

Ol' Dirty Bastard

"Killah Hills 10304"

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(...the skill of Shaolin)

RZA: Yes the good life, you know *clinks glass*

GZA: What the fuck is that, hell's angels?

Ol Dirty singing in the background

[Ahh Mr. Bobby Steels, Tony Starks on line one for Mr. Bobby Steels]RZA: Steels over here, Steels over here

Peace, Starks what's going on baby?

Yeah everything is lovely over here.

GZA: No shoes and no shirt on, sure the hills is where it's at?

RZA: Yeah the, the Maximillion is sure here

I'm over here with Noodles and I got Lucky Hands with me

GZA: You got soul, R&B, classics? All that shit right?

RZA: Yeah... Grey Ghost right in front of me right now Grey Ghost standing right here.

Yeah he has a briefcase; ohh, OK, OK I got you.

Aight thanks. *phone clicks*

GGh: Bobby Steels.

GZA: Huh?

RZA: Mr. Grey Ghost, good to see you good to see you good to see you.

GGh: A pleasure.

RZA: So is everything OK, is everything working as we planned?

GGh: Everything is working out, very nicely.

Do you have the cash, twenty-thousand dollars?

GZA: Be nice to have a little breeze.

Breeze on by fuck the cops.

RZA: Do we have the cash? We don't have to talk that, hey hey

GZA: Get the fuck outta here with that hell's angels bullshit!

RZA: We got the cash we know Cash Rules Everything Around this Motherfucker

Umm, let me ask you...

GZA: The fuck outta here!

GGh: Do you have the full amount? Twenty thousand as we agreed upon?

GZA: Fucking hell's bastards.

RZA: Let me ask you a question Mr. Grey Ghost --
Do you know a a Don Rodriguez?
GGh: I know no such person.
RZA: Don Rodriguez from the Bronx? Don Rodriguez?
GGh: I don't know who you're talking about.
RZA: I think you do know him cause your fuckin friend
Don
is down at one-twenty precinct right now singing
his fuckin ass like a fuckin bird.
GZA: Life of a drug dealer
RZA: The fuckin guys is comin
GGh: Do you believe him?

Killah hills 10304

Restaurants on a stake-out

So order the food to take out
Chaos, outside a spark steakhouse
Maintain the power, I feel the deal's gone sour
Nigga Mr. Wedding, late a fuckin half hour
And his man who bought land from Tony Starks
While he was contractin bricklayin jobs in city parks
he's a loan shark, bitches raise a grand to a finger
In a garment that's stretched, got it sewn like Singer
Cause all that talk blasphemy this kid after me
for the heist, in a Burlington Coat Factory
Fuck it, he turned snake so my nigga Cash stole his
copilot
who used to drive like sacks of blow on this remote
area, we label Dead Man's Island
Two hundred miles South from Thailand
Right off the docks, I got luxurious custom made
yachts
Burial plots, for my niggaz hit with fatal shots
There's no need for us to spray up the scene
I use less men, more powerful shit for my team
Like my man Muhammad from Afghanistan
Grew up in Iran, the nigga runs a neighborhood
newsstand
A wild Middle Eastern, bomb specialist
Intiated, at eleven to be a terrorist
He set bombs in bottles of champagne
And when niggaz popped the cork, niggaz lost half
they brains
Like this ex-worker, tried to smuggle a half a key
in his left leg, even underwent surgery
They say his pirate limp gave him away
As the feds rushed him, comin through U.S. Customs
Now look whose on the witness stand singin, a well
known soprano

A smash hit from Sammy Gravano
here's the plan minimum for the hit, two hundred
grand
Half time at the game blastin niggaz out the stands
The sharp-shooters hit the prosecutor, judges are sent
Photographs of they wives takin baths
Along with briefcase filled with one point five, that's the
bribe
Take it or commit suicide
First rule, anyone who schemes on the gold in Syria
I want they small intestines ripped from the interior
I got a price for those jewels, ship em freight cargo
Don't forget to launder the cream through Wells Fargo
Reconstruct those processin plants for the call of Costa
Rica
Four hundred barrels of ether
Two hundred pounds of reefer
and fifty immigrants with fake Visas

Life of a drug dealer
Killah hills, 10304
The saga continues

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