

## Genius GZA

### "Killah Hills 10304"

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[Killah Hills intro features RZA, Ol Dirty Bastard, and "Grey Ghost"]

(...the skill of Shaolin)

RZA: Yes the good life, you know \*clinks glass\*

GZA: What the fuck is that, hell's angels?

\*Ol Dirty singing in the background\*

[Ahh Mr. Bobby Steels, Tony Starks on line one for Mr. Bobby Steels]

RZA: Steels over here, Steels over here

Peace, Starks what's going on baby?

Yeah everything is lovely over here.

GZA: No shoes and no shirt on, sure the hills is where it's at?

RZA: Yeah the, the Maximillion is sure here

I'm over here with Noodles and I got Lucky Hands with me

GZA: You got soul, R&B, classics? All that shit right?

RZA: Yeah... Grey Ghost right in front of me right now Grey Ghost standing right here.

Yeah he has a briefcase; ohh, OK, OK I got you.

Aight thanks. \*phone clicks\*

GGh: Bobby Steels.

GZA: Huh?

RZA: Mr. Grey Ghost, good to see you good to see you good to see you.

GGh: A pleasure.

RZA: So is everything OK, is everything working as we planned?

GGh: Everything is working out, very nicely.

Do you have the cash, twenty-thousand dollars?

GZA: Be nice to have a little breeze.

Breeze on by fuck the cops.

RZA: Do we have the cash? We don't have to talk that, hey hey

GZA: Get the fuck outta here with that hell's angels bullshit!

RZA: We got the cash we know Cash Rules Everything Around this Motherfucker

Umm, let me ask you...

GZA: The fuck outta here!

GGh: Do you have the full amount? Twenty thousand as we agreed upon?

GZA: Fucking hell's bastards.

RZA: Let me ask you a question Mr. Grey Ghost --  
Do you know a a Don Rodriguez?

GGh: I know no such person.

RZA: Don Rodriguez from the Bronx? Don Rodriguez?

GGh: I don't know who you're talking about.

RZA: I think you do know him cause your fuckin friend  
Don

is down at one-twenty precinct right now singing  
his fuckin ass like a fuckin bird.

GZA: Life of a drug dealer

RZA: The fuckin guys is comin

GGh: Do you believe him?

Killah hills 10304

Restaurants on a stake-out  
So order the food to take out  
Chaos, outside a spark steakhouse  
Maintain the power, I feel the deal's gone sour  
Nigga Mr. Wedding, late a fuckin half hour  
And his man who bought land from Tony Starks  
While he was contractin bricklayin jobs in city parks  
he's a loan shark, bitches raise a grand to a finger  
In a garment that's stretched, got it sewn like Singer  
Cause all that talk blasphemy this kid after me  
for the heist, in a Burlington Coat Factory  
Fuck it, he turned snake so my nigga Cash stole his  
copilot  
who used to drive like sacks of blow on this remote  
area, we label Dead Man's Island  
Two hundred miles South from Thailand  
Right off the docks, I got the various custom made  
yachts  
Burial plots, for my niggaz hit with fatal shots  
There's no need for us to spray up the scene  
I use less men, more powerful shit for my team  
Like my man Muhammad from Afghanistan  
Grew up in Iran, the nigga runs a neighborhood  
newsstand  
A wild Middle Eastern, bomb specialist  
Intiated, at eleven to be a terrorist  
He set bombs in bottles of champagne  
And when niggaz popped the cork, niggaz lost half  
they brains  
Like this ex-worker, tried to smuggle a half a key  
in his left leg, even underwent surgery  
They say his pirate limp gave him away  
As the feds rushed him, comin through U.S. Customs

Now look whose on the witness stand singin, a well  
known soprano  
A smash hit from Sammy Gravano  
here's the plan minimum for the hit, two hundred  
grand  
Half time at the game blastin niggaz out the stands  
The sharp-shooters hit the prosecutor, judges are sent  
Photographs of they wives takin baths  
Along with briefcase filled with one point five, that's the  
bribe  
Take it or commit suicide  
First rule, anyone who schemes on the gold in Syria  
I want they small intestines ripped from the interior  
I got a price for those jewels, ship em freight cargo  
Don't forget to launder the cream through Wells Fargo  
Reconstruct those processin plants for the call of Costa  
Rica  
Four hundred barrels of ether  
Two hundred pounds of reefer  
and fifty immigrants with fake Visas

Life of a drug dealer  
Killah hills, 10304  
The saga continues

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