

# Capone-N-Noreaga, Driver's Seat

(feat. Iman T.H.U.G.)

(Killer B, yeah, rest in peace, I'm sayin son  
Ain't no room in this game for everybody, you know?  
But uh, we gon' do our thing baby, we gon' do our thing)

(Iman T.H.U.G.)

Yo, Iman T.H.U.G. something stunnin, rappers get done in  
I migrate, Queens Jamaica, Brooklyn gets sunning  
All feelings though, we all grow wit this ?buckle?  
I recognized life is a deal, cards and a shuffle  
Everything revolves around me, I couldn't see that  
25 to Life and hip-hop, you got the feedback  
Who need that, hundred gram stashed up in the cheese stack  
We fo' black, want more trip, we get that old back  
And keep this world high, yearly raw supply  
These fuckin tracks have a nigga feelin wide inside  
Any bottle-tip high smokin lah in the rye  
It's on you, if you wanna take heed the hidden treasure  
Recognize it's Iman T.H.U.G. wit Noreaga  
Recognize that 2-5 shine'll last forever  
Embedded in your mind like the seams in butter leathers  
Butter leathers, check it yo yo yo

Chorus 2x

I keep it real wit a nigga keep it real wit me  
I cut the hand off a nigga tryin steal from me  
2-5 be that bomb-diggy bomb you see  
Black juice in the Yukon driver's seat

(Noreaga)

I keep it real wit a bitch that keep it real wit me  
Cut the hand off a chicken tryin steal from me  
CNN be that bomb-diggy bomb you see  
Now it's Nore now in the fuckin driver's seat  
Yo I shot rapid, burn weed inside a back quick  
Iraq embassy need a straitjacket  
Yo let's rachateer this, while most niggas'll fear this  
Turn my shit down everytime they hear it  
P-H-D me, rapidly right in back of me  
Tackle me, them niggas make loot but only half of me  
My faculty, blow holes in your Moschinos and tuxedos  
While all y'all niggas free-load, reload  
Explode on, roll on, fold on, Ghengis Khan  
Dusk till dawn Art of War  
Still time to score, yo we kid we poly for  
Yo Victoria's Secret bitches that suck dick raw  
The freak, Rick James type, I got the long pipe  
Kick doors in, snake four-fours in  
Yo escape the Nor-van, swervin, TV's inside Suburban  
Iraq dishieke, diamond cut pinky  
Listen to Trag shit wit Noyd and Chinky  
Network like the internet, wit Henny wet  
Nine-oh be my set, so whatever be next  
Nashiem, he laced this beat on some east coast shit

I keep it real wit a bitch that keep it real wit me  
Cut the hand off a chicken tryin steal from me  
CNN be that bomb-diggy bomb you see  
Now it's Nore now in the fuckin driver's seat

We overdose this, high class wit one E-Class  
Shorty came through, she iced out and dressed in blue  
Said she move from Brooklyn, reside in section two

Know how we do out here hoe, a two for square  
Get high, and disappear play the projects on super-low  
Plus she feelin my style, Too Hot like Coolio  
Plus her cooty though, bangin just like the studio  
>From Iraq to Inglewood, it all good  
>From hood to hood, regulate like a thug should  
Yo we in too deep, losin sleep and can't call it  
The game is still fresh until the jake try to spoil it  
Even people I was loyal wit, give my life to  
Be the first who turn around and try to spike  
Now they don't like you, sendin ten dogs to bite you

(Iman T.H.U.G.) (Busta Rhymes)

I keep it real wit a nigga (yo yo) keep it real wit me  
(We keep it real nigga) I cut the hand off a nigga tryin steal from me  
(CUT YA HAND OFF!! Fuck) 2-5 be that bomb-diggy bomb you see  
(WHAT!) Black juice in the Yukon driver's seat (WHAT)  
(We keeps it real wit niggas who keep it real wit us)  
I keep it real wit a nigga keep it real wit me  
(Fuck, CUT YA HAND OFF) I cut the hand off a nigga tryin steal from me  
2-5 be that bomb-diggy bomb you see (WHAT!)  
Black juice in the Yukon driver's seat (WHAT!)