

## **Ghostface Killah f/ Cappadonna, Killa Sin, Trife Da God**

### **"Guns N' Razors"**

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Oh shit, look at them, they running on foot  
They picked the car up, they on some Flintstone shit  
Oh shit... and them niggaz stuck together  
On some Siamese shit... yo

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, classic murders, slick gun material  
Burnt up bodies that rock with no burial  
Hammers that hardly work, go to work  
Like a slave on a hot day, with no water  
Blow you for props, in the cop's face, might get  
knocked up  
Jakes that play hero, they can get popped up  
Face fallin' off they cheekbone, gotta take meat  
From they ass, to sow it back, I'm a beast, holmes  
It's ground beef, in the streets, so we street's clone  
Like fresh fruit, from a tree, so the heat's blown  
Your momma missing, your boys are crying  
Cut ya balls out your nutsack, the chinks are buying  
Shit bags is like gift bags, you get it for free  
If you master fronting, classic cutting  
You keep stunting, them gem star'll rip something  
Look homey, it's the bloody sweepstakes  
Glove club you down in the club, how you like that,  
sweet cakes?

[Trife Da God]

Yo, it was a minute after twelve, when the tragedy  
struck  
Niggaz emptied on son, and left 'em leaning right in  
Valerie's truck  
The red Cherokee blood was pouring out his head  
heavily  
The only motive for murder was wetter, either jealousy  
The found him slumped over the wheel, horn blowing  
Bullet holes showing, property stolen, motor still going  
Driving side door, waves scoping, the window is broken  
Glass back and shredded his grill, his collar was  
soaking  
He probably knew the killas, cause they jinxed him with

ease

Cops hold the perimeter, thirsty, looking for leads  
Knocking on doors, questioning tenants, the lieutenant  
Was the first to arrive on the scene, he knew he was  
finished

DeWayne Roberts knew him in college, mid-twenties  
Stopped being brolic, V.A. driver's license in his wallet  
The last call on his mobile phone was back to home  
Sorry, Miss Amonia's son was found dead with two in  
his dome

[Cappadonna]

This be the bird's eye view of things, look how we doing  
things

We stick niggaz up and we take they rings  
Mission Impossible, Theodore Unit, we unstoppable  
Spit razors out of our mouth and start chopping you  
Bank robbers, blood jakes out with the obstacle  
Ropes hanging down from the roof, my parachute  
Soaking water, heat smoking, we scrape and we  
Pillage, man

Wherever we broke in, Theodore, pulverize  
Boat rides and tours, smashed 'em in the crib with they  
coconut straws

Dudes step off the scene, black face and four-four  
The CREAM that we stack up, cake and whores

[Killa Sin]

Cash in abundance, the cats that I run with  
Got gats at a motel, and splashed by the hundreds  
I don't ask if I want it, my attitude is running  
I don't ask if I want it, my attitude is running, yup  
Mega ice neck, with some fish, with some fish dishes  
Rakim gems, my mind shine is what my weight misses  
Anything else is uncivilized, send the kind of niggaz  
A tremendous spy, you can see the venom by  
My nine leave a ten to buy, I don't need my men to ride  
I'm in the moshing squad, beside the car that's highly  
energized

Been advised, before, that fucking with I, is genocide  
Many men have died, from playing games from what  
they feel inside

Brawl with it in me, put it on my enemy  
Be warned, defending me, like killing off a Kennedy  
I silly song M.C.'s get sent on base  
Type of nigga spit the Remy or laugh in ya face  
This dig in my waste, is mastery, step out of place  
Shatter that ass, like glass, and break fast like a  
neglige

Play with the biscuit, dick, don't even risk it  
I, snatch up my misses, and dash on the interstate

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