Black Trump

Trackstar the DJ

I had to get some real professionals for the job, son
Numerous cats, word up, that's right official niggas word up
This is what you call ? Straight blazin' through what?
Raise the roof is what we came to do, like hash browns
Blazin' through, blazin' through, pass that African black gold
Over here, raise the roof is what we came to do
Blazin' through, blazin' through, you know how we rock, raise the
Roof is what we came to do, Smiff-N-Wess-N-Lex set up shopAttack mode, time to strike like a cobra
Poisonous venom into your system killin' you slower
Than niggas wit blowers to your jugler, my brother's keeper
But I put my brother to sleep, if my brother try to creep up
You know me son, show respect when I'm rockin' the podium
Steam-rollin' on niggas, my team straight blowin' 'em
Got 'em throwin' they gunz in the air like Onyx
Chef and Smiff-N-Wessun crime shit, New York's finestLet me warn y'all killas upstairs
I seen all y'all, heavy like fuck
Thinkin' my niggas might flaw y'all
Blow ya ammo, shallah seen the God fly commando
Handle, gun on my leg, blow his hand off
I'm lookin' at you why, like
"Fuck, you probably think I'm high"
Seems luck, chain around my neck, bought it from EgyptMe what? Hennesy drink
Mahogany guns, we treesed up
Come out your shirt, buckle knees-up
This Casablanca rap nigga throw some cheese up
Let's poly, slow-mo status
Bring the keys up
Wonderin', runners is lookin' mighty fees'd up
Right stupid, FBI sell 'em these gunsMake this money, niggas hold up guns
Armed full of licks, plus your dick, drop your ones
Baby need new shoes and a outfit, I see you stick-up kids
You came wit the dick lick
You see my set of twin-hitmen from Bushwick?
Two chicks wit the twenty-two tecs, bitch, you heard about 'em
Now open up the circle so the dice can breathe
Pay you double, if you triple, if you push you pay meGotta poly wit ya crew
To stack ya loot up
Get your weight up
Big up, pull ya boots up

If you step into the club wit your guns up
If the tension's on your mind then raise the roof up
You gotta keep it in the fam
Stack ya loot upGet your weight up, big up, pull ya boots up
When you step into the club wit ya guns up
If the tension's on your mind, then raise the roof up
Raise the roof up, raise the roof up, right
Never before we came to raise the roof up
Raise the roof up, right, raise the roof up
Microphone politicians
Still in all we came to raise the roof upMinolta flash
Gun in the stash
Rollin' for mo' hash
Tek, why you slap fire out 'em
Hold fast
These niggas gotta pay the hard way
Three the hard way
Allah swingin' on 'em like a San Diego PadreYou heard what the God say
Let's start this
Professional marksma
Swimmin' like killa sharks
We lethal and heartless
On point like a dart, bitch
Bomb your camp if you want this
Connect wit convicts on some Don shitAnd spread the camouflage cats
To get the money in Stat
Go to war like Sadaam
If he pushes you that
Keep his movements discreet
When he out in the streets
Had to stash built to
High heat for those who creepHa, peep the ghetto bastards, run in your crib like two
Masked men, I run wit a Tek, and we ain't askin', we blastin'
Chef brought the extra cannon from Staten
Rhyme official live broadcastin', makin' it happen
You gotta make power moves, black guns and cash rules
Hold my eight straight 'cuz I been payin' dues
Wave king from way back tryin' to make a mill stack
Miami money cats that leave you layin' down flatGotta poly wit ya crew
To stack ya loot up
Get your weight up
Big up, pull ya boots up
If you step into the club wit your guns tucked
If the tension's on your mind then raise the roof up
You gotta keep it in the fam

Stack ya loot upGet your weight up, big up, pull ya boots up
When you layin' in the cut wit ya guns tucked
If the tension's on your mind, then raise the roof upRaise the roof up, raise the roof up
Raise the roof, we came to raise the roof up
(What?)
Raise the roof up, raise the roof up
Raise the roof, we came to raise the roof up
(It's on again)Raise the roof up, raise the roof up
Raise the roof, we came to raise the roof up
(Word up, put your hands down)
Raise the roof up, raise the roof up
Raise the roof, we came to raise the roof up
(Word up, this shit is multi, y'all gonna see it, word up)
(Smiff, Wess, Lex)The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire
(From the projects, phony projects next)
The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire
The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire
We don't need no water, like the Cocoa B's burnGotta poly wit your crew
To stack ya loot up
Get ya weight up,
Big up, pull ya boots up
When you step into the club wit the guns up
If the tension's on your mind, then raise the roof up

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