

John The Whistler

"Smith Brothers"

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Uh huh, ba-by, ba-by, uh, it's goin' down
This is that muthafuckin' nigga (off the sound)
Yeah, uh, bulletproof muthafuckin' geese outdoors
For all the streets, all the dusts in the streets
(Let me get a sip of that, let me get a sip of that)
Rusty projects and all that, the radiators is bulletproof
Yo, yo, come on, ah yo yo

[Ghostface Killah]

What up cousin, this is most high wizardry
Got's to watch niggaz, so I stay on my grizzly (uh)
These young boys comin' at me (yeah)
Lookin' at these faggots, like yeah, you get amped off
of Pepsi
Damn, what kind of cards you delt
Does your elevator go up? (Nope) You ain't rap too tight
Right, you can tell me, G-H to O-S-T
Two hundred Bees'll get you killed by coke head Skeet
This is murder, you can get it, if my fam don't eat
And, we slam niggaz, like we Lil' Malik
We want that Powerball money, Easter bunnies, Wool-
light money
Hey dunny, we rock a half of mill and look bummy
And bounce to the projects, pop Becks, cop Tec's
Top wrecks, execs got next, what the heck
I'm fed, you're dead, that's said, no more wet
The cameras is rollin', bitch, quiet on the set

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

You can never front on, jump or you get lumped on
Burners in your face, don't you get nervous on me
We got so many gats, and them big Mac's
Somebody get the boy, I get the wildin' on black
Tell 'em, we will, we will, rock you, pop you
We will, we still, got you, got you

[Trife Da God]

Aiyo aiyo, it ain't a game (nah)
This kid is serious about his change (uh-huh)
Ya'll a bunch of wacko jacko's, amped off your names

Call me Sugar Ray, the way I dance on you lames
My right hand'll sting you and ding you, leave stamps
on your brain
I got, out of state of niggaz that'll kill for beers
Cuz you, easy to pop like balloons filled with air
I dare ya'll faggot asses, punch niggaz with glasses
Back in my third grade classes, squeezin' asses
My niggaz is never over, understand
I'm a 2Pac fan, this is the realest shit I ever wrote
Butter soft, lead the coke, matchin' my kicks
So make sure, you get my sneakers when you snappin'
that flick
And I advise you, to carry that Bible for survival
Surprise you, return like Jesus, without the costume
Come on young'n, you dumbin'
I've been doin' this shit since King Culling, cookin'
grams in the oven

[Chorus 2X]

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