

Noreaga, Closer (Sam Sneed Version)

(Noreaga)

Word up dun

Aight one time... do it like that one time I'm sayin'

No executes... no executes

Yo I started out in Iraq the wrong route
More bitches to doubt more money to count
Yo my Swiss account, with more cheese amount
Keep piling and still gettin' calls from the island
Still do the things I do when I was wildin'
Tryin' to go from penny loafers, to mink sofas
Spend a week with dime bitches as freaks
Body so bangin' I call they're tits Sants
Ask chicks scream loud like Sam Bates
I wanna be under the seats in our streets
Last year around the time this year
If I would of got locked
Yo I wouldn't even get it but now I got this rap thing
No more hustlin' at age ten my team played to win
Reach under the car seat nobody understandin'
Yo the black struggle gotta hustle to hustle
And once you get muscle nobody trust you
Tryin' to be like Goldy in the Shaft days
These lasts days comin' up
Yo these little niggas comin' up
Hear the gun talk ready to buck
Not thinkin'
Black on black crime yo it's swine you're both stinkin'
Pretty Ake Emore to Mobb D yo it's poppie, offically
Arab nazi 2-5-2 we regluate this tune

(Smoke)

You say you never leave the thugs alone,
You wanna be wit Nore or Capone
You say you like the way he holds his crone,
But you wouldn't leave him lonely

You say you like the waited 2-5 side,
But you wanna be his wife and push his ride
Stand by his side and feed his time,
But shorty you should hold him closely boy

(Noreaga)

Yo I still remember when we first did it
Nobody with it
Label said 2-5 is to thugged out
So although we had to but God wasn't glad to
Wait our turn to boiler now we burn
On the daily done f**ked in every telly
We can fly just like R. Kelly
Them only secondary to the sun
I think I gotta son but I ain't sure
What's in store God there's more
Shortie says she came by knockin' at my door
Could it be tryin' to be what I can be
Islam me 2-5 my army
Said she about to have my seed
Soon to be, it shocked me
Thinkin' bout a little me
Eternally I bleed thinkin' of seed yo at high speed
I multiply with weed
Now I slow my life down I got time to breath

(Smoke)

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(Noreaga)
Hold us closely... hold us closely
Word up... yo... yo
A little bit of thugs is all it takes,
To make this industry just great
A little bit of thugs is all it takes,
To make this industry great
Black shine... black shine