

Tragedy Khadafi "Worldwide Thugs"

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featuring Cam'Ron Killa Sha RZA

[Cam'Ron]

Uh thug shit Killa Cam thug shit Yo yo

I want my steak with a funky dame

Honey claim cash like the Money Train

Faces of death eatin monkey brain

Chunky change call it iced out and flawless

For all my niggas upstate with food inside the toilet

Yo I'm like Hoffa mixed with Sinatra

La costa nostra dude packed a toaster

True motherfuckers y'all blew it motherfuckers

Told you how we do it, stupid motherfucker

I chew motherfuckers, know how I do it motherfuckers

Lay your block down when I come through it
motherfuckers

Niggaz want murders, maybe I'll call

Ladies'll fall, yo we killin babies and all

I mean, one up in the cabbage, one up in the carriage

Bing-bing-bing like ricochet rabbit, faggot

Your mother sayin look at they 'matics, damn look at
they habits

Oh, look at they karats

[Killa Sha]

Paint the picture, 2-5-2 killa scripture

Verse six: Chapter five, touch more lives

Try to survive in this frontline with mines

Deep, but I'm in the minds of foul men

Too much gin, too much hash, too much cash

Kinda hard to let this good shit pass

So I dabble in it, heads eat and killa sin it

Ya bitch niggaz wanna get in it but can't fit it

Many is callin, but few is chosin

And them faggot ass niggaz thats holdin, ain't goin

Sha Luminatti, uh-huh, god-body

Hail, rain, and earthquakes when I break

A warning to the fakes (true that)

Play the dark and brought to the light

Lift up your dress for spite

Lyrical fight, for forty days and forty nights

Automatically tight, to the blind I bring sight

Ninety-nine omega, captivate through your vega

Rhyme slayer, down with the QB mayor

[RZA]

Clear the interference...Yo, yo, yo

Yo, clear the interference, special guest appearnace

Turned up a DMA fresh like Wrigley Spearmint

Purse pincher, I'm underground like the Earth Ninja

A bag of wet be my only mental thirst quencher
I move slow on your mob, like The Blob
To gobble up every square inch quarter yard
Peach cobbler rap, Syberian panex
Ginseng gets clacks, six-pack, battery black
Keep on goin and goin, devil knit this sewin
MC's on the mic are takin flight like the Boeing
Our bitch Jamie Sommers got the hot pink Hummer
Plus I just bought a fat loaf of bread from Wonder
Clan expands we outnumber every grain of sand in
Sudan
Flash the Wu logo on your hand
Cats be talkin, Bobby ain't feelin ya
But I bet if I was peelin your cap back with a two shot
Dillinger
Hot lead released from my cylinder
You'd be talkin bout Bobby I'm feelin ya!
My intensity is the devil high density
Make yourself a century in Killer Bee penitentiary
Razor blade Papermate, cut through pages
Cough up a lung and you spit like twelve gauges
Elohim, black gods live from Queens
Shaolin Island has been quarantined!
[Tragedy Khadafi]
Yo, yo, who's responsible for the Oklahoma Bombing?
I shot Kennedy, fled the crime scene jogging
Feds knew I did it still gave me a pardon

For the way 2-5 just repped at the Garden
Clappin D-T's and kidnapped the sargeant
Blazin warrants, squadrons, all departments
Sneak heat through customs, secret compartments
Spit that mobster god shit, crime squad shit
Cock back with ease and squeeze on my targets
Can't be destroyed by plague or epidemic
Cripple any society, triple O menace
Level 48 and the Feds rockin sneakers
Tear through y'all weak crews with heat seakers
When we clap, bodies get rapped like fajitas
Fowl Jesus, resurrect the crime thesis
Platinum chain with baguette, prop the pieces
Shorties call Khadafi, a foul papi
Won't stop till the world immortalize Machti
Arab-nazi, bulletproof Armani rain suits
Skull and crossbone get blown with deuce-deuce
I rep for bing mobsters mad at life
Shootin videos in Sing Sing via satellite
War tactics, with gats under the mattress
Y'all bitch niggaz playin y'all part, like an actress

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