

# The Scroll

[Jerry Goldsmith](#)

Regardless, we all ninjas and got money  
But the theme of the story  
Is yo, checking how they came for me  
Kinda brief from the gold teeth era  
Bro dreaming on C.R.E.A.M.  
Complimentaries and beef  
I'm from the wild side  
A militant was made by the foremost elite  
It sound good, brung my rifle shit, clean  
Met the others, lit a blunt, begin  
I'm like Nicole Kidman in the wind  
Niggas is wild, niggas is eat  
Then I chanced it, blood can always beat mud  
Mud is part of being thug  
I guess it's advance, we from the street  
This is me, I'm ready to beat, whatever, we gon' off it  
One time alone, yo, they pricked up Unique  
Meth standing there, rare hustler hair, right in front of the building  
Them niggas do them killings out there  
This is deep, me, Rebel, U-G, he walked in the room  
Scarf rap, pair of Timberlands, beat  
This the potion, roll the scroll out, speaked and another walked in  
Knowing now this is a thief  
We from the same voc's, this is like a pot roast  
Hottest niggas who rhyme, I know them from the time  
This is not 'posed to happen, Peace Black, we wasn't cool  
  
Threw the piece back, everything good, I lit the leaf, captain  
Got a mission to make sure the world recognize our position  
I'm standing near the kitchen  
Shit just might work, I lit the stink, this could be the realest shit  
This could be the realest flip, quick  
Everybody stand up in militant, army jackets down  
I said to myself, this the realest clique  
True champ, we gon' rep it through, keep it cool  
No boot camp, no hard work, just some loot, family  
All in, ball 'til you fall  
Loyal as ever, I grab my leather  
I'm a lay 'til you call

Generals, demons, nighttime, vultures  
Caught up on the ropes, let's team it  
Everybody seen it, Zenith, what you mean?  
Everybody C.R.E.A.M. in, the all American dream  
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Generals, demons, nighttime, vultures  
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Everybody seen it, Zenith, what you mean?  
Everybody C.R.E.A.M. in, the all American dream, yeah

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