

Shanghai

Chuck Loeb

Shut the fuck up punk
Give me that shit
You feel sorry for who
Gave you head before I stormed in
Muthafucka, any problem yo I want in
I'm here to win
Every mornin'
I'm yawnin'
While ya'll are boardin'
The store and showin' that you're fake bringin' some corn in
Meat, rice, and poultry
We all know how you get your money
Don't insult me
Shut up
For me not steppin'
You can fault me
Yeah, I chill
But we are about to split this muthafucka
Like Sugar Hill
See your man
He thinks he's wise
Tell him chill
He ain't the only one with chinky eyes
Yo, I'm related to him
And I'll put eight through him
When I skate though him
And my co-d
I don't think you know is take to him
And before it's over
I'll have this whole fuckin' store with that smoke aroma
And yo, your wife keeps twitchin'
Than we both can bone her
Real quick, real sick
Pull out dick
Then nigga go on and riff
I'll have this whole fuckin' clip
On some raw dog shit
Close that gate
It's time to negotiate

Now your store really could fulfill my needs

Got now and later seeds

Nigga's need dungarees

We in the middle of Harlem

What we need for them ski's

That's the cover-up nigga

For the weed, guns, and keys

But ya'll is gettin' live though

I ain't gonna cry yo

I just wanna get paid off, nigga

Like five-0

In America the product is coke and weed

In China, the product is dope and speed

The Columbians got the coca leaves

But in Harlem, niggas like to Plot and Scheme

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Now your store grose

A mil' a week

And my nigga's on the block

Yo, we feel is sweet

But we been livin' here forever

Can you feel our beat

So give us half

Or I guarantee baby

You gonna feel the heat

And I'm a little bit high

Save a little and you die

Send a blizzard through your store

In the middle of July

So if you wanna chat

We can

If you wanna scrap

We can

But I feel like Jackie Chan

Exactly man

Kong Fu

Murder thoughts like John Woo

I'm here for Bi

Not to con you

Now it's a done deal yo

There ain't no bluffin' kid

And tell your wife don't move

I know where that button is
Yo, I would hate to have to bust her
That's petty black
Matter of fact get out the way
I know where that maschetti at
Give me that
Blamm
That's when the chink goes flip
Then grabs me like Spock
On some Bruce Lee shit
And his wife had a grenade
That's when my nigga's sprayed
And in a puddle of blood
Is where that bitch laid
But this ain't have to happen yo
Man you see the weed for real
Nigga let me go
Back up off me
Damn that was a close one
Next time, your ass gonna play Bruce son
That's Word to mutha
You don't know how deep we are
Give them them tapes
Ya'll got VCR's
Yeah, three of 'em
But back to the topic
My deal to the floor
In a week
I can bring about 10 thou to the store
Yeah, I know I know I know
That's not near to what your crew had
But we doin' this together
Nigga that's too bad
Now here's the deal either take it or leave it
Cause see these guns
We can take it or squeeze it
Now everything is set up
Right?
I got some girls that will be here sometime tonight
You know me-ya, the nigga wit China white
They got some shit that will fuck around and blind your sight
They kind of tight
Now if I here things behind the hype
I'll put a contract on your life
And you sign it right

The first day
So have my money Thursday
Cause I don't want to have to see your ass nigga on herse day
In the worst way
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