

Ghostface Killah f/ Beanie Sigel, Solomon Childs, Styles P "Toney Sigel"

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[Ghostface Killah] Yo, straight out the ghetto, I'm damn hood I Stack-A-Dollar like a whole rack of canned goods Baggy jeans, no Timbs, A.C.G. boots Living in the Crack Spot, banging at Sheek Louch The narcotics is far from garbage Whether it's cold or it's late August My shit is fresh cuz I catch the harvest My little cousin bubble Swatches and carry a couple oxes Keep a duece-deuce by his ankle and get it popping You know, we be the boys clocking the graveyard shift Big bundles, counting our CREAM, burning the lazer spliff My man, jumps out the whip with the A.R. fifth And we barred from plenty of parties cuz we start shit Parole hoes, six months in the box My little sister got her head shaved off She made it home from shop We selling cartons, Pampers, Similac formula Anything it take because the paper keep calling ya Gangstas keep balling for sure, we want more We make it rain from the tech and wop The Lex pouring and the precincts don't have enough cups for us To slow us up, they hit us with dust Then they rush, bust, my big man Ron'll break the cuffs Three-hundred pound nigga, po-po has to fuck him up They say that my projects shall undergo therapy We never voted, we voting for Oprah, Obama, and Eric B. [Styles P] The ill rap niggaz that kill Destroy shit but they able to build Come fuck with the real Coward, better play your part This shit'll lace yo' heart Get hit with a Ghostface dart And you better live this shit to fullest Or be ready to pull it Or be hit with a B. Sig' bullet The ill rap niggaz that kill Destroy shit but they able to build Come fuck with the real [Beanie Sigel] It's the Broad Street Bully and the Killah with no face My mack bullets burn like tequila with no chase My knifework like a guillotine sword cutting Niggaz stop fronting for my Killa Beez swarm something Bzzz, empty out the whole clip then reload Shotgun barrel leave it smoking like a broke stove Yeah, and I'm all about that bullshit The casket, the hearse and the pastor in the pulpit I kill a nigga at the drop of a dime Just imagine what I do for a quarter Ain't no telling what I do for a dollar Pop a nigga right in front of his mama Son a nigga right in front of his daughter And I'm nothing like the father He

couldn't come from these nuts I got Or see Baltimore
suck this cock I know most of y'all wouldn't understand
Get it... get it... understand Yeah, some niggaz will, and
some niggaz won't Like some niggaz kill, and some
niggaz don't You're a fake until you make it type of
nigga I'm a straight up take it type of nigga Pistol whip
a nigga 'til I break it type of nigga I'm hard on chumps,
most these dudes is fags Put the guard on punks, push
the broom up they ass Or the knife like American meat
American Sig', it's Muslim, so I ain't feeling Bush
overseas I think with the wisdom of Malcolm, got the
soul of a panther So "By Any Means" is the anthem, you
gon' have to cut me out the track like cancer I can't
stop, won't stop, this how we do it from Philly to Shaolin
All my niggaz swap in (Yeah nigga) [Solomon Childs]
Guns imported from Dubai, wheelchairs and shitbags
Peach Snapples and pretty scapals Renaissance, I'll
stick a pick in ya gut at the chapel Or blow a nigga for a
box of Huggies Cop killas with a box of dummies
Gummies, stuck to the project floors Niggaz is suited
up and we ready for war

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