

Blood On the Cobblestones (Instrumental)

Ghostface Killah

Yo, ayo there's war on the street
Blood on the cobblestone
I leave them buried alive just like a fossil bone
Body bags line the streets, reporters reporting
Mafia ties to drugs and extortion
DeLucees vs. Starkeano headline the news
Police call war on crime they gonna lose
Judges get kidnapped captains get decapitated
Starks rise above all to be emancipated
Black godfather, families at war
Drive by's and Molotovs to settle the score
Butcher shops filled with chopped up casualties
I make sure to keep guns in all my faculties
Streets going red when the boss is disrespected neglected
I guarantee no man's protected
To each his own grab a gun off the shelf
Cause in a war zone of course every man for self (x3)[U-God]How you prepare for war, grab your guns and
your hardware
Never close your eyes in the barber chair
Ya heart of a lion that's what got him here
Bullet proof your car yo we're out of here
Fuck the DeLucas we got? with sub-machines
Bone crush a nigga like a football team
Under a new regime, the old we throw it out
Spit back the hammer you yo ought to throw them out
Your gun cocked at the whole house
Sip the brown liquor while we move a quarter ounce
Pick the territories move north to south
Your high power shine yours is watered down
I'm underground with the vest on
Open up your head now your flesh is torn
Never turn my back of a restaurant
Put holes in your chest come test the don
45 of them hoes let me stretch my armsCause in a war zone of course every man for self (x3)[Inspectah
Deck]So the DeLucas want Tone nah not today
Cock his spray side with him and you got to pay
Don't even kill him just make him feel a lot of pain
Stake out his wife and his seed at the soccer game
Weed him with open arms weed him with open thoughts

Feed him 2 2 3 squeeze him leave him with no resolve
Make a led homie repping for the territory
No steppin on me reg that's a negatory
You want a war these men pop dangerous
Taking all in a 10 block radius
Murder rate double, triple
Cripple the strip
Like it got hit with a couple of missiles
? through your door
I get in your crib in wig in a cable guy uniform
My shooters maneuver got DeLuca in the scope
Movin close, say the word Tone you was ghost

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>