Troublemakers

Ghostface Killah

For real? Can I get a juice, Lord?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, squad niggas, boy, for real
Uh, huh, for real, man, word, open the door, man
Hustle flow shit, yeah, aiyo, pass the cigar, Lord
Come on, man, stop playing, man
We in the cabin playing backgammon, gorilla monster slammers
Brothers higher us, try us you gon' die, son
Green medicine, blow veterans
Run in Adidas store, six more valors, drawers feather skin
Hair cutted up, hollering, seven through three sixes
No, we ain't the devil, where ya llama, dick?
Can't stand the other side, niggas know we rich, we color guys
Loose up your mother, true lullabies
Gangsta ever readies, take off my shirt, no batteries, nigga
Just one mean magnum killer
Snow mobiles jetting out the Timber, feel Chef altitude
Yo, I can't breathe, check the splendor
Brazilian honey dip, I'm on my rifle day, nigga
Times is roughing, Timberland cuffing
One knee up, G up, all the re-up
Hope we can pull it back, my throat my only weapon, blow the beat up
Stuff pillow pads in the rat holes, reduce that faggot ass nigga
Who wanna jump like a frog to a tadpole
Gag it up, sliding through the ER, batted up
A tube in your dick, you can't piss when standing up
Hands is shaking, doctors is taken to operating
Nah, he might not live, so they start debating
You in bad shape, in the neck of New York
Your slithering ways, lay with you a bad snake
Smash bake, eight stab holes in your shoulder blades
You wilding on the stretcher and shit, bitch tryna hold your legs
Nah don't hold his legs, tell that bitch ass nigga to chill
Put something in his meat like boiling eggs
Got gophers that sleep in the woods, car hard down
Padlock your bow-legged spot, where your rocks now?
You ain't moving no crack, yous a moving ass rat
After you lay up in that morgue, I'mma fuck your back

Yeah, nigga, die slow with your smirk on

Night, night lights, dim it down, get your mirk on
Later I see you in hell, get your bird on
Filled with embalming fluid, get your serve on
My sherm on in the hood when I ride by
My eyes looking like I learned how to sky dive
The world is yours, there's rules you abide by
Ride with the fly guy on I-95
They said a nigga return but I never left
I told Big L through me, he could resurrect
I'm that nigga like Puff in L-O-X
I took one L and life is still Double X
Brick City where I bleed on the streets at
The E's in M&M's, I need a relapse
And bitches, grab my mic, give me feedback
Reggie you an asshole, baby, I be that
Yeah, I get cocky when the beat pumping
You know you doing it when your tire lip running
I keep a freak and I call chicken McNugget
'Cause this super bad nigga, she McLovin'
Fiends get killed in my hallways, we parle
My feet been killing me all day
Your boy down for lot, like them killas in raw way
It's all work and no play 'cause this block ain't nothing like Broadway
Revenge is sweeter then sorbet, you all become believers
Once this heaters in your face, just a part of my funk swear
Y'all don't want no part of the gun spray
I would hate to pull it in one stray
That's where the innocents by stand
We trapped inside these tenements like damn
Why mama tryna feed us this spiced ham
Connects tryna cheat us with light grams
Co-defendants try to lighten they sentence, snitching to white man
Turned state evidence, fam, we ain't jellin'
Felons ain't felons no more, they straight tellin'
Ain't nothing worse than a rat, you can't smellin'
And ain't nothing worse than a track, you can't sellin'

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