

# Capone-N-Noreaga, T.O.N.Y. (Top Of New York)

(feat. Tragedy Khadafi)

Intro:

From Iraq to Kuwait word up, Desert Station, regulation  
CNN, channel 10 once again...wha-wha!

Chorus: 2x

T-O-N-Y invade N.Y.  
multiply, kill a cop,  
me and you,  
you got beef, I got beef

Noriega:

Yo niggas tried to shit on me and make history, supposedly  
I was the man who was supposed to be  
the head of the click  
lip sealed, no nigga snitch  
do or die, I smoke bogey, sword like shinobi  
shoot up your block and make you know me  
you aint ready yet, slow down and recollect  
stay in the car, I stuff Allah bodyset  
ay yo Allah-u-Akbar, look paw, now I'm set  
air conditioned cooler system, yo, the tec glisten  
on a mission, shoot your back out position  
found missing, 2-5 deep in prison  
kid listen, die on the cross like a Christian  
so fuck you, plus your weak religion  
in disguise, nowadays I cut prize  
the invincible, untouchable CNN  
is boldfaced, written in gold with ink pen  
channel 10, we break ten, win again  
kid you on pluto, homo'd out just like menudo  
far from the sun, cant feel the shit that I do  
I stand in front the Judge about to lie, plus I'm high too

Chorus 2x

Capone:

I did it for the love of cash your honor  
traffickin' across the Verrazano, coke dealin', marijuana  
and my persona, glitters in gold  
unlike them other money getters who stack, turn quitters and fold  
cash and hydro, eyes low  
looking Phillipine, divide dough  
and regulate, empire stare caked up  
raked up a hundred thou, now we all laced up  
what., shining, designer lex pearl lining  
the finer wine and, cuisine sitting mastermindin'  
roundtable climbin to the Top Of New York  
won't stop, until we get dropped from New York  
price of coke rise  
j snatch my enterprise  
a million more, rookie cops thinking they live  
we survive, game tight like virgin nappy  
feds on our back, tracin tracks to murder pappy

Tragedy:

2-5 we on a deadline, read the headline  
Noriega blast with nines  
move fakers, get ya back blown in Jamaica  
lay you in the earth and curse you and your maker

I told you fools to stop fuckin with the Maqi  
arab nazi, blow holes in your Versace  
this war's mega, with the arm legga legga  
been doin this, since Mobb Six with Cormega  
gorilla, animal thugs be trife looking, your hearts tookin'  
and got blown in Central Booking  
I'm mad iller, organized thug killer  
now you little monkey niggas wanna play gorilla  
officially, Mousallini, punk he me  
insanity, temporarily my plea  
and the jakes never worry me as long as I'm free  
to my people holdin packs, nuthin less than a G  
crime side of life, foul price to pay  
illegal life, trigger trife till we old and gray  
when the flesh dry up and the world decay  
reach heaven in a pearly white ACURAY  
but until then, I'ma shine to the last sin  
resurrect through the birth of my son, and live again

chorus 2x