gangsta, so some niggas call me G

Melvin Flynt, hustlin was born in me

So yo bitch, come and do a poor(?) wit me

Or come to North Carolina and perform wit me

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(Capone)

Yo, yo, yo

I'ma take it back to when I used to pop pistols

Sling crystal, gamble on the block with pits out

Kept my work in bitch house, right in the closet

I won't front I'll bring the drama nigga, right to the projects

When it's cold, I remain the hottest

I bring the thug niggas, is you booshi?

I leave blood, all in your protis

Niggas life styles deserve Oscars, you so funny

Claim you kingpin - and ain't even fuckin wit hoe money

I'm gangsta, been in jail once, check my records

I keep the stash grip wit arma, before I select my weapons

This young mind state, crime infested, I'ma get straight to the message

I spit records, and rep my necklace

Do the dog want beef? Right where the steps is

I walk the hood, niggas pay homage cause of my essence

It ain't nuthin, I catch any charge, get out on bail

Fuck record, this shit was platinum when it touched the reel

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(Foxy Brown)

Hot damn hoe, here we go again
Pop shit like a cock, +Lyte+ weight as your +Rocks+, bitch
You talk slick, fuck is all that sneak shit?
You and Diddy y'all kill me with that subliminal shit, bitch
Why is you frontin and kickin that street shit?
Please, impress me, go back to that freak shit
While your broke-ass was guzzlin nuts and shit
I was choppin the weights, Linc and Oldz's and shit
A decoy bitch, like the Feds lyin
Is you supposed to have a little bitta Bed-Stuy in ya?
Brooklyn don't raise hoes, just slip, and greys hoes
What bitch? You're soft and your pussy name hoes
So fuck ya niggas too, them niggas can get it too
Them faggots act more bitch then you
Let the nigga rest in peace, and hop off his dick, bitch do you
And ya'll hoes is like "Fuck Fox," well screw ya'll too
Let's be truthful, give a fuck if your album push back
Or when it hit the streets, bitch, it's still weak
It still sound lame, my name still reign
I still pop them thing things, and bang bang, bitch, rep for ya hood

(Noreaga)

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