

# Kid Capri, My Niggas

Yeah  
Uhhh

(foxy)  
It's time for everybody  
To get they muthaf\*\*kin' minds right  
Cause it's about to go down  
Straight like that  
Oooh  
Uhhh  
Kid capri  
Ill na na  
And the muthaf\*\*kin' l-o-x  
That's right

Chorus (styles)

&gt;from the top of new york, where they be poppin' they corks  
&gt;from the bottom of the slums, where they be poppin' they guns  
Niggas that rock whips and get plenty of one's  
But niggas goin' hand and hand, are havin' to run  
The niggas that had cake and got sent up state  
For the mother who lost the child and had to settle for weight  
For those who up out the ghetto, but don't know how to skate  
Guess you gotta live the life that has fallen to fate

(sheek)  
Aye yo, aye yo  
Our shit contagious, so y'all niggas try to quaratine us  
Ya'll niggas shook up, and all that like orange juice is  
My gun american, but my niggas got foreign enemies  
Six cars between us, laced out  
Half my money from the drug route, ya know how that goes  
We into heavy metal plugs, and slum shit for the nose  
Is sheek lucion, he better ball with a groupie on  
My python, gettin' sex  
In hotels with connect the rooms  
Fill letter walk through on his ex  
Jadakiss and styles walk a pound up through a storm  
Room service, bring 'em champagne with five matts on  
&gt;from most hated, to heavy rotated, forget it  
Next stop is movies, y'all check it when blockbuster get it  
Cheap-skates, sweatin' off pre-release dates  
For money, power & respect, on platnuim out the gates  
&gt;from rusell simmons to puff, lox and dmx copped it  
Big time, we probably shoot this joint up on tropics  
When we eat fish like whiteies  
And bitches have all nighties  
Suckin' dick, me I'm on some jail shit  
Standing up, jerkin' off, while these hoes see these doubles click

Chorus (styles)

&gt;from the top of new york, where they be poppin' they corks  
&gt;from the bottom of the slums, where they be poppin' they guns  
Niggas that rock whips and get plenty of one's  
But niggas goin' hand and hand, are havin' to run  
The niggas that had cake and got sent up state  
For the mother who lost the child and had to settle for weight  
For those who up out the ghetto, but don't know how to skate  
Guess you gotta live the life that has fallen to fate

(foxy brown)  
Uhh, uhh

Bet I salute all chicks that be gettin' them chips  
Throw it up, for my bitches, that be poppin' that crist'  
Specially to the one's, who be ridin' that dick  
And if the pussy bangin', hope it cop to a stick  
And all my thorough chicks, who cried and lied for these cats  
Out of twon, on a hound for these cats, eh  
Shit got dick, let 'em ground for these cats

And the crocodile prada, satsh the pund for these cats  
Me and my bitches got down for these cats  
Paid our dues, for 62's, taped to the top  
Seen the truth through the lie, but the bullshit is fine  
Like a trooper, I put that one the life that I ride  
Guilty charges, straight copped out the 3-5  
Now f\*\*king my crew, suffer and die  
Maximum 25, baby f\*\*k if I fry  
It's a ditry game, when it come to slingin' them thangs  
Bail like a hundered-thou, but the us is more change  
Shit, I used to trick that from jewels and the rings, huh

Chorus (styles)

&gt;from the top of new york, where they be poppin' they corks  
&gt;from the bottom of the slums, where they be poppin' they guns  
Niggas that rock whips and get plenty of one's  
But niggas goin' hand and hand, are havin' to run  
The niggas that had cake and got sent up state  
For the mother who lost the child and had to settle for weight  
For those who up out the ghetto, but don't know how to skate  
Guess you gotta live the life that has fallen to fate

(styles)

Fred one, for niggas that be bustin' they gun  
Till the death, what'd you expect for a couple of one's  
Fred two, for niggas that ain't ever had shit  
Messed up, locked down, go on and grab shit  
Fred three, for niggas on lock without a key  
That ain't never comin' home, but you know how it be  
Livin' to die, but niggas ain't willin' to die  
If you bust up in the air, you ain't killin' the sky  
Feelin' the high, nigga is you willin' to lie  
You a crumb and you dumb, you ain't stealin' the pie  
I leave a bloody mess, nigga bigger then me, cut his neck  
Lox brothers, y'all niggas is cock-suckers  
Yellow belly cowards, I want money and the power  
Assassin, you think it's a joke, you'll die laughing  
Hoppin' out the plane, and only bring the captain  
Start of a legacy, a hard broke down and start beggin' me  
Dog I'm a whole different pedigree  
Take me to the limit, I'm layin' in the cut  
While you playin' in the scrimmage  
Meet you at the final  
Lyrically, I'm spiritually, drunkier then a winow  
Posion, house full of rhyme  
Bring your boys in  
Tell 'em take it easy, have a seat on the couch  
I'm the govenor, y'all bitch niggas is crowds  
Take orders, we need passports at the border  
Transport the water, sheerest corner  
Fell sick to be hit, but we wasn't the cure  
Make your ear-drums pop, probably lick drop  
Eyes slinch up, leaves hit the foor by the time he spits up  
Nobody gets up

Muthaf\*\*kas  
L-o-x muthaf\*\*ka  
L-o-x, try this shit

Chorus (with ad-libs)

>from the top of new york, where they be poppin' they corks  
>from the bottom of the slums, where they be poppin' they guns  
Niggas that rock whips and get plenty of one's  
But niggas goin' hand and hand, are havin' to run  
The niggas that had cake and got sent up state  
For the mother who lost the child and had to settle for weight  
For those who up out the ghetto, but don't know how to skate  
Guess you gotta live the life that has fallen to fate