# Snakes

## Carver

Now number two, practiced the snake style
He was known as the snake spirit
He had the speed of a snake
Niggaz is like serpents out there
Snake style, no one could compete
Serpents will bite
Lay outside, and then they roll back into they holes
They slither, in the streets of Brooklyn, New York
Slither in the streets, of Manhattan
In the streets of Queens, streets of the Bronx
Streets of state in Island
Wherever you see em they slither
Whoever fearsome shit check it out
It broke me up when they pat me on my shoulder
Said stay strong cuz his life is now over
I flash back to the heathens that he roll with
They shot him up and down nobody knows shit
My peers, little ears
Came up to me with a eye full of tears
Last night we was shootin dice and gettin nice
Kid rolled us, played us for our merchandise
We were in the hallway all day
Me, Steve, and Little Ray
Probably at first they tried to rob me
Back me in the lobby, pull out the shotty
Then came scotty, fragile body
My first impression, he returned from a party
He was just stagger, smellin' like Bacardi
The dragon, braggin, how he was fuckin mad hotties
Pressed on the elevator button, then all of a sudden
He licked off, about a dozen
Slugs from the cannon, that ripped through my cousin
Nobody was standin when the nigga started bustin
Blood started to flood the floors, by the elevator doors
That's the last thing that I saw
Damn, we plan to make grands of our home
Number two
Jagged edge, rockin god, hard as Stonehenge
Pledged whoever crossed his path get scrapped with a sledge

Hammer, he didn't give a damn about the manor
And on the block he was called by the mommas and the grandmas
Indecent, heathen, juvenile delinquent
His weekends was frequently, locked inside the precinct
His most recent cape for catchin papes
Was snatchin up snakes on a roof butt-naked hang em off like drapes
Then ask what's the combination to the safe, with the brace
And those who didn't reply they fell straight to their face
Razor blade sharp who invades the dark
And raid more spots than spays and narc's iron heart like Tony Starks
A fierce lion, who never leave the crib without the iron
And on the block he be slingin rocks and duckin from the sirens
Greetin niggaz he loved with a pound, and a bear hug
Those who wanted life, they catch a slug from the snub
A five percent, who all knew was one to ten
He loved the gods with his heart but his brain was filled with sin
And when he came through niggaz be lookin out
Hopin he gets shot or token out,
Or locked the fuck up in Brooklyn house
In PC, on a liquid diet, but he was louder than a riot
Number two, the snake
Do the knowledge to a nigga named Frigga
Bad rude boy from the land of Jamaica
With visions to venture, to the US
To receive the gold that he couldn't acheive
In his country, even though he sold mad weed
For the next man, who was the don of the clan
Niggaz actin like they got the block locked
Like I can't sling drug raps and eat food
But I be the rudest, bad boy steppin gun totin
Shots lash out like a violent explosion
At the nigga, who tries to stop my production
Intervene the scene and slow up the cream
None of that black, east New York, gun talk
Niggaz I extort from Baltic to Boardwalk
Memories of injuries wounds and burns
Walkin through the streets of Medina I stand firm
Because I know this, which means I can hold mine down
Without a doubt, niggaz who front, get snuffed out
Justice must be born there's no escape
Because a snake can't be reformed so I wait
Comin in the name to proclaim your fame for protection
And you don't know no fuckin lessons?
Number two, the snake
Bad, bad, Leroy Brown

Baddest man in the whole damn town
Badder than the deep blue sea
Badder than you and me
Niggaz comin threw the trees, like a salamander, bitin
Like a piranha, but I'm bitin you back, like a black panther
The style I'm ampin the fuck my name, who I be?
Fuck the game, it's all about the money
Owahhaerahh, sometimes I get high with the meth
Then I turn to the killah priest
When it comes twelve o'clock!
I turn into the demon beast
Yo fuck that shit
Number two, the snake
Show these motherfuckers what time it is
Number two, the snake
Whose the bad ass?
Whose the bad ass?
Now number two
He practiced the snake style
He was known as the snake spirit
Lyrics, never waitin, twelve days, penetrated
When I come with the roughness, mad niggaz try to rush this
Slip into my killings, then I slays and you're helpless
When I try to stay sick, it's ya cub grafted six
Calm for the kill, knowing the style that's I'll
When I drop, lyric skills, brothers say, buddah chill!
I don't need to rhyme no more, niggaz know
To all the Wu Tang clan members
The Ghostface Killer, the Gza, the Rza, the Ol' Dirty Bastard
The Method Man, the Chef Raekwon, Inspector Deck, you God

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