

Noreaga, Banned From Another Club

(Sho of Final Chapter)
Thugged Out Militia- 2001

(Sho)

Now put your cards on the motherf**king table and see whats, what
Give life the dick hard she a slut
That will make her feel it in her gut
Then I move to my career
So f**k your perspective, your thoughts get neglected
Like Muggsy's shot and Marcus Camby rejection
Hit the sixth row, pass the courtside section
I know you clown niggaz must be kidding
This lefrak commission, put a ending to your vision
This rap shit turn five to sixth sense's
I know your profile, I'm like a hood human census
Major factor, nigga not a major actor
Deal with major niggaz, f**k major bitches
Who else but the sho god
Open up the book, shit will never be closed
Like a spell on the industry, and no one got the code
But Al G.A.D.O and S.H.O we the mainstream where
Ever we go y'all niggaz know

(Chorus 1: Final Chapter)

From the front to the back, stay packed, fall back
It's a wrap, thugged out rule that
I know you mad cause your girl on our back, she with us
It's a wrap, thugged out rule that
Don't want no problems, but if y'all want to clap, we got gats
It's a wrap, thugged out rule that
Everywhere we go we get tested at a show
We let everybody know
I'm let everyone know we shut it down (It's a wrap)

(Chorus 2: Final Chapter)

Banned from another club again... again
But we'll get it popping outside my friend (you ain't gotta let us in)
Banned from another club again... again
But we'll get it popping outside my friend (you ain't gotta let us in)

(Noreaga)

Yo, papi and I'm banned from the Roxy
Mad shootout's and more fights than Rocky

I hold records N.O most connected
My died arm strong, your pass intercepted
Hoes meet me in the motel, with just a thong
We goin' drink smirnoff, bitch, f**k the don
You see my lucky charm, my niggaz is on
and I'm a foul nigga bitch, I could f**k you moms
You see I'm banned from the Tunnel, my niggaz is foul
Body shit when I come through, like Martha wild
and I would hate to have to, break your face bone
For Greystones, have you looking like Grace Jones
Hit niggaz up, machete's will split niggaz up
Automatic's will blast, fifth niggaz up
Al Gado, and Sho and this N-O
and if them niggaz got beef, them niggaz will go

(Chorus 1)

(Al Gado)

I'm the wrong person to love, easy to judge

and I ain't perfect, I'll tell you now I hold a grudge
Because we in the club, rolling thicker than fuzz
The wee dark the same, play this rap like a match
Just spark the game, and tear apart your fame
Blow so much smoke clouds, shit it would start to rain
an still flow lovely
Get on stage and get gully
I'm never fall off I got A, B C scully huh..
(Hate me or love me) that's your altermatum
The devil price my soul, I still ain't pay him
But usually they love me, walk in the club
an make the crown look like they playing rugby
Ripe show's on a fradulent stage
No matter what y'all say, we living all of our days
spit fire, no matter what the margin pays
Y'all witnessing (Final Chapter) in their starving days
show us love

(Chorus 1)

(Chorus 2)