

# Shakey Dog

## Ghostface Killah

Yeah, what's the deal? What's the deal y'all?  
I need y'all niggaz to buckle up one time  
Fasten your seat belts, I'm a take y'all on some real shit  
This Theodore shit, y'all niggaz know what time it is and shit  
Y'nah I mean? It's real motherfuckin' shit, you know Yo, making moves back and forth uptown  
60 dollars plus toll is the cab fee  
Wintertime bubble goose, goose, clouds of smoke  
Music blastin' and the Arab V blunted Whip smelling like fish from 125th  
Throwin' ketchup on my fries, hitting baseball spliffs  
Back seat with my leg all stiff  
Push the fuckin' seat up, tartar sauce on my S Dot kicks Rocks is lit while I'm poppin' the clips  
I'm ready for war, got to call the Cuban guys  
Got the Montana pulled in front of the store  
Made my usual gun check, safety off, come on Frank The moment is here  
Take your fuckin' hood off and tell the driver to stay put  
Fuck them niggaz on the block they shook, most of them won't look  
They frontin', they no crooks and fuck up they own juks  
Look out for Jackson 5-0 'cause they on foot Straight ahead is the doorway  
See that lady that lady with the shopping cart  
She keep a shottie cocked in the hallway  
Damn she look pretty old Ghost  
She work for Kevin, she 'bout seventy seven  
She paid her dues when she smoked  
His brother in law at his bosses' wedding Flew to Venezuela quickly when the big fed stepped in  
3 o'clock, watch the kids, third floor, last door  
You look paranoid that's why I can't juks with you  
Why? Why you behind me Larry? Shakey Dog stutterin', when you got the bigger cooker on you  
You is a crazy motherfucker, small Hoodie dude  
Hilarious move, you on some Curly, Moe, Larry shit  
Straight parry shit, Krispy Kreme, cocaine  
Dead bodies, jail time you gon' carry it Matter of fact, all the cash, I'm a carry it  
Stash it in jelly and break it down at the Marriott  
This is the spot, yo son your burner cocked?  
These fuckin' maricons on the couch watchin' Sanford and Son Passin' they rum, fried plantains and rice  
Big round onions on a T-bone steak  
My stomach growling yo I want some  
Hold on, somebody's comin', get behind me, knocked at the door  
Act like you stickin' me up, put the joint to my face Push me in quickly when the bitch open up  
Remember you don't me, blast him if he reach for his gun

Yo who goes there? Tony, Tony one second homie  
No matter rain, sleet or snow you know you suppose to phone me  
Off came the latch, Frank pushed me into the door  
The door flew open, dude had his mouth open  
Frozen, stood still with his heat bulgin'  
Told him freeze, lay the fuck down and enjoy the moment Frank snatched his gat, slapped him, axed him  
Where's the cash, coke and the crack? Get the smoke and you fast  
His wife stood up speakin' in Spanish, big tittie bitch holdin' the cannon  
Ran in the kitchen, threw a shot, then kicking the four fifth Broke a bone in her wrist and she dropped the heat  
Give up the coke! But the bitch wouldn't listen  
I'm on the floor like holy shit! Watchin my man Frank get busy  
He zoned out, finished off my man's wiz He let the pitbull out, big head Bruno with the little shark's teeth  
chargin'  
Foamin' out the mouth, I'm scared  
Frank screamin', blowin' shots in the air  
Missin' his target, off the Frigidare, it grazed my ear Killed that bullshit pit, ran to the bathroom butt first  
Frank put two holes in the doorman's Sassoon  
The coke's in the vacuum, got to the bathroom, faced his bad moves  
The big one had the centipede stab wound Frank shot the skinny dude, laid him out  
The bigger dude popped Frankie boy, played him out  
To be continued

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