

The Grunge

RZA

Car 36, 36, we got a situation in progress
37 between 106th
We got a possible homicide
All cars, all cars, we got a situation down
Aiyo, toxi' off the gray goose, vodka, shots of hypnotic
Y'all bitches want beef, son, you got it
Fresh off the bliz-knock, Bob Diznoc
Plex on the K.B. son, you get shiz not
Right in your hizead, you'll be dized
Don't front on this nigga, I'ma from New York Ci-zey
Y'all butter pec', make my nuts weak
Have me walk around, talkin' backward with stutter speak
Like tuh tuh tuh tuh tuh, buh buh buh buh
Butter pec', make my nutter weak
And y'all crabs down south, you ain't got a clue
How it feel to slip in that papi chino power you
White Cadillac truck just high beamed us
Mami look like she was Angie Martinez
I know Espanol, I play impostor
I was like, "Mamacita, yah yah, que pasa?"
And slip back to my casa
She was like, "Nigga! You sound like rasta"
I'm the ace in the decks
[Foreign Content]
I'm the ace in the deck, still casin' a Tec
That filled with the taste of the lead, buck, buck
The bass and the treb', the space in the back
Where chumps walk by and they face get slapped
I'm not known to talk a lot
Sit on five whips, son, so I don't walk a lot
Got ten chicks, so I don't hawk a lot
Been around the world but I love New York a lot
Especially up in Bedstuy, with those crazy Cuffies
Or in Fort Green, with those crazy Cuffies
Y'all floss like y'all Jay-Z and Puffy's
You get robbed, bucked down by a crazy Cuffie
Bobby
Fuckin' the mics is my hobby
Fuckin' the mics is my hobby
Bobby
Bobby
Bobby

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