

Clipse Of Doom (feat. Trife Da God)

Ghostface Killah

[Ghostface Killah]

Aiyyo, turn those lights down while I'm recording!
Matter 'fact y'all niggaz get the fuck out the room, G!
Straight up! Sipping on that bullshit Budweiser!
Nah'mean yo.. what? Fuck you too nigga!
'Kind of pants you got on motherfucker, Capris?!
Bitch ass nigga, go get ya feet done!
Eat a dick nigga! [Verse 1]
Catch me in the 80's drop
Old school Mercedes with a brand new baby glock
Right from my Lady's sock with two bodies on it
Capricorn, Aquarius
Lost so much blood, these bitch niggaz in they periods
They say I be living the role, like 'Pac in Juice
And only fuck with fly bitches that get fly and boost
And they ears be chandelliers, lit up like a lamp, Who cares?!
They cooch is fierce, the only thing loose is hairs
Thats right y'all, if a rap nigga say my name I'm a fight y'all
Fuck a state, light charge
My predicate status, irrelevant
My man got the big rap sheet that's outweighing two elephants
Jumbo shits from New Orleans
Players and Pimps that bit off Fiends
Quick, switch with the hands, Powder blue wally's is dyed, Vanilla bally's is mean
Kid, none of y'all motherfuckers fuck with my team, Uh! [Chorus: Trife Da God]
Aiyyo we the live niggaz holdin heat on the street corners
Sic the beasts on you, turning mothers to morners
Money launderers, neighborhood coroners, place bodies in bags
Tango with dirty Cash, Cocaine jacks
"Kings of the Hill", out to blow like propane gas
Package the raw, Theodore, We got the game on smash
'Cause we cut from the same cloth
Big guns ready to bang off
Slide off the cables and take the rings off! [Verse 2]
We hold the weight of four Synagogues
Jelly'd uptown in them beat down rented cars
Going mad wetting 'em
Milk cash, heavy tecks, hood rats, sexin 'em
Paris crew, little dudes, please!, I was reppin 'em

Niggaz couldn't come through (word)
Thats when the block was like wallpaper, loved sticking niggaz like crazy glue
Blackouts happened, God forbid don't be around!
The Bag Lady will murk you and let off in the next town!
She struck two times, get caught, good luck blood, it ain't no heines
Blow a hockey puck hole in the back of your spine
She put two cut up mirrors in the place of your eyes
So when the cops look they see theyselves, they all gonna die
Its the tale of the crips and bloods, pimps and thugs
Get your face bashed in on the concrete rug
on that note I'm a say peace!
Theodore! Word to Darryl Mack's teeth! [Chorus][Verse 3]
Yo, Ayo I'll break every bone in your wrist
Smack you in the back of your head on the block while you holding your dick
My semi, they call it the crouching tiger
A hundred bowls of Total is trash, because my lead eat through fibers
Peel your potato like Arriada
On the day of your death people had candles but couldnt find no lighter
Fuck your marrow! fuck your hood!
You ain't a street legend like me!
Blake Carrington holding the Dynasty
I muffle motherfuckers up like meineke
and write a thousand bar verse that all rhymes with "eat"
Jewel theif, Shizzam bangles, in the vault deep
And cruisin desserts mad heavy into salt treats
Im the taste in Bush's mouth, nasty
Afghanistan missions, gun training in the grassy fatigues
Picking niggaz off by the Red Sea
And did it all for Ghost, sniffin on caffeeine!

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

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