

## Los Rabanes

### "Worldwide Thugs"

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[Cam'Ron]

Uh, thug shit, Killa Cam, thug shit Yo, yo  
I want my steak with a funky dame  
Honey claim cash like the Money Train  
Faces of death, eatin monkey brain  
Chunky change, call it, iced out and flawless  
For all my niggas upstate with food inside the toilet  
Yo I'm like Hoffa, mixed with Sinatra  
La costa nostra, dude packed a toaster  
True motherfuckers, y'all blew it motherfuckers  
Told you how we do it, stupid motherfucker  
I chew motherfuckers, know how I do it motherfuckers  
Lay your block down when I come through it  
motherfuckers  
Niggaz want murders, maybe I'll call  
Ladies'll fall, yo we killin babies and all  
I mean, one up in the cabbage, one up in the carriage  
Bing-bing-bing like ricochet rabbit, faggot  
Your mother sayin look at they 'matics, damn look at  
they habits  
Oh, look at they karats

[Killa Sha]

Paint the picture, 2-5-2 killa scripture  
Verse six: Chapter five, touch more lives  
Try to survive in this frontline with mines  
Deep, but I'm in the minds of foul men  
Too much gin, too much hash, too much cash  
Kinda hard to let this good shit pass  
So I dabble in it, heads eat and killa sin it  
Ya bitch niggaz wanna get in it but can't fit it  
Many is callin, but few is chosin  
And them faggot ass niggaz thats holdin, ain't goin  
Sha Luminatti, uh-huh, god-body  
Hail, rain, and earthquakes when I break  
A warning to the fakes (true that)  
Play the dark and brought to the light  
Lift up your dress for spite  
Lyrical fight, for forty days and forty nights  
Automatically tight, to the blind I bring sight  
Ninety-nine omega, captivate through your vega

Rhyme slayer, down with the QB mayor

[RZA]

Clear the interference...Yo, yo, yo  
Yo, yo clear the interference, special guest appearance  
Terms of endearment...(echoes)  
Clear the interference, special guest appearance  
Terms of endearment, fresh like Wrigley Spearmint  
Purse pincher, I'm underground like the Earth Ninja  
A bag of wet be my only mental thirst quencher  
I move slow on your mob, like The Blob  
To gobble up every square inch quarter yard  
Peach cobbler rap, Syberian panex  
Ginseng gets clacks, six-pack, battery pack  
Keep on goin and goin, devil knit this sewin  
MC's on the mic are takin flight like the Boeing  
Our bitch Jamie Sommers got the hot pink Hummer  
Plus I just bought a fat loaf of bread from Wonder  
Clan expands we outnumber every grain of sand in  
Sudan  
Flash the Wu logo on your hand  
Cats be talkin, Bobby I ain't feelin ya  
But I bet if I was peelin your cap back with a two shot  
Dillinger  
Hot lead released from my cylinder  
You'd be talkin bout Bobby I'm feelin ya!  
My intensity is the devil high density  
Make you serve a century in Killa Bee penitentiary  
Razor blade Papermate, cut through pages  
Cough up a lung and you spit like twelve gauges  
Elohim, black gods live from Queens  
Shaolin Island has been quarantined!

[Tragedy Khadafi]

Yo, yo, who's responsible for the Oklahoma Bombing?  
I shot Kennedy, fled the crime scene jogging  
Feds knew I did it still gave me a pardon  
For the way 2-5 just repped at the Garden  
Clappin D-T's and kidnapped the sargeant  
Blazin warrants, squadrons, all departments  
Sneak heat through customs, secret compartments  
Spit that mobster god shit, crime squad shit  
Cock back with ease and squeeze on my targets  
Can't be destroyed by plague or epidemic  
Cripple any society, triple O menace  
Level 48 and the Feds rockin sneakers  
Tear through y'all weak crews with heat seakers  
When we clap, bodies get rapped like fajitas  
Fowl Jesus, resurrect the crime thesis  
Platinum chain with baguette, prop the pieces  
Shorties call Khadafi, a foul papi

Won't stop till the world immortalize Machti  
Arab-nazi, bulletproof Armani rain suits  
Skull and crossbone get blown with deuce-deuce  
I rep for bing mobsters mad at life  
Shootin videos in Sing Sing via satellite  
War tactics, with gats under the mattress  
Y'all bitch niggaz playin y'all part, like an actress

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