Guns N' Razors

Ghostface Killah

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]Oh shit, look at them, they running on foot
They picked the car up, they on some Flintstone shit
Oh shit... and them niggaz stuck together
On some Siamese shit... yo
[Ghostface Killah]Yo, classic murders, slick gun material
Burnt up bodies that rock with no burial
Hammers that hardly work, go to work
Like a slave on a hot day, with no water
Blow you for props, in the cop's face, might get knocked up
Jakes that play hero, they can get popped up
Face fallin' off they cheekbone, gotta take meat
From they ass, to sow it back, I'm a beast, holmes
It's ground beef, in the streets, so we street's clone
Like fresh fruit, from a tree, so the heat's blown
Your momma missing, your boys are crying
Cut ya balls out your nutsack, the chinks are buying
Shit bags is like gift bags, you get it for free
If you master fronting, classic cutting
You keep stunting, them gem star'll rip something
Look homey, it's the bloody sweepstakes
Glove club you down in the club, how you like that, sweet cakes?
[Trife Da God]Yo, it was a minute after twelve, when the tragedy struck
Niggaz emptied on son, and left 'em leaning right in Valerie's truck
The red Cherokee blood was pouring out his head heavily
The only motive for murder was wetter, either jealousy
The found him slumped over the wheel, horn blowing
Bullet holes showing, property stolen, motor still going
Driving side door, waves scoping, the window is broken
Glass back and shredded his grill, his collar was soaking
He probably knew the killas, cause they jinxed him with ease
Cops hold the perimeter, thirsty, looking for leads
Knocking on doors, questioning tenants, the lieutenant
Was the first to arrive on the scene, he knew he was finished

DeWayne Roberts knew him in college, mid-twenties
Stopped being brolic, V.A. driver's license in his wallet
The last call on his mobile phone was back to home
Sorry, Miss Amonia's son was found dead with two in his dome
[Cappadonna]This be the bird's eye view of things, look how we doing things

We stick niggaz up and we take they rings
Mission Impossible, Theodore Unit, we unstoppable
Spit razors out of our mouth and start chopping you
Bank robbers, blood jakes out with the obstacle
Ropes hanging down from the roof, my parachute
Soaking water, heat smoking, we scrape and we Pillage, man
Wherever we broke in, Theodore, pulverize
Boat rides and tours, smashed 'em in the crib with they coconut straws
Dudes step off the scene, black face and four-four
The CREAM that we stack up, cake and whores
[Killa Sin]Cash in abundance, the cats that I run with
Got gats at a motel, and splashed by the hundreds
I don't ask if I want it, my attitude is running
I don't ask if I want it, my attitude is running, yup
Mega ice neck, with some fish, with some fish dishes
Rakim gems, my mind shine is what my weight misses
Anything else is uncivilized, send the kind of niggaz
A tremendous spy, you can see the venom by
My nine leave a ten to buy, I don't need my men to ride
I'm in the moshing squad, beside the car that's highly energized
Been advised, before, that fucking with I, is genocide
Many men have died, from playing games from what they feel inside
Brawl with it in me, put it on my enemy
Be warned, defending me, like killing off a Kennedy
I silly song M.C.'s get sent on base
Type of nigga spit the Remy or laugh in ya face
This dig in my waste, is mastery, step out of place
Shatter that ass, like glass, and break fast like a neglige
Play with the biscuit, dick, don't even risk it
I, snatch up my misses, and dash on the interstate

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