

# Get Outta My Way

## La Coka Nostra

[Chorus X 2]

Get outta my way when I'm blasting my gun  
Got 99 bullets but it only takes one  
Got a chrome .45, a razor-shrap machete  
La Coka Nostra, the fucking world ain't ready

Get outta my way when I'm blasting my gun  
Got 99 bullets but it only takes one  
It's murder in the first, pre-meditated  
La Coka Nostra, the fucking haters hate it

[Verse 1: Slaine]

Here comes the mighty ones they call whiteys  
This is cinematic but ain't directed by Spike Lee  
It's La Coka, not fourty acres and a mule  
The corner hustlers want fourty quakers and a tool  
Breaking all the rules with the hammers and the baggies  
Since I moved to Southie and my nanny used to nag me  
"Do your homework, get off the street, read a book."  
Instead I rode around like, "Fuck it. I need a hook."  
And you should see the looks that I get when I'm walking now  
You should see the respect I get when I'm talking, wow  
It's like the whole world spun around  
Throws out to underground, I supposed everybody knows

[Verse 2: Big Left]

Yeah, the surgeon's general, sergeant at arms  
Black ops insurgant dropping hydrogen bombs  
Recognicance salut, report a confirmed kill  
Record a thirty millimeter grenade launcher mortar  
You weak mother fuckers need to change your material  
Serial kill M.C.'s diseased venereal  
Imperial Lord, fucking Big Left's a god  
Capo regime, original head nod  
The all-American king of late night, Letterman  
Medicine for all of you head-poppin' (?)  
Razor bleed in your cheek, machine gun to the cheek

Jungle warfare, using the streets

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Ill Bill]

My worst intentions like a terrorist with nuclear weapons  
It's Ill Billion dollar Bill and you're a useless investment  
Behind every great fortune is a shooter's confession  
If only the long-nose dough continued to bless them, wet them  
My holy water stolen Soviet automatics  
From Odessa from street corners to borroughs  
It's the extra special  
To these bitches my dick is existencial  
Porno director, let bitches know if they have potential  
La Coka Nostra, I walk around with the chrome toaster  
So coked that my nose is totally fucking frozen, drug music  
Like the coke rock my uncle would smoke  
Got junkies doing the robot for bundles of dope

[Verse 4: Everlast]

I hear they don't want to call it Hell's Kitchen no more  
I swear hip hop got me looking at the front door  
I used to love her, now I want to smother  
When I see all the bastard styles that she's mothered  
Fuck the Dalai Lama, it's the drama starter  
I'll blow the spot like an Al Aksa martyr  
Better lock up your guns, hide away your daughter  
Keep the Irish boy away from the fire water  
Cause the fire water numbs the Irish man's pain  
And it's the Samurai Druid from the Highland Plains  
Like William Wallace and Michael Collins  
Beat you down, scream on you like I'm Henry Rollins

[Chorus]

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Lyrics submitted by cameron.

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