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, nowdays 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