

John The Whistler

"Wicked With Lead"

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Yeah... yeah..

Yo, yo

[Ghostface Killah]

Talk about it, if you live it, if not, don't even spit it

Fuck your niggaz and them rap credits

I'm in the '88 candidates, paisley'd out

In them Coca-Cola rugby's, two bitches, with a front in
my mouth

That's right, standin' in the lobby with tech

Briefer sheets, make the leaf, taste better, we love that
wet

Got the new Patrick Ewing Jr.'s, square you, it was
boomin'

We was robbin' digits, James or Rakim, he kept it
smooth and

Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa, can I bone you? Say I can

Yes, I can, I'm lethal

None of these rappers can touch my pen

I'mma killer, that's why I bounce back in the end

I'm not, Freddy or Jason, or on probation

The lifetime achievement award is what I'm facin'

It's time for sentencin', the game, I'mma just rewrite it

Puttin' it to sleep, don't try to fight it, come on

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

Me and Trife, yo, we wicked with lead-a

Especially, when both of our tummies ain't fed-a

Theodore click, aimin' for your head-a

We the twat team, when we be gettin' that head-a

Don't get it twisted, yo, we out for the bread-a

It's on and poppin', like we rock blue and red-a

You wonder why these faggots poppin' up dead-a

We love hip hop, gives us our cred'-a

[Trife Da God]

I'm from the era, when the chronic was hittin', Onyx was
spittin'

Throw Ya Gunz in the air, that year, have party's slippin'

Back then, power dollars was the party admission

Air Jordans, and Scottie Pippen's had the latest addition
And number 5's, with the lead on the side
Used to rock the L used jean suit, and the letters in dye
Doo-rags under my Starter cap, nigga, I started that
And if a nigga stepped on your sneakers, you caught a
heart attack
Bumpin' The Artifacts, mixed it on the fader
Freestylin' up like DJ Tone, playin' the Sega
Neighbors handin' out papers, promotin' g's to save us
Tryin' guide us, hopin' one day, we'll change our
behaviors
Floatin' on traitors, them haters, they got the vapors
Now we style on 'em, kids that bitches, that tried to play
us
And to them faggot ass cops, that tried to slay us
You can't stop it, this is what the streets fight us

[Chorus]

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