

Biscuits

Ghostface Killah Feat. Trife Da God

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]Yo... who the fuck brought me this chocolate shit, man?

I said a banana nutriment, man

Ya'll heard the fuck I said... I gave you.

I wrote it on the fuckin' paper, man

Ya'll muthafuckas always fuck around and forgettin' something and shit

Smart dumb niggaz and shit, runnin' around here and shit

Ya'll niggaz need to wisen up, man, yo..

Fuck that special ed, shit

[Ghostface Killah]I said Big O, hydro-face, pass me the sazone, it's on

There go son, tap out the hash bone

Half moon, he rock, three's fourth quarter length

No jewels, no rocks, it's not worth the spotlight

His gun tool, was a half a hill

That's a six digit slip behind five sticks, eatin' steel, fuck him

We gon' -- we gon' get our money

If he front, they gon' read about the rocks in his tummy

Mouth was red, socks was bloody, fuck all the talkin'

Safety off and shit, crept out, "What up money? Freeze!"

Don't move, turn around, act like James Brown

And get down! Get slapped with the put down

Wasn't you the same clown? Uptown, yappin'

I keep big Shirley on my side, so What's Happenin'?

Try eatin' these shells, they non fattening

After you digest gat, I'mma stomp you bastards

So take that.. blaow, blaow! Ghost, he still breathing

Blaow, blaow! Anything after that it don't matter

Your homies and your close relatives

Even them nosy ass pigs'll get splattered

It's the TH-EO-DORE, send me to Iraq I come back with don heat

Teeth, less than a week, they be callin' me

Keep with the fists, 'cause I sure do cook when it's beef

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]Yo, what up? Meet, these, O.G.'s, quote these and

Baller' shit, long biscuits

Fuc

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