Intro

clipping.

Ghosts on the avenue were talking to theyselves
Somebody been selling them dreams again
Breathe again, the breeze is full of trees again
The beast buried under the streets is 'bout to
Leave the den of thieves and hooligans ready to
Fettuccine the noodles of any cook looking new to the kitchen
Cooking up wishes and powder, flour the pan and the cake
He can bet that the cheddar stay in the refrigerator
To keep it fresh until it's on
Every day is preparation for armageddon
A holocaust, any cost, you want to get on one or on two
Get three stacks and bring it back to the fortress
Wrapping five fingers 'round that much cash will make a motherfucker Cassius Clay
Quick, the cash is pay, checking gas with a loaded fo-fo when he rollin'
Po-po on his shoulder so he's slow but he's goin', wouldn't you?
If you scared, say you scared, cause they comin' through sweepin'
And nobody got a problem sweepin' over you
Trust the shadows is thick, full of mattresses, get a passer to suck a dick
Skinner glass, killer fashion, and spinning back
So quit backspinning and get a gat
Fuck a battle rap, rappers will battle where they at
Trunk rattle is leaving the streets and probably eating the map
Versus verses, the hearses, Versace verses the nerves and the pain
Slang, it seems it's a no-brainer the same folks sayin' it ain't
Are the same folk that never seen a caddy-driven candy paint
Or the block after the rain
Fucker, prepare for the storm
Hope you got a blanket or a body keepin' you warm
The spoken word is weak
Scream motherfucker, dreams are cheap
You ain't even even gotta sleep
Don't sleep, it's Clipping bitch

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