

Straight Like That

Capone-N-Noreaga

I'll murder you...you...and you
Don't give a fuck about you..you...

It's Thugged Out Entertainment nigga

Straight like that
We cut, shoot, stab, sell crack
Straight like that
We eat, sleep, shit street life
Straight like that
We get knocked bail the same night
Straight like that

We gettin bitches, bitches, money, money, basically
There ain't no kissin, we just fuckin honeys, basically
You see y'all snitchin niggaz talkin funny, basically
Me and my niggaz is known to keep it ugly, basically

I'm off Beezlebub, I walk wit the mac in my sweats
Air forces, wife beater, fitted cap to the left
My chain hang 35 inches, my heat 7 and a quarter
Beard 8 and a third, and my piece be Orca
There's no need for peace offers, my niggas be shootin, we riot
We run the streets quiet, cuz the law's biased
Skip the battles back in 86, now niggaz tattle, chop crazy bricks
Cop new kicks, quick to say they rich
Fantasize and flatten the hills, for niggaz in ghettos
Its crack, bullets that kill, dreams are fulfilled
Murders, ink in cold blood, holdin grudges for years
I keep two bitches, two hot biscuits, four dot sixes
The sorrow to swallow, I follow my motto
Squeeze first, since the day I slung, ready rockin a bottle
I stand and deliver like Edward Olmos, wet whatever
Respect whatever, I talk with a tech forever

Our show's at your service on behalf of Final Chapter
? I'm not a rapper, quick to slap ya
Got scheme, its not a factor, we gotta shine first
Have 'em coppin your album just for our verse
Straight like that, y'all better tell 'em
I hope they don't act like we won't smack to back of their cerebellum
Oh and did I mention? if I feel tension
Get the full arm extension, get the whole block's attention
I know you keep your life in your cash
Your cash in the stash, stash in the car, car in the lot
So when I blow up the lot ::BOOM:: your whole shit stop
Y'all rappers is backwards, make the game flip flop
I'll take you to the spot with no witnesses and no cops
Better have your glock out and cocked, about to pop
To hustlers like Flynt, sellin cracks like Sprint
A dime a minute, now roll the dice, five in it

Aiyyo, aiyyo
I peeped your true colors while y'all niggaz was blinded
I been down and spit a pound before you knew I was rhymin
You know me, illest flow, ain't no seconds for timing
My sixteens'll rip through beats, cut deeper than diamonds

Make ya niggaz start to worry cuz my hood is dark and blurry
When shots flurry, niggaz point guard like Marbury
Ain't no arguing, all my click'll do is get the targeting
Final Chapter split pies in two, its half bargaining
I've seen you niggaz come up quick and then fall
I've seen you frontin for your broad like her pussy's the bomb
Clowns findin their stash gone but my cash is long
So I'ma let y'all pass on, cuz you ass like a thong
My click is movin out, now is you rollin along?
Til I perish I'm spittin strong, it's that shit that I'm on
Final Chapter's comin at ya, now the drama is born
Settle in this street life from the hoods to the lord

Aiyyo I'm still ghetto, that's why these niggaz love me
I'm still on the run eatin so I got chubby
I spaz up in the Tunnel, stab niggaz with pens
That's why til this day they don't let me in
I be in New York smokin LA weed
I hate a bitch named Pebbles like LA Reed
I dead niggaz like Pac and BIG, blocks to live
These niggaz can't eat like hostages
Fuck Camry's and fuck Honda Accords
I rob niggaz like the Crips at the Source Awards
And everything that went down was cool with me
As long as I came back with my jewelry
We had machine guns, I think we had two or three
And two or three limos, me and my nigga Timbo
For bitches that suck nuts and spit it out the window
You know my tempo, like Bloody Money 3