

Ghostface Killah f/ Solomon Childs, Sun God, Trife Da God

"Yapp City"

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

{*church bell ringing*}

Yeah, yeah, we want all that shit, we'll take all that shit

Sneak up on 'im right, feel me?

Soon as he turn around, just yapp this nigga

I got everything, youknowI mean?

They ain't gotta do nothing, but just search them
bitches

Let's go...

[Ghostface Killah]

Nobody move, nobody get hurt

This is a stick up, I want y'all to lift y'all skirts

I mean shirts, take ya hoodies off, jackets and watches

Before you put ya hands on the wall, empty ya pockets

Fix ya face, this a robbery, nigga, respect the juks

Stop shaking, you making me nervous, I know that you
shook

The fuck is that sticking out from under ya foot?

Move, turn ya head around, nigga, you better not look

Stacks, you hiding from Tone? I'll shake, rattle ya
bones

You killed him! Nah, hit him with the back of the fucking
chrome

In the dark, yo, I do this alone

That's the reason why I don't shake hands, in case I
gave you a phone

That's a buck fifty, long hickey, when I strike I do it
quickly

Creep up on my victims swiftly, make it hard for you to
stick me

Cuz if we shoot it out, cuz if I die tonight you coming
with me

Bitch-ass nigga, eat through ya chest like some fucking
whiskey

[Chorus: Solomon Childs]

BOY! Gut him like a pig in the dark

Or auction off ya bitch body parts

BOY! Poison a guard dog, disarm the alarm devices

Throw ya head in vicegrips (yeah)

BOY! Or stick a hot blade through his heart
Get to sticking niggaz for the right prices
BOY! Yeah, this is priceless.. GET 'EM!

[Sun God]

Aiyo, I post up, packed the shotti
Black mags in lobbies, with red dots, to detach the
body
If you a boss, why ya cash is sloppy?
This a Staten Island burglar gang, ock, not no Ave
could stop me
I'm on the road, not no massive robbery
When it come to that dough, it over flow like paper bag
tsunamis
I take shit, lumberjacks and Tommy's
Niggaz passing out bombs like Culpepper, so I pass
behind 'em
My black glove, black mask, requirements
Sent the order to Trife Dies', and he gon' send 'em
fast, they flying in
These cowards couldn't clash our lion's den
That forty-four mag'll twist ya aves and the cav you
flying in
We hoping out cabs like Iron Men
It's hard to believe how niggaz leave with no bag
supplying sense
Empty cuz my staff is hiring
Canine dogs with felonies duck fast when firing

[Chorus]

[Trife Da God]

Aiyo, we carry arms like a octopus
Shorty's strapped with the mac inside her pocket book
Blowing all lots of kush
Dark tints on the V so the D's can't spot the crooks
Just throw ya hands in the sky, don't try to stop the juks
Face down, lay on the ground, no sudden moves
Yo, then, take off his Timbs and get the work out his
shoes
Rip off the pockets out his shoes, make sure he come
out his used
I hear sirens, plus the cameras is watching, it's time to
move
If you lolly-gagging, word to mama, I'll body bag 'im
Leave his frame riddled with holes, looking like Gotti
had 'im
Bragging, juke'd, in the wagon, laughing
We slid a few blocks down, this kid was frozen
With stones so we decided to yapp 'im
I put the tool in his mouth, said "You don't want the

action

These ain't E pills, nigga, these is fuckin aspirin
Bean, blast 'im, Homo' get his girl for his cash and
Yo, E, go stop the whip, they 'bout to witness a
slashing" (BOY!)

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