

# Rise of The Black Suits (Instrumental)

## Ghostface Killah & Adrian Younge

Young aggressor born into the life of crime  
I would walk down the street strapped with two 9s  
Bitch smackin' jackin' niggas, g-dub stackin' figures  
Police drive buy I was click calckin' triggers  
Jay DeLucas put me with the fam to grow  
I was the boss amongst white boys, rockin' the fro  
I had hoes, bank rolls, and minks by the dozen  
My rise to power was quick they just wasn't  
Tried to make me a made man, they fucked up the game plan  
I blacked out on em and started my own clan  
Black gambino, black suits, black syndicate  
My crime fam was tight every move was intricate  
The coke was brought in from bagged Columbian mules  
Gorgeous women that I draped down in jewels  
Street fights started, mafia wars in Italy  
Crime fam against fam and no one can do didely  
Do the dirty work  
Bring in the coke by the boat loads  
Go against the grain nigga, i feed nose hoes  
Follow no family rules, rules are for fools  
Chase the paper cause it's the cash that rules Fuck the law of the fam  
Mr. law of the land  
You don't like how i'm moving then try to force my hand  
I'm moving keys them DeLucas couldn't touch my pianos  
Putting pressure on them gambinees and varazanos  
They love my money they hate to see a nigga gettin' it  
Sellin' drugs is taboo but I ain't fuckin' sweatin' it  
Dirt got to get done so I took my position  
One day I'm black to em with a lot of ambition  
The next I got status dinners with all courses  
Flights in and out of the country they gettin' nauseous  
Money, power, and respect  
Talk shit behind my back but to my face salute  
Hugs and handshakes they can't stop my reign  
Got the coke in they collars bring the shit on the plane  
It's a shame they didn't have the balls to make moves  
They pussy couldn't walk a mile in my shoes  
Do the dirty work  
Bring in the coke by the boat loads

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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