

Channel 10

Capone-N-Noreaga

(feat. Tragedy Khadafi)Intro:

(I'm feelin' this here) Yeah son feel it man word up son. You gotta just do it yo. (C.N.N.) Yo word up it's a different channel son word up on watch the channel son different plain now man. (It's all good) Word up baby all good in every hood. (Queensbridge) Word up you hood nawsayin'? (Iraq) Left rack and all adat yo my hood word up gotta rep together son word up for life son. (check) Word up son let them know though son I feel you man let 'em know son.

Capone:

It takes nothin' but a hot slug to fill a villian
Crook I'm about to make a killin'
So weed to escalate the feelin'
I regulate the dealin' jealous niggas hate the feelin'
I stack my safe appealin' jake on my trace I'm peelin'
And what a Mecca had whole fuckin' nation kneelin'
Embrace the wheel and hit a buck without crashin' fuck
My drug passion got a nigga stashin' fast what
One love to hill billys run forever out to Chile'
Playin' the cuts nigga what can't stop the willy
Cops harassin' niggas blastin' while the day' passin'
Time for action cock the mac what a satisfaction
Shoot laughin' slug caught up in the chest gaspin'
Nigga blanked out chopped before he start rappin'

Hook:

Khadafi:

Microchips in the celly the game don't stop (don't stop)
Tappin' in your bank funds with the labtop (labtop)
Wanna own a block before the ball drop (ball drop)
Arab natiz puttin' hits on the cops (x2)Noreaga talking:

Word up son fucked up son word up Trag. I know you know us both man but it took the penile for us to click youknowwhatI'msayin'? (yeah y'all met up north) KnowwhatI'msayin' we had to meet up north (know what's real about all this though that...) What real about it? (we were young we strive we trying to eat knowwhatI'msayin'?) God degree (we got a lot of fake niggas out man) 7-3 and 12 jewels. Niggas ain't bustin' that heat man. Niggas just frontin' yo they ain't bustin' they heat they know who they is. (I'm tellin' my...)

Know who they is. (yo word is born)Noreaga:

C.N.N. network channel 10 it's on again
Street niggas that' grown men
Bold face gat in your face stay in your place
Yo crime lace catch more beef then Scarface (x2)
Court case illegal minds too late

Back in '92 (you remember Juice son?)
I buc tose and got live General Emanuel
Cell block cold crop
Go bagged up yeah by cream cop
(FUCK THE WORLD) The way the world cold dissed me
? poppie locked for posse call up Khadafi
Collect all from Arab natzi the fowl motney
You were lat in jail gte what what what what
Them new jacks they comin' through
Scared to death of the jail stories that's true
You cold weak live life on the street
While locked up homoed with pink sheets (bitch nigga)
Discrete and your cell shook to sleep
I wild out no doubt till the day I'm out
Me personally what I did three kid you weak
Your station and P.A.C.Outro:
Son fuck this jail shit so tell 'em about the streets son (echo)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>