

Rui Da Silva F/ Cassandra

"Live From the P.J.'s"

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[sample]

One two, one two, one two, one two
So you wanna start up, what we gonna tear shit up?
I said let the turntables talk for me at first
And then I should finish the rest

[Hook 2X: Ghostface Killah]

Theodore Deini, Deini, Deini, Deini (say what)
Theodore Deini, Deini, Deini, Deini (say what)
Theodore Deini, Deini, Deini, Deini (say what)
Deeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo, what up? Aiyo, what's poppin' and shit
Yo, this your man, Ghost Deini and shit, Trife Diesel on
the side
Money Come First, Theodore Unit, aiyo, son blind these
niggaz
Throw bleachin'

[Trife Da God]

Aiyo, aiyo, what's poppin' out in Stapleton Park, hoppin'
the V's
Call Ghost, special invited host, bring through the
seeds
Sun beamin' like a hundred degrees, yo Tone!
Hurry up, get your ass in the truck, it's time to leave

[Ghostface Killah]

Hold on, I gotta polish my ring, throw on my Clarks
And you know, I can't iron man garments, without the
stars, just
Double park, give me ten minutes or less
I overslept, my bitch left, and my crib is a mess

scratches and talk

"If you not down, you not an M.C. or a D.J., off the
stage"

[Trife Da God]

It's the Theodore event, so they blocked off the streets

And we came here to chill, but the cops wanna beef
Little kids, shootin' hoops on the court, playin' horse
All the young bucks, rocking new gear, try'nna floss

[Ghostface Killah]

Say no more, let's motivate Trife, throw on your poker
face

Spin around the block one time, so we can spoke the
place

Yeah, it's lookin' lavish, and the scene looks wonderful
Pockets full of trees, and my shit look colorful

[Trife Da God]

We got the X-Men spinnin', on the one's and two's
No drugs, no violence, leave home the guns and tools
And the grill's just cookin' up chicken and steak
And greedy ass Uncle Ronnie, yo, he lickin' the plate

[Interlude: ?]

Ladies and gentlemen, we got Black Thought in the
house tonight

Yo, he just came from off tour, and I think he wanna
spit something, yo!

[Black Thought]

Yo, we X-Ecute 'em, with the rapid fire, pealin' your
face off

Sprayin' up the party, from the ceiling with napalm

Shots follow the target, I ain't gon chase ya'll

Swinging aluminum bats, that's not for baseball

It's humor, the way ya'll makin' me laugh

I'm like a, natural born hustler, gotta get that cash

The way a natural born, freak, gotta shake that ass

And anybody wanna eat, gotta break that fast

A million crabs in a barrel, try'nna make they splash

Break away fast, nice brother's finish in last

It don't, matter the speakers, or the hammers can blast

To handle your ass, frontin', I'mma take your stash

And twist it, and bake the whole, projects biscuits

This kid is a trendsetter, ya'll just misfits

Black Thought, I've been better, ya'll just forgettin' shit

Now it's a life or death predicament

I step in with a vendetta, then start spittin' shit

Then spit game, that's ridiculous, ya'll muthafuckas
insignificant

I'm three fifty seven, magnificent

Stay playin', where them bad bitches is, you feelin'
tonight

You know they feelin', let the semi automatic bend

They fend to have 'em in the ghetto, goin' at it, man

They bring it to your block, have it like Pakistan

Philly boys bringin' noise, makin' wild static, then
We trick cops, even jump out vans, and leave you
Sprayed out, stiffer than a mannequin stance
You get, laid out, clapped with mechanical hands
That kick back, cuz, you and your mans'll get zapped
Just keep, thinkin' my peoples, and peoples'll toy with
A cold blooded kill shit, and keep on doin' it
Cuz that's my pleasure, that's the people's enjoyment
Gangsta's holla at me, if you seekin' employment

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