

R.A.G.U.

Ghostface Killah

Hold it

Now you get out of here, I'm warning you

You bastards can't push us around, wanna fight?

I'll take you onThat nigga's twisted, stop playin' with that clip man

Close them fuckin' blinds too man, y'knahmsayin'?

Yo, Don my, man, get out of the stove, man

Get away from the stove, nigga

Stop playin' man, the fuck is you talkin' 'bout?I'm in the crib watchin' Larry King Live

The new Guccis on refrigerator, smokin' some kush

This nigga's a lighter swisher, becomin' a roach

Go get the glass ashtray, pour the glass of Crut

Tap the bottle then toastBarrie took a sip for the cause, yeah my son

Soon to be three, tried to fill his bottle then run

Then I got a collect call, heard niggaz down the block is fightin'

Some nigga got, knifed up brawlin'Heard the kid was nineteen, Lil' Infinity too

His father worked up at the dealer, he loved boo

They tried him for his Louis', son wasn't havin' it though

Yeah, yeah, my nigga, the color of glueDecided on a intervene, guess who tried to wild on me my nigga

This is like out of the blue

I'm in the Range stretch, jumped out, tucked the chain

Proceeded to talk to him, then you heard the heavy face slapThink I broke my wrist, now I'm at the hospital
vexed

Fucked up my writing hand, that's my check

Now I wanna kill this lil' nigga true

Only thing that stop my gun flamin' 'cause he related to youWho? He ain't related to me

Just that I knew him for like eighteen years until he violated

Stealin' my gear

If my lil' homey, yo he eat anything for meSend him uptown, he get bagged, yo he never call me

Come home and still blow cats for me

Pump crack, stabbin' all them hoodrat shorties

A live gunslinger well known, born to dance when the heat is onStapleton days, shoot himself in the groin'

The gun went off, it looked like a flick

When he fell to the floor, holdin' his nuts

Screamin' "God damnit, shit I put one in my balls"What the fuck y'all lookin' at me for?

Call the police, do somethin'

Motherfuckers standin' around, watch when I get better

All hell's gonna be terror

Death to you, you," he pointed at RedI said chill that's fam duke

He put real work in that make you cute, fuck that

But anyway, son, indeed, he stole two Polo rugbies
Swores to his dead mother, I couldn't take it Yo, Lord, I knocked out his teeth
Now he's rockin' those false joints like everything's peace

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