

R.a.g.u.

Ghostface Killah

Hold it
Now you get out of here, I'm warning you
You bastards can't push us around, wanna fight?
I'll take you on
That nigga's twisted, stop playin' with that clip man
Close them fuckin' blinds too man, y'knahmsayin'?
Yo, Don my, man, get out of the stove, man
Get away from the stove, nigga
Stop playin' man, the fuck is you talkin' 'bout?
I'm in the crib watchin' Larry King Live
The new Guccis on refrigerator, smokin' some kush
This nigga's a lighter swisher, becomin' a roach
Go get the glass ashtray, pour the glass of Crut
Tap the bottle then toast
Barrie took a sip for the cause, yeah my son
Soon to be three, tried to fill his bottle then run
Then I got a collect call, heard niggaz down the block is fightin'
Some nigga got, knifed up brawlin'
Heard the kid was nineteen, Lil' Infinity too
His father worked up at the dealer, he loved boo
They tried him for his Louis', son wasn't havin' it though
Yeah, yeah, my nigga, the color of glue
Decided on a intervene, guess who tried to wild on me my nigga
This is like out of the blue
I'm in the Range stretch, jumped out, tucked the chain
Proceeded to talk to him, then you heard the heavy face slap
Think I broke my wrist, now I'm at the hospital vexed
Fucked up my writing hand, that's my check
Now I wanna kill this lil' nigga true
Only thing that stop my gun flamin' 'cause he related to you
Who? He ain't related to me
Just that I knew him for like eighteen years until he violated
Stealin' my gear
If my lil' homey, yo he eat anything for me
Send him uptown, he get bagged, yo he never call me
Come home and still blow cats for me
Pump crack, stabbin' all them hoodrat shorties
A live gunslinger well known, born to dance when the heat is on
Stapleton days, shoot himself in the groin'

The gun went off, it looked like a flick
When he fell to the floor, holdin' his nuts
Screamin' "God damnit, shit I put one in my balls"
What the fuck y'all lookin' at me for?
Call the police, do somethin'
Motherfuckers standin' around, watch when I get better
All hell's gonna be terror
Death to you, you," he pointed at Red
I said chill that's fam duke
He put real work in that make you cute, fuck that
But anyway, son, indeed, he stole two Polo rubbies
Swore to his dead mother, I couldn't take it
Yo, Lord, I knocked out his teeth
Now he's rockin' those false joints like everything's peace

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