

# grunge

Ñ'áŽ§Ñ á•ÉªİžÖ•z

[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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