

Criminology 2.5

Wu-Massacre

What you think I'm a fucking worm like you?
I told you, man, I told you, don't fuck with me
I told you, no fucking kids, no, but you wouldn't listen
Well, you stupid fuck, look at you now (Y'all already know!)
(For real, y'all, back behind the wall again) (yeah, you know what it is)
(You know what it do, '09 style this time) (It's time to go in now, y'all)
(For real, making CREAM again, nigga, blaow!) (you already know, it's crunch time)

First of all, black park it, guns, we spark it
Hit you in the back of your dome, from far, kid
Dice kickers, gun clickers, run up in the bank for ones, quick
The drug dealer niggas, we flip 'em
Polo rubies, flags on my hats, you love these
Knockout artists are one-piece
Fly in a foreign, all my money ties is tied-up
I'd rather sell coke, no bargain
Tough like a Hummer, fly like a Maybach
Spot runner, clap you in a gun shop, one up
Fuck about police, we Park Hillians with gold geese
And everyday's a Sunday Easter
Cousins in Gaza, the new improved Shottas
Stretched out, mink on the floor, you hassa
We run through with turbans, diamonded up chain with boots on
Mori umbrellas in Tucson
Rhyming is a color, the lifestyle is live, my fly brothers
Something go wrong, we slug something

Chill my nigga, chill (I got this, I got this)
Make sure you handle that beat, you know what time it is
Body that beat, man, come on (Yeah)

You can catch me anywhere, frost bitten chain
Bad dame, a thousand grams in Delaware
The smoke shop's is owls, laid back, hanging niggas to death
Word, you can call us coat racks
With 'giants' all around me like, Eli Manning
The bitch is on the block like, he died scrambling
Cause L frames is crack, popped out, nina one of his eyes
Can't come back home, they locked out

All he did was re-up, hustle for kick money
Kept Beez all around him, thinking he shit honey
Bow, I'm into bobsleds, wasting large bread
Gucci helmet is blue, trim in his dark red
The rap TJ Swan, it's me Ason
If he don't spin my shit, break the DJ arm
And glide off like an escapade, renegade on ice
Lemonade Clark, the haze is nice
The Goldielocks, rocks sapphire, chain is right
Bitch niggas, y'all watch what y'all say in ya mics, suckas

Aiyo, Rae, aiyo, Rae, check it out, yo
Let me go in there one more time and air these niggas out
For old times sake, you know how we do, my nig'
Old times sake, just for me, man, one more time, I'm begging you
Let me just go in, and just fly on these niggas heads, man
It's what I'm talking about

It's like a body in a project hallway, who did it?
Who's the next nigga that sucked the snit-ich
That's my word, it could never be me
You see the deer head on the living room wall, like his neck fell off
That can be all sculptured and glazed with gloss
Call the shots that Bill Belichick would call
Snake niggas slither all in the glass house, racial slurs
When it's time to go to war, they cash out
Throw 'em in the rear-naked choke, they tap out
Niggas try to surround the kid, I backed out
And threw two rocks at 'em, watching the ho drop
I'm from a place where we locking the low glocks
Yellow tape, the bodies, jiggy and road blocks
Got the towels up in the air, it's so hot
Talking bout Staten Island, profiling
Switchblade city, the goons is wilding
Escape from my slums, nigga, you got talent
And we don't want the fifth of 'yac, we want the gallon

What you think I'm a fucking worm like you?
I told you, man

Vacate black, bust gats, wherever we at
You all that, hit 'em in the chest, we fall back
I got mines, nigga, where yours at?
We call that, raw rap, got fiends in front of my door mat
That Witty Unpredictable fly shit, drive-by shit

These the niggas I ride with
And we gon' get cake, y'all, as soon as this pie split
Smacking up the dry snitch, nigga, you my bitch
Somebody put Tical on, matter fact, put Tical on
One suuu, Staten Isle on 'em
I bank roll, I break codes, and I ain't tryna catch another case, case closed
Give me my crown, cause I deserve it, real dudes giving me pounds
But not too close though, the semis'll round
Bitches, running they mouth, goons, running your gate
My team running the block, cops running my plates
Well fuck that, Criminology rap
Niggas hate, I hate back, floating in the flyest Maybach, nigga

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