

## **Ghostface Killah & Trife Da God**

### **"Cocaine Trafficking"**

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[Intro]

Yeah Agent Burke here

(Check this shit out, nigga, I got a bust for you

Some major niggaz from New York, slinging rocks over here, majorly)

Where they at? Get that gun, where them matches at, come on!

[Ghostface Killah]

Cocaine trafficking, your boy's back again

Moving bricks like I got a degree in scaffolding

Fucking with some cats from Newark, half of them Jewish

Cool white boys riding around, blasting my music

And I'm taxin' them like Jackson-Hewitt, make sure them packs is moving

We out in Baltimore, the home of the Bruins

Up top the cops raiding my spot, my product got ruined

Drug case pending, but my lawyer is suing

Cuz them faggots put my arm in a tussle, let me start in the scuffle

Son, they tried to put the God in a duffle

But them boys can't knock the hustle, like Hov' said

We expose fed, nigga, just give me the code red

They say a close mouth don't get fed, well that's a lie

Cuz them faggots who be snitching on niggaz, they sure to die

You don't want to wake up, with your seed in a cradle missing

Sweating bullets hearing wheels peel off from Mercedes engines

[Chorus 2X: Trife Da God]

Aiyo, these blocks ain't big enough for all of us to eat

These corners is mines, so evil bow down or go to sleep

It's like jail, in order to live, you gotta earn your keep

Prepare for the shakedown, new law and order on the street

[Trife Da God]

Yeah I write raps, but I sling crack for a living  
Punk, anywhere, I ain't gotta ask for permission  
Trife Dies', know the fiends can't miss him  
Everyday on the shift, like transmission, making them  
transitions  
From New York to Great Britain, up state to San Quinton  
Every corner, every block, from Broad Street to Van  
Sithlin  
The grand picture, haul ass when them vans blitz in  
Watch for police, the word on the street is your man's  
snitching  
I'm rider like Pac, ain't no stopping my ambitions  
Getting money, twenty four seven, bredren, my hand's  
itching  
Got me looking through the eye of the scope, and real  
killas move smooth  
With a quiet approach, silencers on the tools when they  
fire the toast  
And if you ain't dead or in jail, then why the hell you  
crying you broke  
I tell a bitch, let me slide in your throat  
And have her gnawing on my head like she high off of  
dope, get it? good

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Trife Da God]

Uh, uh, uh, uh  
Theodore, nigga..

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