

Ghostface Killah "Tony Sigel"

Visit "[Tony Sigel](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, straight out the ghetto, I'm damn hood
I Stack-A-Dollar like a whole rack of canned goods
Baggy jeans, no Timbs, A.C.G. boots
Living in the Crack Spot, banging at Sheek Louch
The narcotics is far from garbage
Whether it's cold or it's late August
My shit is fresh cuz I catch the harvest
My little cousin bubble Swatches and carry a couple
oxes
Keep a duece-deuce by his ankle and get it popping
You know, we be the boys clocking the graveyard shift
Big bundles, counting our CREAM, burning the lazer
spliff
My man, jumps out the whip with the A.R. fifth
And we barred from plenty of parties cuz we start shit
Parole hoes, six months in the box
My little sister got her head shaved off
She made it home from shop
We selling cartons, Pampers, Similac formula
Anything it take because the paper keep calling ya
Gangstas keep balling for sure, we want more
We make it rain from the tech and wop
The Lex pouring and the precincts don't have enough
cups for us
To slow us up, they hit us with dust
Then they rush, bust, my big man Ron'll break the cuffs
Three-hundred pound nigga, po-po has to fuck him up
They say that my projects shall undergo therapy
We never voted, we voting for Oprah, Obama, and Eric
B.

[Styles P]

The ill rap niggaz that kill
Destroy shit but they able to build
Come fuck with the real
Coward, better play your part
This shit'll lace yo' heart
Get hit with a Ghostface dart
And you better live this shit to fullest
Or be ready to pull it
Or be hit with a B. Sig' bullet

The ill rap niggaz that kill
Destroy shit but they able to build
Come fuck with the real

[Beanie Sigel]

It's the Broad Street Bully and the Killah with no face
My mack bullets burn like tequila with no chase
My knifework like a guillotine sword cutting
Niggaz stop fronting for my Killa Beez swarm
something
Bzzz, empty out the whole clip then reload
Shotgun barrel leave it smoking like a broke stove
Yeah, and I'm all about that bullshit
The casket, the hearse and the pastor in the pulpit
I kill a nigga at the drop of a dime
Just imagine what I do for a quarter
Ain't no telling what I do for a dollar
Pop a nigga right in front of his mama
Son a nigga right in front of his daughter
And I'm nothing like the father
He couldn't come from these nuts I got
Or see Baltimore suck this cock
I know most of y'all wouldn't understand
Get it... get it... understand
Yeah, some niggaz will, and some niggaz won't
Like some niggaz kill, and some niggaz don't
You're a fake until you make it type of nigga
I'm a straight up take it type of nigga
Pistol whip a nigga 'til I break it type of nigga
I'm hard on chumps, most these dudes is fags
Put the guard on punks, push the broom up they ass
Or the knife like American meat
American Sig', it's Muslim, so I ain't feeling Bush
overseas
I think with the wisdom of Malcolm, got the soul of a
panther
So "By Any Means" is the anthem, you gon' have to cut
me out the track
like cancer
I can't stop, won't stop, this how we do it from Philly to
Shaolin
All my niggaz swap in (Yeah nigga)

[Solomon Childs]

Guns imported from Dubai, wheelchairs and shitbags
Peach Snapples and pretty scapals
Renaissance, I'll stick a pick in ya gut at the chapel
Or blow a nigga for a box of Huggies
Cop killas with a box of dummies
Gummies, stuck to the project floors
Niggaz is suited up and we ready for war

Visit [Ghostface Killah](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.