

Dre Dog F/ Cougnut

"Snakes"

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Now number two, practiced the snake style
He was known as the snake spirit
He had the speed of a snake

Intro/Verse One: Killah Priest

Niggaz is like serpents out there
[snake style, no one could compete]
Serpents will bite
Lay outside, and then they roll back into they holes
They slither, in the streets of Brooklyn, New York
Slither in the streets, of Manhattan
In the streets of Queens, streets of the Bronx
Streets of Staten Island
Wherever you see em they slither
Whoever... yo
Fearsome shit... check it out
Yo, yo

It broke me up when they pat me on my shoulder
Said stay strong cuz his life is now over
I flash back to the heathens that he roll with
They shot him up and down nobody knows shit
My peers, little ears
Came up to me with a eye full of tears
Last night we was shootin dice and gettin nice
Kid rolled us, played us for our merchandise
We were in the hallway all day
Me, Steve, and Little Ray
Probably at first they tried to rob me
Back me in the lobby, pull out the shotty
Then came Scotty, fragile body
My first impression, he returned from a party
He was just stagger, smellin like Bacardi
The Dragon, braggin, how he was fuckin mad hotties
Pressed on the elevator button, then all of a sudden
He licked off, about a dozen
Slugs from the cannon, that ripped through my cousin
Nobody was standin when the nigga started bustin
Blood started to flood the floors, by the elevator doors
That's the last thing that I saw

Damn, we plan to make grands of our home
[Number two]

Verse Two: The RZA

Jagged edge, rockin God, hard as Stonehenge
Pledged whoever crossed his path get scrapped with a
sledge..
..hammer, he didn't give a damn about the manor
And on the block he was called by the momma's and
the grandma's
Indecent, heathen, juvenile delinquent
His weekends was frequently, locked inside the
precinct
His most recent cape for catchin papes
Was snatchin up snakes on a roof butt-naked hang em
off like drapes
Then ask what's the combination to the safe, with the
brace
And those who didn't reply they fell straight to their
face
Razor blade sharp who invades the dark
And raid more spots than Spays and NARCS iron heart
like Tony Starks
A fierce lion, who never leave the crib without the iron
And on the block he be slingin rocks and duckin from
the sirens
Greetin niggaz he loved with a pound, and a bear hug
Those who wanted life, they catch a slug from the snub
A Five Percent, who all knew was one to ten
He loved the Gods with his heart but his brain was filled
with sin
And when he came through niggaz be lookin out
Hopin he gets shot or token out, or locked the fuck up
in Brooklyn House
In PC, on a liquid diet, but he was louder than a riot
[Number two, the snake]

Verse Three: Masta Killa

Do the knowledge to a nigga named Trigga
Bad rude boy from the land of Jamaica
With visions to venture, to the U.S.
To receive the gold that he couldn't acheive
in his country, even though he sold mad weed
for the next man, who was the Don of the clan
Niggaz actin like they got the block locked
Like I can't sling drug raps and eat food
But I be the rudest, bad boy steppin gun totin
Shots lash out like a violent explosion
at the nigga, who tries to stop my production

Intervene the scene and slow up the CREAM
None of that black, East New York, gun talk
Niggaz I extort from Baltic to Boardwalk
Memories of injuries wounds and burns
Walkin through the streets of Medina I stand firm
Cause I know this, which means I can hold mine down
without a doubt, niggaz who front, get snuffed out
Justice must be born there's no escape
cause a snake can't be reformed so I wait
Comin in the name to proclaim your fame for protection
and you don't know no fuckin lessons?
[Number two, the snake]

Verse Four: Ol Dirty Bastard

Bad, bad, Leroy Brown
Baddest man in the whole damn town
Badder than the deep blue seaaaaa
Badder than you and meeeeeee
Niggaz comin thru the trees, like a salamander, bitin
Like a piranha, but I'm bitin you back, like a black
pantha
The style I'm ampin the... fuck my name, who I be?
Fuck the game, it's all about the moneyyyy!
Owahhaerahh, sometimes I get high with the Meth
Then I turn to the Killah Priest
When it comes TWELVE O'CLOCK!!
I turn into the demon beast, yo

Yo fuck that shit!
[number two, the snake]
YO! SHOW THESE MOTHERFUCKERS WHAT TIME IT IS
[number two, the snake] Rawwrarrrah
Rahhwarwaahauh, rawwaroar!!
WHOSE THE BAD-ASS? *rawharrah*
WHOSE THE BAD-ASS?
[now number two] Rawwwaahrah
[he practiced the snake style
he was known as the snake spirit] YEAHhhhhh

Verse Five: Buddah Monk

Lyrics, never waitin, twelve days, penetrated
When I come with the ruffness, mad niggaz try to rush
this
Slip into my killings, then I slays and you're helpless
When I try to stay sick, it's yacub grafted six
Calm for the kill, knowing the style that's ill
When I drop, lyric skills, brothers say, Buddah chill!!

Outro: Ol Dirty Bastard

I don't need to rhyme no more, niggaz know, yo!
To all the Wu-Tang Clan members
The Ghostface Killer, the GZA, the RZA, the Ol Dirty
Bastard
The Method Man, the Chef - Raekwon, Inspector Deck,
U-God
Yo!!!

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