

## U-God f/ GZA, Scotty Wotty

### "Stomp Da Roach"

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[Intro: Scotty Wotty] It's the sasquath, Jackpot The roach killer, that's what we do You know what it is, you little crawly creepy bastards [Scotty Wotty] We ain't tripping, read the sentence The Gods got it locked like upper Maine in Sam Quinten You drinking muscle milk, homey, you gon' get killed Walking round like Deebo, cuz you slight built It's a dirty job, we get it popping hard We turn this whole shit slamming to the Mardi Gras And ain't nobody mad, it just we got it bad Like a body being slumped when you hail a cab Vaccum packed, concealed, no room for breath I grip a mic, it's Five Fingers of Death So, stomp the roach, stomp the roach, you know? Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, you know? When I slip on, the grip-on, no clip on And on the O'Jay's like Christopher Pawns And eat with the beast, in the valley of death Walk on the right, but I shoot with the left Stomp out a roach with the decon breath All you little rat bastards, I stomp you to death Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, you know Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, yo [U-God] Four more seconds 'fore the bomb come on Roach killer, you scatter when the lights come on You can run on, and start ducking and dodging I pluck you, crush you right between the margin I'm the drill sergeant, I'm the boric acid The black flag nigga, the bio hazard The econimist of the bio standard And he sprayed the myst on them fly's that landed And I can be obvious or I can be candid, but I'm shaking roaches off my shoes and socks Then I, pluck roaches out my Fruit Loop box Then I, tell my girl to change all the locks Then I, throw my finger at the hip hop cops Then I, put on my Timbs, then I stomp the block Cuz I, stomp the roach, stomp the roach, you know? Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, you know? Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, you know Stomp the roach, stomp the roach [GZA] They known to leech off people for, years and years They cause trouble by, staying up in, niggas ears They set up shops in apartments in projects Bold enough to roll up on, any object Grabbing on my gear til they pull the label off They fight for the crumbs that's on my table cloth They keep they antennas up, the signals strong They got the

neighborhood bugged, that's how they survived so  
long Immune to 'combats' and, household 'raids' Like  
informants that's living off, government aid We leave  
roaches where the remain and trash lays Incinerate it,  
they spend they last days in ashtrays Ignored by the  
dogs, but, chased by the cat Like a sneaky ass rat that  
got caught in the trap A small time nigga, who didn't  
have a clue It take a million of ya'll just to fill up my  
shoe Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, yeah Stomp  
the roach, stomp the roach, uh-huh Stomp the roach,  
stomp the roach, yeah Stomp the roach, stomp the  
roach, uh-huh Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, you  
know Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, you know  
['The Godfather' sample] How long till you get me off  
the hook? For old time's sake I can't do it, Sally Don't  
ever take sides with anyone, against the family again  
ever

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