

Jadakiss "Cartel Gathering"

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"Cartel Gathering"

(feat. Ghostface Killah, Raekwon)

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo yo yo! Word to ride nigga, yeah

Aiyyo we four or five niggaz with furs on
Up top gated up, big tables got the reserves on
Blowin on saxophones, the band is rough
So much ice on looks like my wrist been cut
And we just made it back from Beijing
Seen my jeweler, told him melt the bird down to eight
rings

And the music stopped, Jada stood up (yeah)
Before the speech, he had everybody raise they cups
He said, I been in spots where I can't even mention it
"Don't drink the Cris', Ghost mighta pissed in it!"

Romanian dude, black down, pourin the saki
Face slumped to the side like Rocky
Then Strahan came through, with his bullshit ring
He said YIKES, when I pulled out my monster bling
Don't be afraid of the New York street talk
I switch gear all day bro, like you do on your peach
porch

The chairs is suede, the walls is velvet
Marquise ballroom, so live I felt it
Fat asses in fishnets, shakin they pelvis
Playin with they pussy, middle finger drippin, I smelt it
Poker tables, crap joints just for rap niggaz
Me and Sheek, walkin around bitch-slappin niggaz
There go Rae, there go P
Yo Chop whattup! Whattup?

[Raekwon]

Sam Cooke writin hand, all of my lightning, damn
Used to rob niggaz in Sam's, buy shams
for my dude's baby shoe or booster baby, rollin with
steel
Eatin Jamaican food under the wheel
You know the deal, book somethin then blow
When from a O to a low, little apartment in Brookdale
Gold was my motto, lotto numbers is what?

Had it in me, rolled down coolin with coke
That's the 90's, Chef era take over America
Bag Ugly Betty up, make her Ms. Guerrera
Pinky wench in sweaters, cortex burnin the mic booth
Travel right past my heritage
Them old school niggaz is me
Taught me how to read, get skee'd, everybody missin
a ki
Yo I do this with a natural movement
Catch me by the {?}, scope on me, fuck it I'm losin it

[Jadakiss]

AH-HAHHHH! Uh, yeah, yo
I did it my way, lights off on the highway
Greek statues on both sides of the driveway
Word to the stamps on the diesel
The way these niggaz is lookin either they got cramps
or they evil
One go we all go, D-boy fresh but hard dough
Cashmere and suede cargoes
On top of the beige Wallo's
45 government edition clippers, straight hollows
My (Clientele) is (Supreme) and it's proven
that I'm (Only Built 4 the Link) if it's (Cuban)
I'm a pioneer, I'm not a vet (uh-uh)
"Last Kiss" is a French one, it's not a peck (uh-uh)
Movin powder, piff and a lot of wet
You're gonna die, that's a promise, not a threat
Yeah, but I ain't with the chatterin
Cause I'd just rather splatter them
This is a Cartel gatherin, what?

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