

Noreaga, Oh No (Remix)

Mussolini:

My first name call me Queens nigga remember the lies
I keep the game sown, hit criminal ties, generals die
Feel the takeover, seminole rise
Like Puffy in Harlem, I rose to stardom
I sat down, put my lifestyle between the margins
I like guns squeeze pardon, I keep the heat in the starter
Y'all wanna see, stash heat in the carpet
Muss is Thugged Out wit the gat sparkin (What what what what)

Big Pun:

I'm like science and math Flyin past you at light speed
My eyes on the glass, splittin that ass in to white meat
warp speed, niggas thinking im rhyming off beats
til i lay back on the track on all 4 feet
Think about it, yeah I smell ya gon think ya farted
Ya think ya f**king with the P, you must be retarded
Call ya boys, i leave em' toe tag ya cor-de-roys
tackling your moms at the funeral like the waterboy

Chorus:

Oh-No-Oh-Oh-No Uh-Oh (8x)

JadaKiss

Jada spit crazy new flows
Catch me Iceberged out with the baby blue royce
K-I-double S I, see me in the double S tight
rippin the west side
I got it if you want it, get sniffed and blunted
And if I get a chick pregnant, it's a brick in her stomach
Cause all my niggaz hold dough
Imagine me doin' a song with y'all cats oh no

Maze:

Ay yo the reason why niggaz say we floss to much
???????????? say it cost to much
In the scene wit me, bet y'all niggaz lost y'all touch
And so to get it back, guess what, y'all go against us
I'mma die for my team, drop shines for my team
Laid back, y'all know the beat my glock steam
Cats hatin', steady tryin to ruin my world
So Maze poppin' shells like I was abusin' my girl

Chorus:

Capone:

Niggaz wanna play tough, until them niggaz duct taped up
Y'all money is placed up, y'all niggaz is fake f**ks
Throwin dirt on my name, sayin' shit we took the change
And sold cane, wit f**ked up chains, and it's like
Oh No niggaz don't really want the shit to blow put six in slow
The same shit we do to you, do to ya hoe
Thugged out shit Y'all niggaz don't know

Noreaga:

Yo I got guns, and they don't walk
Put ya brains in ya lap, and a slug to ya heart
Every club, I'm in the crowd, it ain't nothin' to me
Chicks wanna touch my dick, and my jewelry
And I'mma gangsta, I don't wanna shoot no clown
I'm on some petty shit, I'll tear ya poster down
And when I shoot, ya niggaz know I shoot for dead
And I don't care about ya vest, 'cause I hit yo' head

Chorus:2x

Noreaga:

Throw em up yeah yeah Yall know what this is right
Yo yall know what this is man, Yo Yo yall know what this is man
JadaKiss, The Lox, Ruff Ryder, no doubt
Big Pun, Terror Squad, Angie Martinez, Mussilini and Maze
Capone Thugged Out