Outta Town Shit

Ghostface Killah

I'm six foot two and a half
With shoes on make it three even
Been shot but I'm still breathing
Sent niggaz back to Pittsburgh
With they necks wrapped up no lie
See that's what happens when slugs fly
Doves cry when a thug dies
It might rain if you're a love guy
Glocks we tote 'em in belong pawn shops where we resold 'em
And going in we let the fiends hold 'em
Fake aliases, no driver's license or socials
But we cold cheek shit, so many hammers left the clerk speechless
Outdoors my niggaz is dirty
Rollin' smoke in the back seat sippin' orange juice
Bumping Blackstreet, suede wallets, Wallabees
Pea soup Clarks, music blastin', laughin' with the whip in park
Bodies for lunch, they eat those
Old school guns is like old albums, clean 'em and they keep goin'[Chorus]
Hey man it's rough outside
Crack heads is buyin' all night
Handguns is necessary
Fuck around you might lose your life
Anywhere in and outta town B
The same every hood it's so real
That you gotta be on your grizzly
If not then you might get pideeledLike one day right over a powerful dice game in Minnesota
We hit the mall up for kicks
Slid, in other words bounce, tip the chauffeur
To get that cheddar cheese back we lost from earlier
Get back the dices shaking, stretching my arm like Troy Aikman
What's in the bank? Nigga what? Twelve grand bowl 'em
No little shit on the floor roll 'em
That's what I do (sounds of dice shaking)
Six 'em girls, hit his kicks
I'm a still show that motherfucker he fish
Pound cake, beat that bitch
Holy smoke! I admire your roll
Two fours and a five, they all applause and he smiled
But confident me, yea I threw my twelve on the ground

Grab the dice, blew on 'em
Passed off the other thirty five thou, I'm doin' 'em
Nigga move shoot 'em, what's that? You roll a five?
Twenty or better y'all, I'm taking all side bets! Everybody spread out!
Watch the magic number that my pretty hand let out
My first roll was one two four, picked 'em up
Somebody screamed out, "Tony Starks headed for the dust off!"
I'm like hell no I'm headed for the gun store
Punch you in your motherfuckin' face like Spongebob
Watched his face when he aced, the place got quiet
Bowled like twenty forty times, my arm got tired
Couldn't hit a point, not even a deuce
Took a swig of my man's goose
Anything just to give me a damn boost
Then out came a wonderful six
Holy shit! Stack that shit
Yo Trife Dies snatch that fuckin' cream quick
That was one one six, one sixteen point C
And I don't care about no motherfuckin' Royce Green
He pulled out, he pointed at me, I pointed at him
My main man pointed at them
They pulled their guns out and pointed at him
And crazy shells they was coming in[Chorus]
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This just in, breaking news
Today in Downtown Minnesota, a tragic shootout occurred at 5:23 pm
An alleged witness says things went haywire over a dice game
Two black males were shot in their buttocks
Leaving one critically wounded
Two others were pronounced dead on the crime scene
At a nearby hospital, three New York men are recovering
In stable condition but are being held under police supervision at this time
For on the spot coverage
Theodore TV, this is Dusty Williams signing off
Now back to Tony Starks already in progress

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