

U-God f/ Raekwon, Slaine, Y-Not Da Beast "Coke"

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[Raekwon] Fix your face, when we rhyming, we been
crazy Throw mad bullets at you, jumping in new
spacely All my goons is frustrated, groan at they P.O.'s
It's obvious, we do this, we bust haters Yo, gun
selectors, dumb detectors Chase my niggas, talking
slick, where that Lex kid at? You know we cool and we
Darth Vaders Always in black uniforms, rocking Clarks
and sharp gators Can't tell me nothing, I've been
shaking Pull out them slammers, regulate the streets, I
bake Satan How many of us it take paper and start a
war It's like starting up a store that sell aces All my
colors and bad brothers, rag coverage Black gloveses,
leathers and glass lovers Introduce these leaders,
wanna take money These dick beaters, and strangle
something up, go get Jesus [Chorus: Y-Not Da Beast]
Look, the coke, the coka, the cocaine The C-O-K-E, it's
coke, man They lift the weight up in snow plains You
sniff an eighth up in your brain The coke, the coka, the
cocaine The C-O-K-E, it's coke, man The prices rise like
some propane The nicest guys become so fame [U-
God] Illegal transport, son, I throw bombs back and
forth It's a contact sport, get your arm cracked off Yo, I
blast like I'm task force, stashed in my dash board
Exercise black thought, dance on a catwalk Grew up on
the asphalt, trynna get my grams off Watch for the
hand off, I'mma get my plans off Like you and your
mans off, everybody huddle up Twenty cent dime
pieces, watch the water bubble up A piece of the
puzzle, son, pieces, crumble up My old righteous
troublesome, now I'm into major things Made it this far,
kid, the God got on angel wings Everytime the flavor
bring, tons of coke, mad gross Two cuts of lactose, I'm
underground like railroad Mad low, son, in this
hellhole, an animal Friendship be flammable, no
shame for some to blow Brains out for fun, over
cocaine and guns [Chorus] [Slaine] Ever since a little
youth, I've been bent on stoupes, sipping gin and juice
In the booth, fill the dope game, shooting on bent up
hoops Roll around in stolen cars, nah these ain't no
rented coupes Grimeys behind me, they all grimey,
ninety percent of controlled Lying in the booth, put the

ashes in the pipe Blowtorch to the crack, my fire is
winter proof Old thoughts of black and white pictures,
now they developing Skeletons surrounded by
archangels and seraphims Telegram packages
distributed through the whole hood Tell him this
racquet is bad for him but it's so good Are you a
fighter? Real life scuffle, no dirt clean Plus a
muthafucka had to hustle since 13 I got my mind in
focus, where you never been at How you think I made a
hundred grand, from where my pen's at Fuck the
fortune and the glamour, I don't need no fame I piss
whiskey and spit fire, I bleed cocaine, muthafucka
[Chorus] [Outro: U-God] FREEZE! ROCK! FREEZE!
ROCK! FREEZE! ROCK! FREEZE! ROCK!

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