

## **Tragedy Khadafi f/ Raekwon**

### **"Gorilla Rap"**

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[Intro: Raekwon]

25 to life, aiyo Scram Jones, I'm hearing about you kid  
What up, let's pop these niggaz heads the fuck off,  
man  
It's on still, fuck that, let's do it!

[Raekwon]

Let the lead jet, mad chunks of ice on his headset  
Pull out them cannons, and let my nigga bed check  
Always at war, with good liquor, say something hood  
rich  
Bitch, I'm guarded by them good ninjas  
Fresh out them caves of Europe, more slave bengals  
Flooded like the stone mizurics  
So when you see us, nigga wouldn't knee us  
The world's most powerful rap duos, run through like  
zebra's  
Big v's pull up, melt ya skull, grab your whore  
We're in your ear, yellin' 'war' when we pull up  
Eight eight killas, sorta like the bullocks  
The wolf child, lift niggaz faster than sit-ups  
So many stick-money gettas, payin' fly Hitlers  
This is all made from the pictures  
Automatic exchanges, bad boom killas and rangers  
Violate me, you'll die in the rain, bitch

[Chorus: samples scratched up]

"You got guns, got guns too"  
"Watch me -- shit ain't a game, recognize the G"  
"You got guns, got guns too"  
"Off seasons, I keeps it gully"  
"You got guns, got guns too"  
"Cowards in the face, the bullets is burning, actual  
factual"  
"You got guns, got guns too"  
"It's going down like that"

[Tragedy Khadafi]

When I write, floods occuring, arks get built  
Prophets kneel the crosses, and presidents killed  
Churches, synagogues, even mosses filled

Popes and bishops bow down, on one knee they kneel  
Streets is talking, e pills shipped in a coffin  
Egyptian jewelry, made the dead rise of the tombs  
Aborted babies, re-appeared back in the womb  
Used to fuck with all types of thugs, all types of drugs  
Strapped up, macked up, with all types of slugs  
Militant Che Guerrera, three quarter chinchilla  
Ask around about the God, homey say I'm the realest  
2-5, we gon' ride til the government kill us  
Banana clip in the mack, where niggaz act gorilla  
The truth is, I'm on some more new and improved shit  
Spitting the revolution, allow me to introduce it  
I'm legendary, skills in the art of war vary  
I feel I'm needed, like the Knicks need Marbury  
When I squeeze have the d's go down like the Ferry  
Holding my hand, talk to the dead, in cemetaries  
That's word to the pain and the blood stain of a dope  
fiend vein  
Leave our mark on the planet, you know we came  
Slugs flying, we riding, I ain't doing no bids  
Fight a lion with a pocket knife, to feed my kids...

[Chorus]

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