

# Ghostface Killah "Event"

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(feat. Trife Da God)

[Trife Da God]

You wouldn't believe (what) what just happened to  
Steve  
He got bagged up town with a brick in his sleeve  
Plus an asshole full of dimes, so when he see the judge  
You know he gon' get an asshole full of time  
Linebacker numbers, no distracting this hunger  
And they was watching 'em for damn near, half of the  
summer  
It's a shame how that boy that bagged, right on the Ave  
One four-fifth, d's was hopping out yellow cabs  
Guns drawnd, told 'em get on the floor, gave 'em a  
run for the money  
And in the process he dished the raw  
Had the whole precinct on him, cops sleeping on him  
Them faggot ass rednecks started beating on him  
Usually roll with a pitch in his fifth, or heat is on him  
Was a risk, but the nigga insist, he keep it on him  
It's a fucked up world we live in, for all my niggaz been  
maxed in, in prison  
Going back to the system

[Chorus 2X: Trife Da God]

The moral of the story is there ain't one  
This is just a tale, take a look at this picture, I'm try'nna  
paint one  
Go into my mind, and see what you'll find  
Events that all took place once upon a time

[Trife Da God]

They say I'm grimey, but I'm cool as shit  
I show you how to use a bitch, to move a brick  
Half a kilo stashed in the uterus  
Don't gotta say a word, she observe when I move my  
lips  
She don't sit when she piss, she 'stand up' like Ludacris  
My bitch, she'll shoot a snitch, quick fast in a hurry  
And then she'll hop her ass on the Ferry  
Push the pedal to the metal, pumping gas in the Chevy  
Hit my whole team off, serving ass in the telly

And she ride for a nigga, like Kobe's wife  
This is Trife, no comparison to Obie Trice  
And when she bark, man, that's only right  
Cuz she be starting a flick, starving for dick, on her  
lonely nights  
But Tone told me to play it close, before she leave a  
player broke  
He seen her in Medina with Katrina stealing baby coats  
Her pops got money, this shit is worth eighty notes  
She nineteen and fiend for 'Ice Cream' like Rae and  
Ghost  
Good girl, or bad girl, nigga, they all the same  
See it's not how you fuck 'em, it's how you teach 'em  
the game  
You can shape and mold 'em, but you sure can't control  
'em  
They have you dealing with six, going through the  
emotions

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Trife Da God]

Yeah, niggaz, know what I mean  
Trife Diesel, Starks Enterprise, Emile on the track  
Kryme Life, Tommy Whispers, Theodore Unit  
T.M.F. in the house, word up

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