Saturday Nite

Earth, Wind And Fire

Yo, Saturday night, uptown
Ridin' past Kansas fried chicken
What's poppin' kid? we in the mix
It's chilly forty below
Gate's closed gotta catch Dr. J's
Blowin' my hand, rub on my nose
Tap the glass, stop frontin' duke, fresh pair of jeans
Look I got loot, eleven in the bass boots
Heard a screech pull up, these jukes flashed me five pictures
One had my man's mug, semi stepped brother hugs
You asked the wrong guy son
I'm from Melina, yeah we know Mr. Coles
Flew in two days ago to see his fam'
But we been watchin' you, crazily
The whole Staten island shittin' on you
Wisdom bird's pregnant out in paisley
Hold up snow in your ear, fresh baldie tried to change up
Not trunk today, still lookin' fly, still slammed up hung
Your mom pop in your trunk, slow your pace
Starks fixed your face, copped out the six, five years probat'

You dealin' with a lot of science, motherfucker we're watchin' you
Make me wanna lick shots at you
You disgust me, screwin' me down, grab my gun
Go 'head bust me, heard you hate juke that's what it must be
Hands behind your back, spread your legs
Just found a roach in your tray
It's not mine fucker, what I said
You met the thirteenth nigga
A multi million dollar operation is based upon it yo
Where's the hell's the riza?
He's sellin' mics, wildest joints
Special made to go up in your hand and which went out on point
Switched to the next scene, I'm at the crib buggin' out
On how po' live, hatin' plus harassin' the kid
Park the truck in the double face garage
Dial one nine hundred raekwon, tell the God, shit's mega
Reel flashin' me on bet, planet groove, rap city news
N double A C P committees

{We interrupted this special bulletin to bring you}

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