Yapp City

Ghostface Killah

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]
[church bell ringing]
Yeah, yeah, we want all that shit, we'll take all that shit
Sneak up on 'im right, feel me?
Soon as he turn around, just yapp this nigga
I got everything, youknowImean?
They ain't gotta do nothing, but just search them bitches
Let's go...[Ghostface Killah]
Nobody move, nobody get hurt
This is a stick up, I want y'all to lift y'all skirts
I mean shirts, take ya hoodies off, jackets and watches
Before you put ya hands on the wall, empty ya pockets
Fix ya face, this a robbery, nigga, respect the juks
Stop shaking, you making me nervous, I know that you shook
The fuck is that sticking out from under ya foot?
Move, turn ya head around, nigga, you better not look
Stacks, you hiding from Tone? I'll shake, rattle ya bones
You killed him! Nah, hit him with the back of the fucking chrome
In the dark, yo, I do this alone
That's the reason why I don't shake hands, in case I gave you a phone
That's a buck fifty, long hickey, when I strike I do it quickly
Creep up on my victims swiftly, make it hard for you to stick me
Cuz if we shoot it out, cuz if I die tonight you coming with me
Bitch-ass nigga, eat through ya chest like some fucking whiskey[Chorus: Solomon Childs]
BOY! Gut him like a pig in the dark
Or auction off ya bitch body parts
BOY! Poison a guard dog, disarm the alarm devices
Throw ya head in vicegrips (yeah)
BOY! Or stick a hot blade through his heart
Get to sticking niggaz for the right prices
BOY! Yeah, this is priceless.. GET 'EM![Sun God]
Aiyo, I post up, packed the shotti
Black mags in lobbies, with red dots, to detach the body
If you a boss, why ya cash is sloppy?
This a Staten Island burglar gang, ock, not no Ave could stop me
I'm on the road, not no massive robbery
When it come to that dough, it over flow like paper bag tsunamis
I take shit, lumberjacks and Tommy's
Niggaz passing out bombs like Culpepper, so I pass behind 'em

My black glove, black mask, requirements
Sent the order to Trife Dies', and he gon' send 'em fast, they flying in
These cowards couldn't clash our lion's den
That forty-four mag'll twist ya aves and the cav you flying in
We hoping out cabs like Iron Men
It's hard to believe how niggaz leave with no bag supplying sense
Empty cuz my staff is hiring
Canine dogs with felonies duck fast when firing[Chorus][Trife Da God]
Aiyo, we carry arms like a octopus
Shorty's strapped with the mac inside her pocket book
Blowing all lots of kush
Dark tints on the V so the D's can't spot the crooks
Just throw ya hands in the sky, don't try to stop the juks
Face down, lay on the ground, no sudden moves
Yo, then, take off his Timbs and get the work out his shoes
Rip off the pockets out his shoes, make sure he come out his used
I hear sirens, plus the cameras is watching, it's time to move
If you lolly-gagging, word to mama, I'll body bag 'im
Leave his frame riddled with holes, looking like Gotti had 'im
Bragging, juked, in the wagon, laughing
We slid a few blocks down, this kid was frozen
With stones so we decided to yapp 'im
I put the tool in his mouth, said "You don't want the action
These ain't E pills, nigga, these is fuckin aspirin
Bean, blast 'im, Homo' get his girl for his cash and
Yo, E, go stop the whip, they 'bout to witness a slashing" (BOY!)

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