Black Out

Grouper

[Ghostface Killah]Where's my horse? {shouts} de Andre! {makes horse sounds}
Andre?
Yo!
Throw me in a mosh pit I'm liable to start shit
Melt the place then break out like an arsonist
Classified to get it in for a classic killing
If I turn my back and walk that means I'm chilling
Got bitches in mi casa boiling fresh lobsters
But I don't do the shellfish I'm a just eat pasta
Turkey italian sausage chopped up kielbasa
Doing hits from home like an elite mobster
Love my onions diced up real little, wifed up!
Gotti trench men is real brittle
Poke your nose {Poconos} is where I go with the capos
11 Sammy the Bulls, ready to wack those
I'm half black yo, half oregano
That's half italian yo, who he?
I'm from that Island yo, Staten
Crushing niggas like aspirins
Commissioner Kelly I'll kill your captian
That's word to my bitch that's laid off
That little patch in the pussy, word! I ate it off!
Team move with hands in the air like Adolf
Handing me a big joint that I sprayed off! Raa3fffff
[Cappadonna]Toma, toma, mira pene que!
Papi Wardrobe, Papi Wardrobe, go ahead Papi Wardrobe!
Maricon! Yeah... rrrrrrrrrrrkii kii kii kii kii kii kaaaaah
La Costra Nostra La Familia, what!
Violate my family ties and I'm a kill y'all
Mi amor dame un beso

"D" Capitan ghettio hot sauce on my Speghetti-O's
Papi Wardrobe mexican handle with ho's
All my gutter gang crew got border patrol
Like Zorro when I come through black sombrero, what!
2 in the holster my code name Darryl
Ride off in the sunset starved in the barrel
Long boots on my horse named White Boy John
Rock the side of that bitch straight mexican song

Ass hanging off the brunt don't ever look at me wrong
And my heart beats strong like Julio on guzziii
Up in the Arizona desert where the shit get ugly
All my Staten Island riders ride or die honchos
Get cream all day leave our ponchos
We bull fighting niggas wrestle with broncos
And my team stay tight like Silver & Tonto
Carry a long whip yo I'll whip your ass
Hard head mexican dope mixed with hash
Machete behind door where the rip and the slash
Desperado kids me and Ghost back at last
Toma, Toma, Mericon!
Papi Wardrobe, Papi Wardrobe, bring it to them!
[Trife]Cinco De Mayo imported guns from Cairo
Got back with the toast and beat the charge like rhino
This bitch who's albino
I met her out in Chi-Town while I was out in Greek town ordering Gyros
The Bad bitch keep the tool in her bible
Quick to murder her rivals and her pops was a gangsta Disciple
He Killed about a thousand Vice Lords guns and knife wars
The feds came for him so he slid to the 9th ward
Down in the N.O.
And right before he left he wrote his daughter a memo left stacks in a Benz-o
It got hot niggas selling giving out the info
He paranoid every 20 seconds out the window
Blow it into limbo he spazzed on Lorenzo
He smashed him in the head with his own son's Nintendo
About a week later the boys came and rushed him
Kicked down his door while he was sleep they cuffed him

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