

## Once Upon A Time

La Coka Nostra

Yo I'mma take it back to the old school like Red Dawn And blow the fuck up like Lebanon You ain't my first or my second, you my thousandth born And I put you on all that shit you on The originator, kid, look what you done did Snitched, told a fib, sent feds to the crib I ain't under arrest, I'm David Koresh Bring a strap and a vest, send your mother my best Bring all your big guns and your funeral clothes Cause my rap's gonna feel like six Wacos Make a new set of laws and we'll still break those Get a new list of drugs, we will take those Standing on the block in my b-boy pose Nike sneakers on my feet and my wrist stay froze Chilling on the corner in a b-boy stance With a gun in my pants and some blood on my hands

Once upon a time not too far in the past When people said what they meant and lived life fast There was a young man who was misled By another motherfucker, this is what he said Once upon a time less recently I had to walk around with the piece with me There was a young man who was misled So I put the gun to his head, this is what I said

Dance with the Devil, conquer the planet with God Swim with the sharks and transcend unbearable odds Wrestle alligators, man-eaters, snakes, and gorillas I catch a bullet in my teeth and spit it back you killer I painted cathedrals with Michelangelo Decorated the face of a nasty hoe while the camcorder rolls I'm a certified stunner surrounded by murderers Tech 9 runners and pistol-packing homicide gunners Coka Nostradamus, holy rollers exploding martyrs We heat the block up hotter than molten lava Realer than rock stars dying in bathtubs choking on vomit I'm like a psychedelic drug that you open your mind with My logo incite riots, cause oppressed nations to rise in defiance Overthrowing any tyrant, any war machine, any shadow government structure On a grassy knoll my guns and ammo will touch ya, fucka

This is LCN, we ain't for the faint of heart We rearrange your teeth, leave your cheeks maimed with scars C'mon man, you know your grind ain't the same as ours The only time you held nines was in a game of cards And your crew is full of fags like a gang at Oz I roll with strictly underdogs who overcame the odds Pushers, villains, rap legends, hookers, and killers This is for the lost angels and the Brooklyn guerillas Boston stranglers, con artists, scammers, and thieves We fuck porn stars right down to amateur freaks I need a grand in my sneaks, gram of the leak, hand on my piece Anything else is only bringing sand to the beach I'm a bad motherfucker, that's why I rose above you When you're like me everybody loathes to love you Say I might be the next one OD'd in a room With an unreleased album and a seed in the womb