

# Don Corleone

Chris Webby

Kids today, ain't got no respect for this thing of ours  
Bunch of fucking jackals out on the streets now  
And let me tell you somethin'  
They ain't got no idea what it's like to be the boss  
The honour and brotherhood of La Cosa Nostra  
You'll see, to all these motherfuckers:

Better pay me that respect call me Don Vito  
Corleone patriarch icecold steelo  
Knock it out the park like the great Bambino  
Bringing in the bread like I had never heard of ketos  
So you better check your ego you ain't no Pacino  
Fuck around and end up just like Pesci in Casino  
Never worried when I see an enemy like Nemo  
Even my marine biology bars are primo  
I got roots in Avellino shoutout to my Papi  
Italian royalty blood running through my body  
Study in Gigante, some Gotti, Tommy Karate  
Albert Anastasia, murder's a fucking hobby  
I serve 'em up with salami and clams on a linguine  
Boss of the family, James Gandolfini  
And everybody eating 'round me never greedy  
So salute me when you motherfucking see me  
Running shit so easy Webby got the game plan  
How to make a buck up in the mu'fucking wasteland  
Started from the bottom but trust me I'm still the same fam  
Only difference now- I'm a mo'fucking made man

You can pay me that respect Don Corleone  
Built an empire and I did it on my own  
I ain't worried 'bout they shit, my shits known  
Feet up on the throne and I made it my home  
So pay me that respect Don Corleone  
Only talking bullshit you can hear it in my tone  
I ain't worried 'bout they shit my shits known  
Feet up on the throne Don Corleone

(Ay) Eating prosciutto in a three piece suit  
With capos all across the state those my CT troops  
Get that product that we paddle when I leave the booth  
And then we push it on the streets now my CD's looped  
All across the damn map with my grip on the throttle  
Anybody with the crown's getting Paul Castellano'd  
I'm Joseph Bonnano, don't fuck with Sammy Gravano  
Drinking Montepulciano by the fucking bottle  
With a stokey OG, gravy on my gnocchi  
Keep my mouth shut yeah my bus' stay lowkey  
All the snakes 'round got me feelin' like Mowgli  
Keep my friends close watching foes more closely  
Only son of Johnny, young Corleone  
Get that Genco olive oil imported from back home  
My accounts all grown and got caught up all my taxes  
So the feds don't try to do me like Capone  
Sitting up on the throne so haters get to betting  
How long that I'ma be up here while I just keep progressing  
And every day's a blessing from this fucking very second  
Until they asking favours at my daughter's wedding

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This is gonna be La Cosa Nostra 'til I die  
Do you understand? Be it an hour from now, be it tonight or be it a hundred  
years from now and any friend of ours knows it's gonna be the way I say it's  
gonna be and be true and not be cowardly, not now, not never. La Cosa Nostr  
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