

# Clipse Of Doom

## Ghostface Killah Feat. Trife Da God

[Ghostface Killah]Aiyyo, turn those lights down while I'm recording!

Matter 'fact y'all niggaz get the fuck out the room, G!

Straight up! Sipping on that bullshit Budweiser!

Nah'mean yo.. what? Fuck you too nigga!

'Kind of pants you got on motherfucker, Capris?!

Bitch ass nigga, go get ya feet done!

Eat a dick nigga!

[Verse 1]Catch me in the 80's drop

Old school Mercedes with a brand new baby glock

Right from my Lady's sock with two bodies on it

Capricorn, Aquarius

Lost so much blood, these bitch niggaz in they periods

They say I be living the role, like 'Pac in Juice

And only fuck with fly bitches that get fly and boost

And they ears be chandelliers, lit up like a lamp, Who cares?!

They cooch is fierce, the only thing loose is hairs

Thats right y'all, if a rap nigga say my name I'm a fight y'all

Fuck a state, light charge

My predicate status, irrelevant

My man got the big rap sheet that's outweighing two elephants

Jumbo shits from New Orleans

Players and Pimps that bit off Fiends

Quick, switch with the hands, Powder blue wally's is dyed, Vanilla bally's is mean

Kid, none of y'all motherfuckers fuck with my team, Uh!

[Chorus: Trife Da God]Aiyyo we the live niggaz holdin heat on the street corners

Sic the beasts on you, turning mothers to morners

Money launderers, neighborhood coroners, place bodies in bags

Tango with dirty Cash, Cocaine jacks

"Kings of the Hill", out to blow like propane gas

Package the raw, Theodore, We got the game on smash

'Cause we cut from the same cloth

Big guns ready to bang off

Slide off the cables and take the rings off!

[Verse 2]We hold the weight of four Synagogues

Jelly'd uptown in them beat down rented cars

Going mad wetting 'em

Milk cash, heavy tecks, hood rats, sexin 'em

Paris crew, little dudes, please!, I was reppin 'em

Niggaz couldn't come through (word)  
Thats when the block was like wallpaper, loved sticking niggaz like crazy glue  
Blackouts happened, God forbid don't be around!  
The Bag Lady will murk you and let off in the next town!  
She struck two times, get caught, good luck blood, it ain't no heines  
Blow a hockey puck hole in the back of your spine  
She put two cut up mirrors in the place of your eyes  
So when the cops look they see theyselves, they all gonna die  
Its the tale of the crips and bloods, pimps and thugs  
Get your face bashed in on the concrete rug  
on that note I'm a say peace!  
Theodore! Word to Darryl Mack's teeth!  
[Chorus][Verse 3]Yo, Ayo I'll break every bone in your wrist  
Smack you in the back of your head on the block while you holding your dick  
My semi, they call it the crouching tiger  
A hundred bowls of Total is trash, because my lead eat through fibers  
Peel your potato like Arriada  
On the day of your death people had candles but couldnt find no lighter  
Fuck your marrow! fuck your hood!  
You ain't a street legend like me!  
Blake Carrington holding the Dynasty  
I muffle motherfuckers up like meineke  
and write a thousand bar verse that all rhymes with "eat"  
Jewel theif, Shizzam bangles, in the vault deep  
And cruisin desserts mad heavy into salt treats  
Im the taste in Bush's mouth, nasty  
Afghanistan missions, gun training in the grassy fatigues  
Picking niggaz off by the Red Sea  
And did it all for Ghost, sniffin on caffeine!

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