Invincible

Capone-N-Noreaga

(CNN, CNN, Capone and Noreaga, you know what I'm sayin) (The invincible, untouchable, CNN) For all the niggas who keep askin, when CNN gonna do a joint with Premier Ha, we did it, we here now, y'all niggas can stop askin Go cop the fuckin album, The Reunion (The invincible, untouchable, CNN) (The invincible, untouchable, CNN) But right now, CNN and Premier nigga, do it like this nigga Yo, yo Melvin Flynt drop, my whole collasso stop I can't believe I fucked up and made a half-ass album My excuse is, my pops just died, and I ain't wanna make music My pops just died My fans stuck with me, my shit still went gold I got a habit just to drive, gettin head and I roam CNN, we like the Grand Royal, I write rhymes with the Coke oil Yo, Apollo heat See me, sell ??? right with ??? creep Got out the club, seen the police, Diallo deep I'm like Frank Mathis, see me blow my dough And any bitch givin head, if she blow I know Oh no, we had to go see Premo Taped it up, The Reunion, a brand new cut Up in D&D, stayin with some rats and some sluts From the projects, she know we need our welfare cut CNN, Network Channel 10 Yo, it's all reality I'm in it to win it, sit back picture that Yo respect it, the legacy'll never end CNN, Network Channel 10 Yo, it's all reality I'm in it to win it, sit back picture that Yo respect it, the legacy'll never end Premo, what up man Yo, I'm not rowdy but I bang niggas and I pop collas I grind for the top dollars, fight rotweilers Put my hand on the Bible, tell it to the judge I'm a lie for my dunn, take it in blood I'm dot com, I drop bombs, kill ya squad Live like I'm still in the yard 'til I pop ya god For my niggas in the Bridge, with the 50 dollar Panasonics and the blank 8's Who rap chronic collab jake Whether we have not or have cake We got gas to get that straight, we movin at a fast rate My last case I got bail My first one, man did indicted, how I write it, sister can't stand it I smoke bud, get pissy, who could flow with me Staggerin, bang like the wild Aficans Spit gutter on a Premo beat, for the love of the street The only child, my little brother was he

Yo, yo, my thugs is bilingual You see my shit speak Spanish Disappearing acts make your whole team vanish From coast to coast I got them things Badda-boom-badda-bing, he the glorious king Another album, another plaque, another ounce and another mac Another chromed out gat Another place to face where I lace you at I put all type a wholes in ya face black

Yo, yo, who think I don't got it? I'm like workin with a bird, I got long product Give it to you raw, won't chop it New York niggas is foul, we body sling shit in the val' Them pregnant fiends, killin they child I'm the next best thing to "X", oral sex Brand new tecs, food stamps and welfare checks I'm the messiah, recognize it, political prisoner From the projects, I send shots where the cops is, nigga

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