

# Creep

RZA

Creep, creep, creep  
Catch them while theyre sleep  
Empty every shell from your clip  
Knock them off their feet These streets that we maneuver through, ain't nothing you familiar to  
Don't talk it out, noodle you, walk it out at your funeral  
Cold blooded, black hearted, Black Knight and Black Ballin'  
Black Christmas, be all in your crib with my killas callin Even if you ain't street then we creepin', it ain't no  
secret  
Delete you with big toast, that roast you when it heat ya  
Off whiskey, pop up and bong that ass like Bob Digi  
Crisis the sharpshooter, I'ma lay 'em down gently One shot, guns pop in the streets of Camelot  
That's why some keep they shit off safety  
Others keep they hammers cocked  
Ready to blow, ready to go, fire in the hole  
And if a nigga ready to retire, we retiring his soul Creep, creep, creep  
Catch them while theyre sleep  
Empty every shell from your clip  
Knock them off their feet Aiyo, I woke up hungry every day  
Till I learn to do the hustle every which and every way  
The Compton niggas hit the Chevy with the K  
And the candy apple tray she gets heavy in L.A. When Track died, Mack cried  
Once we start banging again then he did a back slide  
I was in tune with the sun, star, moon  
Eddie shot up thirty niggas in the bar over June The city's full of Crips  
AK's, four-fives, mac-11's, full of clips, Long Beach  
Young hogs wit they pockets full of chips  
If any, not many, academic scholarships Pulp Fiction, driving in your car without permission  
With a video vixen, giving me head like Bill Clinton  
Got a drug addiction, pop pills with no prescription  
Stuck in the rehab, the only man with bad intentions Truly I'm the one the West is really missing  
Your shit is garbo', I kill you off with one sentence  
The rap apprentice, with a little sack of new inventions  
Don't listen and I Jimmy off your head like a henchman Creep, creep, creep  
Catch them while theyre sleep  
Empty every shell from your clip  
Knock them off their feet Squeeze, squeeze, squeeze  
Make them Swiss cheese  
Empty every shell from your clip  
Knock them off their feet You wanna feel the heat? I pull the flame out

Make a wish boy, blow your brains out  
Watch me step out the cribby with the heavy chain out  
Leaving blood on your shirt, you can't get the stain out  
In a big body truck my hair knotty as a fuck  
Shotty tucked under the seat plus a hottie in the truck  
Get these wizes, get these digits, get my ninjas back in business  
All you suckas get the scissors  
You don't work like you broke and keep AK's like I'm Oakland  
I be, making that dough, like the Pillsbury Doughman  
Bobby, covered in ice like it's Frosty the Snowman  
You suckas is useless like old New York tokens  
Front on the Bobby D, watch how your body bleed  
You ain't worth the weight of a grain from a poppy seed  
Make your brain rupture, decompose your frame structure  
MC's tremble when they hear the name of us  
Puffin' Eastwood stogies, swinging Tiger Woods bogeys  
The mic is my co-d, the pen is a parolee  
No jail cell can hold me, Zodiac can't describe me  
King Tech scratch the beat like he caught poison ivy  
Compton's where you can find me in the hood, so grimy  
Run laps on these tracks, it's a fact, you can time me  
Ready, set, go, I let the, tech blow  
Rugged Monk kill a track at any tempo  
It's simple, we usually take all niggas garments  
Spot rush them busters, blockade they apartment  
It's over, foreclosure, your shit is shut down  
Creep when you sleep and squeeze the four pound  
Creep, creep, creep  
Catch them while they're sleep  
Empty every shell from your clip  
Knock them off their feet  
Squeeze, squeeze, squeeze  
Make them Swiss cheese  
Empty every shell from your clip  
Knock them off their feet

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