

# Shanghai

## The Free Association

Shut the fuck up punk  
Give me that shit  
You feel sorry for who  
Gave you head before I stormed in  
Muthafucka, any problem yo I want in  
I'm here to win  
Every mornin'  
I'm yawnin'  
While ya'll are boardin'  
The store and showin' that you're fake bringin' some corn in  
Meat, rice, and poultry  
We all know how you get your money  
Don't insult me  
Shut up  
For me not steppin'  
You can fault me  
Yeah, I chill  
But we are about to split this muthafucka  
Like Sugar Hill  
See your man  
He thinks he's wise  
Tell him chill  
He ain't the only one with chinky eyes  
Yo, I'm related to him  
And I'll put eight through him  
When I skate though him  
And my co-d  
I don't think you know is take to him  
And before it's over  
I'll have this whole fuckin' store with that smoke aroma  
And yo, your wife keeps twitchin'  
Than we both can bone her  
Real quick, real sick  
Pull out dick  
Then nigga go on and riff  
I'll have this whole fuckin' clip  
On some raw dog shit  
Close that gate  
It's time to negotiate

Now your store really could fulfill my needs

Got now and later seeds

Nigga's need dungarees

We in the middle of Harlem

What we need for them ski's

That's the cover-up nigga

For the weed, guns, and keys

But ya'll is gettin' live though

I ain't gonna cry yo

I just wanna get paid off, nigga

Like five-0

In America the product is coke and weed

In China, the product is dope and speed

The Columbians got the coca leaves

But in Harlem, niggas like to Plot and Scheme

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Now your store grose

A mil' a week

And my nigga's on the block

Yo, we feel is sweet

But we been livin' here forever

Can you feel our beat

So give us half

Or I guarantee baby

You gonna feel the heat

And I'm a little bit high

Save a little and you die

Send a blizzard through your store

In the middle of July

So if you wanna chat

We can

If you wanna scrap

We can

But I feel like Jackie Chan

Exactly man

Kong Fu

Murder thoughts like John Woo

I'm here for Bi

Not to con you

Now it's a done deal yo

There ain't no bluffin' kid

And tell your wife don't move

I know where that button is  
Yo, I would hate to have to bust her  
That's petty black  
Matter of fact get out the way  
I know where that maschetti at  
Give me that  
Blamm  
That's when the chink goes flip  
Then grabs me like Spock  
On some Bruce Lee shit  
And his wife had a grenade  
That's when my nigga's sprayed  
And in a puddle of blood  
Is where that bitch laid  
But this ain't have to happen yo  
Man you see the weed for real  
Nigga let me go  
Back up off me  
Damn that was a close one  
Next time, your ass gonna play Bruce son  
That's Word to mutha  
You don't know how deep we are  
Give them them tapes  
Ya'll got VCR's  
Yeah, three of 'em  
But back to the topic  
My deal to the floor  
In a week  
I can bring about 10 thou to the store  
Yeah, I know I know I know  
That's not near to what your crew had  
But we doin' this together  
Nigga that's too bad  
Now here's the deal either take it or leave it  
Cause see these guns  
We can take it or squeeze it  
Now everything is set up  
Right?  
I got some girls that will be here sometime tonight  
You know me-ya, the nigga wit China white  
They got some shit that will fuck around and blind your sight  
They kind of tight  
Now if I here things behind the hype  
I'll put a contract on your life  
And you sign it right

The first day  
So have my money Thursday  
Cause I don't want to have to see your ass nigga on herse day  
In the worst way  
In America the product is coke and weed  
In China, the product is dope and speed  
The Columbians got the coca leaves  
But in Harlem, niggas like to Plot and Scheme

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