

# Noreaga, Bleeding From The Mouth

Intro:

Trackmasters nigga  
L.o.x, cnn

Verse 1:

(capone)  
I been through,  
Runnin' from cops,  
Eatin' beef on the corner  
Been through cold cells  
Thug in the bench,  
Till that was former  
I been put the mack upon ya  
Look faget  
Turn around to shshshsh, to shoot fagets  
I been a star  
Since pat benetar  
Cnn, lox the type of shit that have you fleein' a rock  
I been put the key in a lock  
Who got a song, hot a capone  
And nore got the benz, first day home  
I been beat niggas, piss spittin' on hoes  
Thinkin' they too good for hood niggas  
Been in my zone  
Been in chance since larry holmes (? )  
And in a forthbuilding,  
Been had 'em rappin' the street  
Caught 'em wide over y.o, first felony  
So I ain't bought a m ching ching  
What is you tellin' me

Verse 2:

(noreaga)  
Yo, yo  
I got guns, guns  
Mad f\*\*kin' guns, ha  
I had them hundreds when you had them little ones, ha  
But f\*\*k that, live niggas, iraq  
And you can catch me with a teletubbie  
Holdin' my gat  
Yo, I'm a soldier, what  
You a soldier, nigga infect  
A wow, niggas from suddenly just settin' a trap  
I murder you, the niggas fiend  
Just fiend to attack  
You shut the tunnel down twice like militant nice  
We at the club tonight, nore yo  
Please be nice  
I bought the bar out  
Crystal, no glass, no ice  
I drink it straight from the bottle,  
When I spit on a ho  
Ayyo, you punked that bitch  
Now I piss on a ho  
Melvin flynt, exclusive new shit  
You better tell you heard 'em on this trackmas-shit

Chorus:

(jadakiss)  
Yo, yo,  
Nore keep the gunners in crack  
To get you in style  
(noreaga)  
L.o.x, cnn, y.o. to iraq

(jadakiss)  
Luxury cars, twenty thous,  
Thugged out the bar  
(noreaga)  
House on the hill  
And my niggas flowin' for real  
(jadakiss)  
Star in the hood  
When niggas go to war we good

We just thugged out hustlers  
It's on the hood  
We the deepest niggas out  
(noreaga)  
The streetest niggas out  
(jadakiss)  
L.o.x and cnn  
And leave you bleedin' from your mouth

Verse 3:  
(jadakiss)  
I learned at a young age  
Not to ride with dummies  
I won't die for they man  
But I die for money  
(styles paniro)  
And if the lox get rich  
We gon devide the money  
Were we from we stay live  
And survivin' hungry  
(jadakiss)  
And don't pass me a blunt  
Cause you could pass me a gun  
(styles paniro)  
And you can have that pretty bitch,  
Right after I cum  
(jadakiss)  
And you can front and keep your watch  
We go punch your long  
(styles paniro)  
L.o.x style  
(jadakiss)  
Cocksucker  
(styles paniro)  
Dump and we run  
(jadakiss)  
All our dogs up in the slums  
(styles paniro)  
Pumpin' they jumps  
(jadakiss)  
Holdin' they pits  
(styles paniro)  
Lightin' blunts  
Loadin' they shit  
(jadakiss)  
And niggas can't understand,  
That we married the street  
And we felt like we were cheatin'  
We ain't carryin' our heat  
(styles paniro)  
And we don't like holdin' nothing  
But we carry a beat  
Hopin' them stay strong  
(jadakiss)

And they can carry the grieve  
You break bread with a thief  
(styles paniro)  
And then you scarry to sleep  
(jadakiss)  
And we don't try to bury you  
(styles paniro & jadakiss)  
We try to bury a jeep

Chorus:

Outro:  
(noreaga)  
What  
What  
What, what, what  
What  
What  
What, what, what