

Tragedy Khadafi

"Gorilla Rap"

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[Intro: Raekwon]

25 to life, aiyo Scram Jones, I'm hearing about you kid
What up, let's pop these niggaz heads the fuck off,
man
It's on still, fuck that, let's do it!

[Raekwon]

Let the lead jet, mad chunks of ice on his headset
Pull out them cannons, and let my nigga bed check
Always at war, with good liquor, say something hood
rich
Bitch, I'm guarded by them good ninjas
Fresh out them caves of Europe, more slave bengals
Flooded like the stone mizurics
So when you see us, nigga wouldn't knee us
The world's most powerful rap duos, run through like
zebra's
Big v's pull up, melt ya skull, grab your whore
We're in your ear, yellin' 'war' when we pull up
Eight eight killas, sorta like the bullocks
The wolf child, lift niggaz faster than sit-ups
So many stick-money gettas, payin' fly Hitlers
This is all made from the pictures
Automatic exchanges, bad boom killas and rangers
Violate me, you'll die in the rain, bitch

[Chorus: samples scratched up]

"You got guns, got guns too"
"Watch me -- shit ain't a game, recognize the G"
"You got guns, got guns too"
"Off seasons, I keeps it gully"
"You got guns, got guns too"
"Cowards in the face, the bullets is burning, actual
factual"
"You got guns, got guns too"
"It's going down like that"

[Tragedy Khadafi]

When I write, floods occuring, arks get built
Prophets kneel the crosses, and presidents killed
Churches, synagogues, even mosses filled

Popes and bishops bow down, on one knee they kneel
Streets is talking, e pills shipped in a coffin
Egyptian jewelry, made the dead rise of the tombs
Aborted babies, re-appeared back in the womb
Used to fuck with all types of thugs, all types of drugs
Strapped up, macked up, with all types of slugs
Militant Che Guerrera, three quarter chinchilla
Ask around about the God, homey say I'm the realest
2-5, we gon' ride til the government kill us
Banana clip in the mack, where niggaz act gorilla
The truth is, I'm on some more new and improved shit
Spitting the revolution, allow me to introduce it
I'm legendary, skills in the art of war vary
I feel I'm needed, like the Knicks need Marbury
When I squeeze have the d's go down like the Ferry
Holding my hand, talk to the dead, in cemetaries
That's word to the pain and the blood stain of a dope
fiend vein
Leave our mark on the planet, you know we came
Slugs flying, we riding, I ain't doing no bids
Fight a lion with a pocket knife, to feed my kids...

[Chorus]

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