Cocoa Leaf (no Relief)

Philly's Most Wanted

(featuring Clipse, Fam-Lay & Rosco P. Coldchain)
[Pharrell in background][Pharrell]Yo, hah huh, yo tell em
[Verse - Pusha T]Kard' in me, I flow too angry for some
Introduce myself I waving a gun
Cocked the banger, filled the barrell, pop minus one
Pop again, lay his men flee now it's down
Known for popping four and putting cock in whore
Love expensive homes of stones with pocket doors
I fuck white whives, that drive white fives
Go to court, testify for me and tell white lies
When I pull up, the people say "HOT them boys!"
22 but childish how we cop them toys
Sorry contradict myself, kinda hard to stop it
Glock and my ski nose, piece out of the pocket
[Verse - Boobonic]Hey yo it's Boobonic, tightest nigga around here
I'm next level, motherfuckers is downstairs
Niggaz call me a square, when I clock
Cause I'm eating from four corners in one block, get it?
Bottom line I'm the shit at all times
Come through in the five, grippin all dimes
Let's weigh mine to yours
I went to Vegas in '94, mind you I'm only 20
Ain't wit a whole lotta shit, just money
I'm so paid, that's why you niggaz so funny
X ya name, cause I'm next in the game to shine
Y'all faggot rappers can't fuck wit mine
[Chorus - Rosco P. Coldchain] (2x)
Y'all niggaz walk wit no belief
Y'all niggaz talk wit no relief
When you see me wit that .44 know it's me
Give up that cash, or that pack, or that cocoa leaf
[Verse - Fam-Lay]Fam-Lay ain't scared y'all
Look, I swear I ain't scared
Six shots at his mink cap, watch our shit
Look the nigga bout to die and he don't even know it
I fucked wit a lotta chicks that I don't even go at
Have a suit from the coppers, the dope won't even throw it
And y'all never knew I'm mad cause I won't even show it
Calm demeanor, flips when I palm the nina

I'm gifted, get shit straight from Argentina
Three vicious pimps but they moms is meaner
Got big tit chicks, Lord y'all should see 'em

The boss is heavy, let off cross and steady
Or even straight through the middle like Dorsey Levy
[Verse - Mr. Man]In the ML 430, block crack and twist em
Bruce'll fall back bitch see the solar system
Hoes - never kiss em, fuck get a dick sucked
You better than what? More hoes than who?
Can't na nigga ball like Mr. Man and Boo
Gucci from the suit, shirt belt to the suit
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do?
When my block getting money, everything is fine
Cop two bricks, stole ride roun' nine
Now I'm the shit, the clique is cool
And we boost six hours shift, fuck school
Fuck ice, I got heat that'll blow your cool
[Chorus][Verse - Rosco P. Coldchain]Playas think they can stand infront of me? Wit that ice on
Like as if Rosco wouldn't make their brains all crispy
I'm far from patient, it take something minor to push me
I thought my name was self explanatory, y'all niggaz be asking for it
Rosco's slang term for gun, P's for Porter
Coldchain nigga I'll take yours and sport it
And if you pussies got something to say about that
You can chit chat wit me and my gat, that day about that
On the spot, that moment, that second about that
I'll pull the Heckling, cock, and commense to pop
Heat from the stove, oven stuffing baking your top
And while you're on the pavement bleeding to death
I'll proceed to inspect - your pockets
Fingers, wrists, and your neck
I want the platinum rings, watches, including baguettes
[Verse - Malice]When I come it's wit 10 friends and a cross beam
Red dot pulsating on his offspring
Far from fiction what I kick in these flows
I'm the proud pop of them twin fo fo's
Mac and nine milly, ice quite chilly
I chase that paper, being broke? that's silly
What's worse than a group a niggaz wit no say?
We skip to the front of the line and don't pay
His stash at the foot of the bed, you don't say
Fill his Dolce wit more holes than crochet
No deal go down wit out a gun involved
Cause I'm raw like a Harley wit monkey bars

[Chorus - to fade]

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