

Checo Acosta

"Gorilla Hood"

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[Intro: movie sample]

Though we stand in the shadow of death
The lord is our God

[Hook: Ghostface Killah]

It's so much that I take the streets back so fast
Everybody thinkin' it's not gon' last
I, got bad news, bad news, brot'man and I'm gon' stay
alive
I think you want my bitches, I envy I owe niggas
I'm gonna reach the sky, get on some food and we ain't
gon' stop now

[Ghostface Killah]

I'm like them '86 Brooklyn niggas
Fuck if I cook coke with niggas
Operate over snow, and I brought cold techs for bitches
Dropped out in them goose lick bitches
You fuck around and get your whole crew shot at,
blaow
Dare you to pop back, under cars, cryin'
Tryin' to come up out that
Eric B. when I cut, twenty three's on a truck
Like a dust joint, I'll have your whole hood stuck
This is Ghost murder, we movin' like NARCs with gold
carts
Throwin' Sports Illustrated darts and watch
Get the blade whip money, fuck your fame to part
The part when you see Starks, duck low
Fuck up a rapper on the regular
Blow his fuckin' arms off his cellular
This is Don Mattengly, Don Bailer, Don King or don
anything
A monster, silver back gorilla, pa
Though I sleep outside the bing

[Chorus: Solomon Childs]

Introducing Staten Island
New York, New York, the Theodore Unit (It's yourz)
And we bringin' back the Twin Towers
We military, puttin' control on you cowards (It's yourz)

Introducing Staten Island

New York, New York, told me show 'em how the niggas
shine (It's yourz)

This for the holes in my momma's sock

The scene's marked, got them six in a pack for 3.99
(It's yourz)

[Ghostface Killah]

Bulletproof goose pillows

I'm still alive since the last time I left

Teflon pajama set, truck armor neck neck arm weigh
your head

Move a A-Bomb, get drunk and paint the whole town
red

Fuck a 5-0, hydro and perfume bottles

Blow a hole through an avocado, blitz murder

Verrazano

Wish that I became a leader, the day this old school
nigga

Placed a burner in my hand, 'cause I was very eager

Big stories to tell, jail house, rock that Supreme

Clientele

Bricks we buy and sell, we made it, it's on, when fam
post bail

When they ran up in, near the house, Pops went
through hell

2 O'Clock, the Apollo on, no socks, wallo's on

Eatin' olives with Vodka, lampin' on plush sofas

Big trophies on my wall, double X Moses, Ghost is

M.C. Ultra, you be suprised by the size of my hostler,
bitch

The reason why I be dissin' y'all niggas is cause y'all 0
for 6

You hero head muthafuckas, I'll expose you quick

Fuck around and get your waffle split

y'all morocco when I cock let the glock go, got those
bridge

Feelin' like a bad parent when I dropped those kids

Body up your fuckin' man just like the Narco's did

[Chorus]

[Outro: Ghostface Killah (Solomon Childs)]

Yeah, yeah, like I told you (for real man)

Muthafuckas, you need man (tired of niggas tellin'
niggas)

Fuck that, it's Theodore (niggas talkin' all flagrant)

(y'all niggas is fuckin' up, son)

Let me say somethin', let me say somethin' one time
(go head)

I'mma bust one of these niggas wigs off 'em one time

My banger too big and been starvin' for one of these
little punk ass niggas
(Yo these niggas like bad children)
I'mma start sendin' y'all niggas to the storm
(Where we from, y'all niggas don't know, fuck the
rappers, God)
y'all niggas whole style is chunky, straight up and down
We them '88 bankies, man, on the real man
(y'all niggas just war story niggas)
I'll smack you off stage while you on man
(Slap the shit out of one of y'all niggas)
Spit in your girl's mouth, bitch (Shaolin, I fuck the bitch
up)
I wanna bite this fuckin' mic, right now (I'm tellin' you...)

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