Shakey Dog Starring Lolita

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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