

# Biscuits (feat. Trife)

## Ghostface Killah

Yo... who the fuck brought me this chocolate shit, man?  
I said a banana nutriment, man  
Ya'll heard the fuck I said... I gave you  
I wrote it on the fuckin' paper, man  
Y'all muthafuckas always fuckin' around and forgettin' something and shit  
Smart dumb niggas and shit, runnin' around here and shit  
Y'all niggas need to wisen up, man, yo.  
Get off that special ed shit, man I said Big O, hydro-face, pass me the sazone, it's on  
There go son, tap out the hash bone  
Half moon, he rock, three's fourth quarter length  
No jewels, no rocks, it's not worth the spotlight  
His gun tool, was a half a hill  
That's a six digit slip behind five sticks, eatin' steel, fuck him  
We gon' -- we gon' get our money  
If he front, they gon' read about the rocks in his tummy  
Mouth was red, socks was bloody, fuck all the talkin'  
Safety off and shit, crept out, "What up money? Freeze!"  
Don't move, turn around, act like James Brown  
And get down! Get slapped with the p-dound  
Wasn't you the same clown? Uptown, yappin'  
I keep big Shirley on my side, so What's Happenin'?  
Try eatin' these shells, they non-fattening  
After you digest gat, I'mma stomp you bastards  
So take that. blaow, blaow! Ghost, he still breathing  
Blaow, blaow! Anything after that it don't matter  
Your homies and your close relatives  
Even them nosy ass pigs'll get splattered  
It's the T-H-E-O-D-O-R-E, send me to Iraq I come back with don heat  
Teeth, less than a week, they be callin' me  
Keep with the fists, cuz I sure do cook when it's beef  
Yo, what up? Meet, these, O.G.'s, quote these and  
Baller' shit, long biscuits  
Fuck around, take all your shit  
Call your bluff, y'all faggots don't want no beef  
Grind your teeth, and just, roll with it, don't risk it  
Fuck around, and be a statistic Yo, yo, niggas ask why I use my Glock  
Cuz it's 2003, muthafucka, I refuse to box  
I'm true to block, strip you for your shoes and socks  
Remove your watch, yo I'mma have to lose your top

I'm from a place where junkheads and zombies dwell  
And niggas keep they heat blazin' like Bonzi Wells  
Don't ever talk to a nigga like I'm one of your kids  
Cuz I'll cock back the mag and pop one in your ribs  
So homeboy, keep runnin' your jibs, I'mma run in your crib  
Pistol whip you right in front of your wiz  
My nigga, that's how it is, I get it, just how I live  
Cuz me without a gun, is like Queens without the bridge  
Classic cut, this is how a O.G. live  
Lamp in village, and still get heard with no spins  
This is Trife Diesel, New York's backbone, back home  
Black blown, it's Theodore, nigga, fuck your wack stones  
That's right, it's real!  
It's that muthafuckin' Theodore Unit  
Nahwhatimean? Staten Island, live shit, y'all  
Straight up and down, nothin' but that cutthroat shit  
Blowin' niggas back home, you know what I mean?  
I don't give a fuck... we could take it there  
Whatever, peace, we got him nigga  
Yeah, now I'mma strangle it there  
No doubt, it's real right now, muthafucka  
Y'all niggas done done it, fuck y'all yeah  
I'mma get the fuck outta this booth

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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