

RZA

"Creep"

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Creep, creep, creep
Catch them while they're sleep
Empty every shell from your clip
Knock them off their feet

These streets that we maneuver through, ain't nothing
you familiar to
Don't talk it out, noodle you, walk it out at your funeral
Cold blooded, black hearted, Black Knight and Black
Ballin'
Black Christmas, be all in your crib with my killas callin'?

Even if you ain't street then we creepin', it ain't no
secret
Delete you with big toast, that roast you when it heat ya
Off whiskey, pop up and bong that ass like Bob Digi
Crisis the sharpshooter, I'ma lay 'em down gently

One shot, guns pop in the streets of Camelot
That's why some keep they shit off safety
Others keep they hammers cocked
Ready to blow, ready to go, fire in the hole
And if a nigga ready to retire, we retiring his soul

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Aiyo, I woke up hungry every day
Till I learn to do the hustle every which and every way
The Compton niggas hit the Chevy with the K
And the candy apple tray she gets heavy in L.A.

When Track died, Mack cried
Once we start banging again then he did a back slide
I was in tune with the sun, star, moon
Eddie shot up thirty niggas in the bar over June

The city's full of Crips
AK's, four-fives, mac-11's, full of clips, Long Beach
Young hogs wit they pockets full of chips

If any, not many, academic scholarships

Pulp Fiction, driving in your car without permission
With a video vixen, giving me head like Bill Clinton
Got a drug addiction, pop pills with no prescription
Stuck in the rehab, the only man with bad intentions

Truly I'm the one the West is really missing
Your shit is garbo', I kill you off with one sentence
The rap apprentice, with a little sack of new inventions
Don't listen and I Jimmy off your head like a henchman

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Squeeze, squeeze, squeeze
Make them Swiss cheese
Empty every shell from your clip
Knock them off their feet

You wanna feel the heat? I pull the flame out
Make a wish boy, blow your brains out
Watch me step out the cribby with the heavy chain out
Leaving blood on your shirt, you can't get the stain out

In a big body truck my hair knotty as a fuck
Shotty tucked under the seat plus a hottie in the truck
Get these wizes, get these digits, get my ninjas back in
business
All you suckas get the scissors

You don't work like you broke and keep AK's like I'm
Oakland
I be, making that dough, like the Pillsbury Doughman
Bobby, covered in ice like it's Frosty the Snowman
You suckas is useless like old New York tokens

Front on the Bobby D, watch how your body bleed
You ain't worth the weight of a grain from a poppy seed
Make your brain rupture, decompose your frame
structure
MC's tremble when they hear the name of us

Puffin' Eastwood stogies, swinging Tiger Woods
bogeys
The mic is my co-d, the pen is a parolee
No jail cell can hold me, Zodiac can't describe me
King Tech scratch the beat like he caught poison ivy

Compton's where you can find me in the hood, so
grimy
Run laps on these tracks, it's a fact, you can time me
Ready, set, go, I let the, tech blow
Rugged Monk kill a track at any tempo

It's simple, we usually take all niggas garments
Spot rush them busters, blockade they apartment
It's over, foreclosure, your shit is shut down
Creep when you sleep and squeeze the four pound

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