Grunge

Navet Confit

[Intro: Beretta 9]
Car 36, 36, we got a situation in progress
37 between 106th
We got a possible homicide
All cars, all cars, we got a situation down

[RZA]
Aiyo, toxi' off the grey goose, vodka, shots of hypnotic
Ya'll bitches want beef, son, you got it
Fresh off the bliz-knock, Bob Diz-noc
Plex on the K.B., son, you get shiz-not
Right in your hiz-ead, you'll be diz-ed
Don't front on this nigga, I'mma from New York Ci-zey!
Ya'll butter pec', make my nuts weak
Have me walk around, talkin' backward with stutter speak
Like tuh tuh tuh tuh tuh, buh buh buh buh
Butter pec', make my nutter weak
And ya'll crabs down south, you ain't got a clue
How it feel to slip in that papi chino power you
White Cadillac truck just high beamed us
Mami look like she was Angie Martinez
I don't espanol, I play imposter
I was like "Mamacita, yah yah, que pasa?"
And slip back to my casa
She was like "Nigga! You sound like rasta!"
I'm the ace in the decks...

[girl speaking spanish]
[RZA]
I'm the ace in the deck, still casin' a Tec
That filled with the taste of the lead, buck buck
The bass and the treb', the space in the back
Where chumps walk by, and they face get slapped
I'm not known to talk a lot
Sit on five whips, son, so I don't walk a lot
Got ten chicks, so I don't hawk a lot
Been around the world, but I love New York a lot
Especially up in Bedstuy, with those crazy Cuffies
Or in Fort Green, with those crazy Cuffies

Ya'll floss like ya'll Jay-Z and Puffy's
You get robbed, bucked down by a crazy Cuffie
Bobby! Fuckin' the mics is my hobby
Fuckin' the mics is my hobby

[Outro: girl]
Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby

[car smashing and glass shattering]

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