

Guns N' Razors

Ghostface Killah

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Oh shit, look at them, they running on foot

They picked the car up, they on some Flintstone shit

Oh shit... and them niggaz stuck together

On some Siamese shit... yo[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, classic murders, slick gun material

Burnt up bodies that rock with no burial

Hammers that hardly work, go to work

Like a slave on a hot day, with no water

Blow you for props, in the cop's face, might get knocked up

Jakes that play hero, they can get popped up

Face fallin' off they cheekbone, gotta take meat

From they ass, to sow it back, I'm a beast, holmes

It's ground beef, in the streets, so we street's clone

Like fresh fruit, from a tree, so the heat's blown

Your momma missing, your boys are crying

Cut ya balls out your nutsack, the chinks are buying

Shit bags is like gift bags, you get it for free

If you master fronting, classic cutting

You keep stunting, them gem star'll rip something

Look homey, it's the bloody sweepstakes

Glove club you down in the club, how you like that, sweet cakes?[Trife Da God]

Yo, it was a minute after twelve, when the tragedy struck

Niggaz emptied on son, and left 'em leaning right in Valerie's truck

The red Cherokee blood was pouring out his head heavily

The only motive for murder was wetter, either jealousy

The found him slumped over the wheel, horn blowing

Bullet holes showing, property stolen, motor still going

Driving side door, waves scoping, the window is broken

Glass back and shredded his grill, his collar was soaking

He probably knew the killas, cause they jinxed him with ease

Cops hold the perimeter, thirsty, looking for leads

Knocking on doors, questioning tenants, the lieutenant

Was the first to arrive on the scene, he knew he was finished

DeWayne Roberts knew him in college, mid-twenties

Stopped being brolic, V.A. driver's license in his wallet

The last call on his mobile phone was back to home

Sorry, Miss Amonia's son was found dead with two in his dome[Cappadonna]

This be the bird's eye view of things, look how we doing things

We stick niggaz up and we take they rings
Mission Impossible, Theodore Unit, we unstoppable
Spit razors out of our mouth and start chopping you
Bank robbers, blood jakes out with the obstacle
Ropes hanging down from the roof, my parachute
Soaking water, heat smoking, we scrape and we Pillage, man
Wherever we broke in, Theodore, pulverize
Boat rides and tours, smashed 'em in the crib with they coconut straws
Dudes step off the scene, black face and four-four
The CREAM that we stack up, cake and whores

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