

Bleeding From The Mouth

Capone-N-Noreaga

Trackmasters Nigga
L.O.X, CNN

I been through, runnin' from cops, eatin' beef on the corner
Been through cold cells, thug in the bench, the rap performer
I been put the Mack upon ya, look faggot
Turn around to shshshsh, to shoot faggots
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 copped the Benz, first day home
I been beatin' niggaz up, been spittin' on hoes
Thinkin' they too good for hood niggaz
Been in my zone
Been the champ since Larry Holmes, Spinks had teeth
And in a forbuilding,
been had 'em reppin' the street
Caught 'em wide over Y.O, first felony
Solo Eightball and MJG
What is you tellin' me

Yo, yo
I got guns, guns
Mad fuckin' guns, ha
I had them hundreds when you had them little ones, ha
But fuck that, live niggaz, In rap
And you can catch me with a Teletubbie
Holdin' my gat
Yo, I'm a soldier, what
You a soldier, Nigga infact
A wow, niggaz from suddenly just settin' a trap
I murder you, the niggaz fiend
Just fiend to attack
You shut the tunnel down twice like militant night
We at the club tonight, Nore yo
Please be nice
I buy the bar out
Crystal, no glass, no ice
I drink it straight from the bottle,
And I spit on a ho
Ayyo, you boned that bitch
Naw I pissed on a ho
Melvin Flynt, exclusive new shit
Yo, you better tell 'em you heard 'it on this Track
Masterz

Yo, yo,
You only need a gun and some crack to get you a stack
(L.O.X., CNN, Y.O. to Iraq)
Luxury cars, twenty thous, thugged out the bar
(House on the hill, and my niggaz blowin' for real)
Store in the hood, my niggas go to war and we good
We just thugged out hustlers, tourin' the hood
We the deepest niggaz out (the streetest niggaz out)
L.O.X. and CNN will leave you bleedin' from the mouth

I learned at a young age
Not to ride with dummies
That won't die for they man
But 'ell die for money

And if the L.O.X. get rich
We goin' divide the money
Where we from we stay live
And survivin' hungry

Don't pass me a blunt
But you can pass me a gun

And you can have that pretty bitch,
Right after I cum

And you can front and keep your watch
We goin' puncture a lung

L.O.X. style

Cocksucker

Dump and we run

All our dogs up in the slums

Humpin' they chums

Holdin' they pits

Lightin' blunts
Loadin' they shit

And niggaz can't understand,
that we married the street
And when we felt like we were cheatin'
We ain't carryin' our heat

And we don't like holdin' nothing
But we carry a beef
Hopin' ya family stay strong

Then they can carry the grief
You break bread with a thief

And then you scarry to sleep

And we ain't tryin' to bury you

We tryin' to bury a jeep

What
What
What, what, what
What
What
What, what, wha