Beat the Clock

Belloni

Aiyo, Ghost, what's up nigga? This "Supreme" talkin' to you and shit
You caught me all the way in Staten Island to see you
Beat the two minute and thirty seven second clock
Suprise, time started already, muthafucka, say that shit, nigga
I'mma say it, don't get mad, y'all, I throw my darts sideways
Shoot 'em up, bang, bang, through me baby
Lovely lady, fuck the spades, drive the kid crazy
Before I go to bed, an hour later
People be talkin', I feed dolphins
My defense'll fly the coop off your mean office
My skills is a fortune, Robbin' Leech out a suite auction
Teach then fall off the greatest, fuck what they say
'Cuz we against the abortions and we
Lay low-oh-oh, silent those clowin' foes
Got them clothes for his new feud in the road
We them Fat Albert niggas, spot runnin' '86 crack viles and pictures
Lookin' all suspicous, I'm out
Aiyo, hold up, what the fuck you stop for?
(I got somethin' in my)
Nah, you can't be stoppin', G
What the fuck you ain't got, aiyo, you buggin' and shit
Son, you gotta hurry the fuck up
Time is runnin' nigga, come, what the fuck?
I work magic out of liquor store
Give me a dollar and I turn that bitch into five
And all I need is one more to get things started
Get retarded and once you, I'mma fix these artists
Take 'em one by one, tie 'em up, line 'em up
Treat 'em like a cigar, fire them niggaz up
They be up in the club, six-three tree'd up
With them young 'keds with their gear all beat up
This is how I'mma kill 'em with four lines left
Hold your breath, say my name five times it's take's practice, yo
Decap' him with sayin' my name, it's like matches, yo
It's time to fuck up on account in a house or blow
Na-na-na-na-na, nah, nah, fuck that four-line shit
You cheatin' and shit, I ain't come here for all that
(I'm tired, though Lord, what the fuck)
What you mean you tired and shit, G?

You suppose to be that nigga, nigga then show me
If you that nigga, then show me, nigga
I hold a mic like I'm Gail Sails
Hoppin' over chairs like O.J., my rushin' yards
Them pen, how the meter spray
Happy wife-beater day, don't touch my, cheeba hay
Get off my D-I, then go C the K's
Excuse me Mr. D.J., please play "Fish"
Or that "CherChez", live meeting, ten four, may day-may day
Callin' all cars, callin' all cars
We have an A.P.B. on Starks and Trife the God
We left the jewelry store, feelin' like we left the morgue
We was frozen and I brought an iced out Trojan
That's for pussies whose golden, who got Toney wide open
I put my ring up to my man's waves and seen an ocean
Move like a wolf, kid, in sheep's clothin'
Snatch the money bag off the milk truck and kept boatin'
I be potent like ibuprofen, I be coastin'
With two shotties on me, in your grimiest lobby smokin'
This muthafucka made the clock, mutha where the fuck?
Yo, you be cheatin', mutha, you be cheatin'
That's that Staten Island, bullshit
Theodore, you know you might be a Ghost
But you ain't Houdini, muthafucka

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