whatever

Masta Killa

"I think of sometime" - sample repeated throughout the song

I see him Killa blast on 'em, never yo

I got the drop on you, don't flinch
Pop niggaz like John Lynch
Leave niggaz in they own stench
I'mma light drinker, heavy smoker
Known for duckin' show promoters
Pass the money, over, my whole crew is ex-cons
Be alarmed, when you hear the err-urrrrr
It's on, Silverback niggaz under the stairs
When we link up, we travel in pairs
Ya'll niggaz best to beware of the most thoroughest
Cover all aspects, four corners
You can't creep up on us
I'm takin' one for the team, deal me in
And when the smoke clears, do it again
This ain't a side show, you can die slow
There's no I in team, we all ride yo!
The Masta brought the ceremony, this is my testament
Homicide Housing, that's what I represent

Criminal gun play, chemical dream to P.J.'s
Last raid, another fed paid, bed rum: Sunday
The world dyin' for the love of money
Expensive chains, intensive pain from that cocaine
Condition the brain, children in strain, as I look back
Memory lane, civil and plain, it be in fame
A major part of the game, chemistry grain
Foolish kids ran when I came
Forty acres, five percent of terrain
Spark right through my vein tunnel, aim through this jungle of rain
A lot of haters wanna see us hang
But watch me bang as in Eagle/Crane
Step back, shatter your frame
Another victim in the system where he barely sustained
Forkin' in, I sold a million way, his first campaign
Sippin' rosemary cherry champagne, nigga

The young and the dangerous, water on the wrist, ice cryst'
Talk with a lisp, then I be top of your list

[Chorus]
We all in this together, forever and ever
Down for whatever, whenever, yeah, yeah
We all in this together, forever and ever
Down for whatever, whenever

Check the Words from the Genius, that was written in pen
Murder gloves, hide the fingerprint, but never the sin
Ghetto prophet that's born to quote
Got the crimies, behind me, with the face on stroke
Don't provoke, trust son, that thing bust, and we roll dangerous
Who can handle us, when we rush the clubs on thrust
Yo, don't miss the lead vocalist, terrorist
Wu-Tang, a pure danger, the God hold a fort
Teach law, universal, beat down, my stomping ground
We hold courts in the streets of New York
Snort the gun powder, eyes stay red like fire
Cut the mic wire, hit a love ballad note
Pen stroke, beautiful quote, for you to deep throat
Ghetto life had to rough up in the housing
They only make 'em us, every twenty five thousand

[Chorus]

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