The Whistle

Re.You

Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Digital
Yo, I beat the case, now I face the acquittal
You nizzles try to belittle, but ya'll less than spittle
From a baby's lip, the digi made me flip
Plus they paid me chips, just to spray the clip
And empty out on you, in sync like the SMPTE output on the MPC 2002
We be housin' crews, plus we housin' fools
In abandoned apartments with a thousand tools
Crazy shootin' dudes buck off the beat
Brainless boutless fools who be stuck off the leaf
Two guns in their hands yellin' "Fuck the police!"
On the weekend get drunk and they fuck with the niece
Of the precint chief, she got the tattoo
On her breast that's shaped like The W
Go 'head snatch the guns, son, I'll cover you
And if they get past me we got another two, yeah
We smoke those blunts the size of bats
We got those gats as long as axe
We snatch that cheese right off the trap
We put those Beez all on your map
I shoot the fair one, I dare ya'll run through New York City
Or any city or place, my face, royal taste, pace myself
Ace my health, great with wealth
Undetected like the wings of a Stealth, I move for self
Or any man, woman or child that I call fam
That's the way I am, word to Glock, my sister Pam
Son, lived through the terror of the World Trade blues
Nine o'clock news, abused the mind of many fools
Braves and jewels, made my moves, paid my dues
From the School of Intelligence, I stayed benevolent
Most high, magnify, multiply, as I add to the Kings of Kings
We never die, built my name, sustained like blood
Flow through the veins divine sign
Dine with wine forever sunshine
We smoke those blunts the size of bats
We got those gats as long as axe
We snatch that cheese right off the trap
We put those Beez all on your map
From the Vil to Brazil, live on your C-SPAN radio band

Explicit, dice kiss it, pour a little liquor
Golden imported from Cuba, Miss Aruba
Sexy as Asia, met her up in Mecca
Getting up in Just Cipher, hit it on the first date
Plotted my escape, twelve hours shift at the gate
How can you beat a G a week in '88?
Trips to the Pocono Lodge, the fresh Izod
Mama shouldn't work so hard to pay the landlord
A grand in your birthday card, times is hard
The gun hammer click, when the pigs blitz
We scramble like Vick, automatic six plus one to the head
Yo, the east so hot, it's red, but that's home
And my Glock still burn your skin to the bone
Sonny Corleone don't discuss it on the phone
We smoke those blunts the size of bats
We got those gats as long as axe
We snatch that cheese right off the trap
We put those Beez all on your map

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