

Ghostface Killah "Cocaine Trafficking"

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(feat. Trife Da God)

[Intro]

Yeah Agent Burke here

(Check this shit out, nigga, I got a bust for you
Some major niggaz from New York, slinging rocks over
here, majorly)

Where they at? Get that gun, where them matches at,
come on!

[Ghostface Killah]

Cocaine trafficking, your boy's back again
Moving bricks like I got a degree in scaffolding
Fucking with some cats from Newark, half of them
Jewish

Cool white boys riding around, blasting my music
And I'm taxin' them like Jackson-Hewitt, make sure
them packs is moving

We out in Baltimore, the home of the Bruins
Up top the cops raiding my spot, my product got ruined
Drug case pending, but my lawyer is suing
Cuz them faggots put my arm in a tussle, let me start in
the scuffle

Son, they tried to put the God in a duffle
But them boys can't knock the hustle, like Hov' said
We expose fed, nigga, just give me the code red
They say a close mouth don't get fed, well that's a lie
Cuz them faggots who be snitching on niggaz, they
sure to die

You don't want to wake up, with your seed in a cradle
missing

Sweating bullets hearing wheels peel off from
Mercedes engines

[Chorus 2X: Trife Da God]

Aiyo, these blocks ain't big enough for all of us to eat
These corners is mines, so evil bow down or go to
sleep

It's like jail, in order to live, you gotta earn your keep
Prepare for the shakedown, new law and order on the
street

[Trife Da God]

Yeah I write raps, but I sling crack for a living
Punk, anywhere, I ain't gotta ask for permission
Trife Dies', know the fiends can't miss him
Everyday on the shift, like transmission, making them
transitions
From New York to Great Britain, up state to San Quinton
Every corner, every block, from Broad Street to Van
Sithlin
The grand picture, haul ass when them vans blitz in
Watch for police, the word on the street is your man's
snitching
I'm rider like Pac, ain't no stopping my ambitions
Getting money, twenty four seven, bredren, my hand's
itching
Got me looking through the eye of the scope, and real
killas move smooth
With a quiet approach, silencers on the tools when they
fire the toast
And if you ain't dead or in jail, then why the hell you
crying you broke
I tell a bitch, let me slide in your throat
And have her gnawing on my head like she high off of
dope, get it? good

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Trife Da God]

Uh, uh, uh, uh
Theodore, nigga..

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