

# Capone-N-Noreaga, You Can't Kill Me

[Capone]

We put too much work in  
Seen too many cold days, too many nights servin  
It's been tried, we will survive  
CNN rise, keep street ties  
We got a hundred niggaz strong  
A hundred niggaz armed to kill you right or wrong  
You can't murder what's dead  
We walk the pavement with, one in the head

[Capone]

Now what I stands for I rise for, my man's who I die for  
Blows frontline in the war, despise law  
I'm built to be guilty, filthy, dirty, rich  
Niggaz wanna kill me 'fore I'm thirty-six  
Stop my lifeline, I'm tryin to hundred thousand dollar car and ice mine  
Predicate felon, lifetime  
Consecutive cases, no respect for racists, haters hate this  
Hope to trade places, and piss where my grave is  
I lay this down, I blaze this pound I'ma say this now  
Fuck around and I'ma chastise  
You ain't that wise, I'm out to capitalize  
My cap size is nine milli, leave you slumpin back in your ride  
My hood sit on bloody acres, parallel to my maker  
I squeeze vertical a fiend I'm servin you  
What dirt'll do to virginal niggaz, is get 'em kilt  
Filled with hot lead, but not by the feds, who wanna see me dead?

[Chorus: Capone]