

## **Farmer Boys**

### **"Silverbacks"**

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[Intro: Inspectah Deck]

One, two, one, two, the High Chief

Yeah... yo... so alone... baby

[Inspectah Deck]

I'm just lookin' out of the window

Watchin' the gunshots blow-ow

Thinkin' how we all was turnin' out

Keepin' my head above water

Got to make a weight when I can (cuz I can)

Temporary lay off, cop pay offs, daily rip offs

Informer tip off, clips lick off

The judge got hit off, boss got knocked off

Worker made a come off, cash got dropped off

Buildings got burnt out, sisters got turned out

Work out in the yard up North, tryin' to burst out

Pissy elevators, dirty cop favors

Tongues hiding razors, minors turn majors

Wave the bigger tools, shoot out inside the school yard

The game aint' changed, niggaz done made their own rules

They buildin' plans, they pull a million dollar scam

Watch for taped conversations, Jakes and dollar bands

The black market, labelled the movin' target

Dwellin' in the heartless projects

Evil eyes walkin', the BBS rims flossin'

The beat walk in, harassin' the street walkin'

They keep talkin', like the Rebel might slow up

They set me up to go up, the witness din't show up

[Masta Killa]

Look out in drug stores (but I'm slippin') bare approach  
the look out

Be off the block by ten, the kite was sent

Then all those who dare to oppose, were sent back

Chained to the train track, protect ya jaw

These silverback niggaz eat their oatmeal raw

Cee Allah sawed the shotti, 'Preme went down for a  
body

He killed Poppy, dusted in the lobby, toxy off shocky

Cops be harassin' tryin' to stop cashin'

The episodes pass, I flash back to guns  
And crack stashed in grass, you movin' savage  
Please warn him of his ways and actions  
Before I blast him  
Then the homicide was justified when I arrive  
Black tints on the glass with the stockin' cap mask  
It's all official, steel pistol style whip you, to the gristle  
While my team be stompin' you out after the whistle

[GZA]

I went from the slums of Hell to paradise in Heaven  
From a sling-shot to a wall of mac 11's  
I drank with the Devil and ate with the Reverend  
We talked numbers and I told 'em, that mine was 7  
The total amount of hits, behind the collapsed building  
That had exploded in a frenzy of killings  
Bodies lay near tons of twisted metal  
Of a structure and atomic force, it leveled  
From the tale of the tape, the product failed in  
comparison  
The weight, the height, the reach, was not a year within  
Sight, the significant, difference was the ammo  
Wrecking y'all individuals and their man know  
Second by second, heat blazed through the night  
Leaving a dazzling array of neon lights  
The primary reason of mission for them spitting  
The firing kept hitting, them dust, they kept sipping  
But the informants x-rays gave off electrons  
Within a few next days, entire cess gone  
Prentice percisions used to remove the eyelids  
Those responsible for my brothers with high bids  
Life in the hood is an award winning film  
Lived ut by savages who can't escape the realm  
A place where the young meet and greet with guns  
In the park they interrupt the pure innocent fun

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