

Grand Royal

Capone-N-Noreaga

Primo! (Premier!)
CNN (CNN, Channel 10 hah)
You thought we wasn't gonna do it again nigga?
(We gotta do it again, y'heard?)
It's history in the making baby
(Once again, historia)
Back to the motherfucking game!

Aiyyo it started from "The War Report", talked about the war we fought
Slime got locked and came home to "The Reunion"
Eight years later, new religion of communion
Channel 10, and once again keep your TVs on
YouTube distributed, iPhone equipped with it
MySpace can get with it, beef gone, did your bid
I mean digital, lifetime criminal
I feel invincible, I feel invisible
Cause you niggas can't see where I come from
The diddy-dum, the gun where you run from
N.O.R. basically with 'Pone make greatfully
Music, I think you dudes should be thanking me
The hole in the gap man, we done filled
And it's only been a drought cause Primo chilled
But stick up kids still out to tax
And them damn gas prices need to fucking relax

"CNN", "CNN"
"CNN, we're like the Grand Royal"
"CNN", "CNN"
"The Reunion, a brand new cut"
"CNN", "CNN"
"We're like the Grand Royal"
"On the microphone, word up"

Yeah, yo, see money is power, power put the fear in a nigga heart
A high school dropout but I'm mainly trigger smart
Einstein of the corner, I learned to cold trade
Low fade, half-moon park to get mo' paid
Take a walk with me, all white Air One Nikes on
Through the land of gun slingers and pipe dons
I'm parallel to hell with ice on, stones is canary
A thousand pennyweights of the Virgin Mary
I draw that big burner, might cause a solar eclipse
A true thug's prophecy, money over a bitch
Get consignment on a ki', that's hitting that hood lotto
Do right by your niggas, bet nothing but good follow
Tip your glass up, salute and have a toast to your enemies
Every nigga locked in the pen is a kin to me
Crowding at 9-5, I don't need no problem with troopers
Cause they even do you dirty with money like Frank Lucas

The recession got niggas wilding out on the max
And the mediums in regular jails is cold facts
And niggas back home ain't doing good either
They foreclosed on homes, no home grown neither
Now everybody hurting, walk around with the zombie face
Hit the marines or hit the army place

Aiyyo I bang Rugers, used to have a fetish for revolvers
Till I squeezed off the MAC-10, it made me heartless
Gang bangers love me, throw it up like they nauseous
Bitches say I'm gorgeous, now they say I'm lawless
I'm a true heat holder, gun toter, keep coca
And turn them feet skinny like Al Roker, yeah