

Solomon Childs f/ Carlton Fisk, Ghostface Killah

"Gorilla Hood"

Visit "[Gorilla Hood](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: movie sample]

Though we stand in the shadow of death
The Lord is our God

[Hook: Ghostface Killah]

It's a must that I take the streets back so fast
Everybody thinkin' it's not gon' last
I, got bad news, bad news, brot'man and I'm gon' stay
alive
I think y'all want my riches, I empty out on niggaz
I'm gonna reach the top, Theodore's the crew and we
ain't
gon' stop now

[Ghostface Killah]

I'm like them '86 Brooklyn niggaz
Fuck if I cook coke with niggaz
Operate over snow, and I brought cold techs for bitches
Draped out in them goose lick bitches
You fuck around and get your whole crew shot at,
blaow
Dare you to pop back, under cars, cryin'
Tryin' to come up out that
Eric B. when I cut, twenty three's on a truck
Like a dust joint, I'll have your whole hood stuck
This is Ghost murder, we movin' like NARCs, go-karts
Throwin' Sports Illustrated darts and watch
Get the blade whip money, fuck your fame to part
Depart when you see Starks, duck low
Fuck up a rapper on the regular
Blow his fuckin' arms off his cellular
This is Don Mattingly, Don Bailer, Don King or Don
anything
A monster, silver back Guerrilla, pa
Though I sleep outside the bing

[Chorus: Solomon Childs]

Introducing Staten Island
New York, New York, the Theodore Unit (It's yourz)
And we bringin' back the Twin Towers
We military, puttin' control on you cowards (It's yourz)

Introducing Staten Island
New York, New York, Toney show 'em how niggaz shine
(It's yourz)
This for the holes in my momma's sock
The scene's marked, got them six in a pack for 3.99
(It's yourz)

[Ghostface Killah]
Bulletproof goose pillows
I'm still alive since the last time I left
Tephlon pajama set, truck armor neck neck arm weigh
your head
Move a A-Bomb, get drunk and paint the whole town
red
Fuck a 5-0, hydro and perfume bottles
Blow a hole through an avocado, blitzed on the
Verrazano
Wish that I became a leader, the day this old school
nigga
Placed a burner in my hand, 'cause I was very eager
Big stories to tell, jail house, rock that Supreme
Clientele
Bricks we buy and sell, we made it, was on, when fam
post bail
When they ran up in, near the house, Pops went
through hell
2 O'Clock, the Apollo on, no socks, wallo's on
Eatin' olives with Vodka, lampin' on plush sofas
Big trophies on my wall, double X Moses, Ghost is M.C.
Ultra
You be suprised by the size of my holster, bitch
The reason why I be dissin' y'all niggaz is cause y'all 0-
for-6
You hero head muthafuckas, I'll expose you quick
Fuck around and get your waffle split
Don Muraco when I cock let the glock go, Gotham's
bridge
Feelin' like a bad parent when I dropped those kids
Body up your fuckin' man just like the Narco's did

[Chorus]

[Outro: Ghostface Killah (Carlton Fisk)]
Yeah, yeah, like I told you (for real man)
Muthafuckas, it's me man (tired of niggaz tellin'
niggaz)
Fuck that, it's Theodore (niggaz talkin' all flagrant)
(Ya'll niggaz is fuckin' up, son)
Let me say somethin', let me say somethin' one time
(go head)
I'mma bust one of these niggaz wigs open one time

My banger too big and been starvin' for one of these
little punk ass niggaz
(Yo these niggaz like bad children)
I'mma start sendin' y'all niggaz to the store
(Where we from, y'all niggaz don't know, fuck the
rappers, God)
Ya'll niggaz whole style is chump, straight up and down
We them '88 babies, man, on the real man (Ya'll niggaz
just war story niggaz)
I'll smack you off stage while you on man (Slap the shit
out of one of y'all niggaz)
Spit in your girl's mouth, bitch (Shaolin, I fuck the bitch
up)
I wanna bite this fuckin' mic, right now (I'm tellin' you...)

Visit [Solomon Childs f/ Carlton Fisk, Ghostface Killah](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.