

Smif-N-Wessun

"Toolz of the Trade"

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Tek: Take it back ta like motherfucking eighties and shit (we looooooove, youuuuuu.....)

[Steele]

My first love was a deuce-deuce, nice and slim
Tucked in my Chucker boots, what a priceless gem
When I took her out to the clubs, we got right in
She kept me safe, even held me down in fights with men

[Tek]

I like my murder mommies loud and thick
Handles tight on grip, not shy ta spit
Make daddy proud of shit
Four foot' five hooker, move the whole crowd looker
Short stack black, well-done beef cooker

[Steele]

My tre-eighty kept me crazy Dunn, she had me whipped
In the whip high, riding by, ready ta spit
She like to talk shit, she's a cocky bitch
Firm grip all black like liquorices

[Tek]

I sleep with hoes and, creep with hoes
Eat off hoes, I love these four-fours
Or the 9 doubled, in the L Bubble
Smashing security with something, we all in to stunting

Hook: Steele (Tek)

These are the tools of the trade (that we use to get paid)
When we cruise in Escalades on escapades (with guns ablaze)
Been amazed since the younger age (Safe from the hunger pangs)
Bang when the trouble came (Pioneers of gun slang)
Party with them things (A little somethin' somethin')
The fire's in the game (my system be thumping)
[both:] [A BWOY BWOY....the sounds of guns busting]
[A BWOY BWOY.....your heart just stopped pumping]

[Steele]

It was love at first sight when I burst the pipe
Off the project roof in the middle of night
On the block independence day, pistols ignite
Ghetto tunes we vibe to, write rhymes on the site
Nigga, my forty-four was raw, she had me wired
Had my dick rock solid first time I fired
Had a sis that was solid, Smif N Wessun medallion
Only fuck with professionals and kids with thousands

[Tek]

One bitch her ass was plump
Nickname China shotgun, nigga used to love how she
pumped
She kept the money looking double barrel
Shoe string around my neck, the whole party peril(?)
You bring your whole apparel
Boots, coats, change, rings and wallets
Break your pockets, love when niggas think they
brought it
Jump up and run a wrestle dog, we don't tussle
Squeeze off, let a gang of little pellets touch you

Hook

[Tek]

Get 'em at six, when they brains open a range
Show 'em the reigns of how to squeeze eight of them
thing
Let them grow for a spell, then I catch 'em at twelve
Wit the one in their head, that's how I'm taking the L
When they graduate to sixteen, its all bets off
Shells catching no relations when the semi's going off

[Steele]

My nine milli had me silly smoking dro with phillies
Feeling like a big Willy takin' cabs to the city
Seven-forty illy, twisting the sticky hash from Ricky
Trigger itchy, nice and slippery, fuck wit me
Have you ever seen a forty five before?
Big Mac 11 nozzle right pon your jaw

Hook

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