

**B EZ**

**Capone-N-Noreaga**

I heard that nigga Capone's home yo...word to Motha..that nigga Nore'  
doin' his mothafuckin' thing...thugged out  
entertainment...knowwhatI'msayin'?, niggas still in the streets...Ill  
Will, Braveheart nigga, there's a thin line between streets and  
business..so we gotta have balance and be easy...

I heard you fags wanna catch me off guard  
put Tecks to my heart, the death of Escobar  
under your breath, whispers in the dark  
I hear it 'cause the street ain't loyal to choose sides  
prepare for the beef, whoever lose dies  
rich and I'm thuggin'  
I can't trust nothin', this bitch that I'm fuckin'  
this clip that I'm bustin' could jam in my fist  
look at my hand, finger pussy with expensive rings  
cut coke cookies, wrote poetry  
and broke noses B.  
the voice from Heaven  
I'm God sent, of course a legend  
this is part 1, speak my sermon, the hood reverand  
blunted eyes red  
C-Class, a Hundred times Five Red  
CD's blast, speed fast, haters drop dead  
I'm gorgeous  
black Goddess flip the arm rest, flip the cordless  
her body stacks the best, ass is flawless  
finally the long awaited shit, ghetto people  
the sequel  
Nas, CNN, nobody's equal.

Yo, Be easy  
keep the club off the heezy  
straight thugs in the back, drink creezy  
be easy, but we still smoke treezy  
see us rippin' the shows with thugged eezy.

Niggas picked me the boss  
Ricky Ross  
Lex Two-Fifty Horse power, click and devour the source  
if it's flour then swallow your loss  
I cock Fours, kick in Poppi's doors  
all for the cash and the cause  
niggas break big fractions of laws  
so what, we got it sewn up, smack every cat on the board  
I speak the truth, guns spit at you, shakin' my palm  
it's pitiful, wavin' my wand  
The Don, a Hundred follow me like Farrakhan  
chasin' my Henny, embrace Benny's  
it's quite Frank, my niggas 'll kill, never waste a Penny  
money stay well invested  
feel the weight on my necklace  
when death is too close flip the next shit  
thug the game out  
bust biscuits, pull the Range out  
public enemy, QueensBridge where I hang out  
sweet scent of weed I wear like a fragrance  
my energy's kinetic, mind power type ancient.

I see death through the corner, die, kingdom come  
Six 500's, pull up right in front of the slum  
Sticky green fingers soldiers of the great God  
Clarence spoke to the poor but he lived in Oz  
An ill hook like Roy Jones, I'm a street corner bastard  
and crush weed with the hashish  
Bandana head dome wrapped  
Caddy trucks with the grills and the chrome snaps  
I'm on point like Al Sharpton, come peep the M.U. marksman  
The S-Class is shittin' on your weak Datsun  
Graffiti written on the Bible, my life is wicked  
I see dead corpses, and Rolls Royces  
Put your heart on your lap, listen you hear voices  
My whole persona is the drama and to smoke skama  
I can lift it up, Willy what in front of your slut  
Money bustin out my pocket, your bank is stopped