

Gina Thompson F/ Jon B**"K.B. Ridin'"**

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah (RZA) {Method Man}]
Word (These mothafuckin' niggaz, man)
Yeah, I hear that, you got that shit, right?
(Yeah, I got it) Lemme hear it
(I'ma two-way Sunn back right now
Next time she show up right on time for this shit)
Word, no doubt
(Better stop smokin' on that shit)
Fuck that, hey, don't do it with him
(Whatever)
Yo yeah, lemme get that mothafucka's sayin' on this,
nigga
(Yeah, niggaz be buggin' in here
Nigga don't speak no fuckin' English, word?)
You get me everything? (I got you a cheese joint)
{Diamond buscuits, mothafucka!}

[Break: Method Man (RZA) {Prodical}]
Now let's see, we don't get down like that
See, he holds his own, haha, he holds his own
Haha, he holds his own (Bank!)
(John Blizzy) {Straight like that}
He holdin' twenty on this
(Ghost Deini) {Uh-huh! Yeah!}
(ShaCronz) {The invincible, baby}
Bad boys (Suga Bang) {It's like that!}
(D-Digi!)

[Method Man (Prodical)]
Spontaneous combustion got niggaz lustin'
Fuckin' with this head bustin' track spanker
Decaffinator, crab sinker, twenty-five
Tryin' to live to see my forty acher, before I die
Immaculate conceptions like loaded weapons
Shootin' up ya rap session in mere seconds (Bluh!
Bluh!)
Ya whole style is undressin'
Try to hide yaself behind the R&B section
And got spotted, fuckin' with them fake artists who
make garbage
Now ya like a human target with no direction

And no protection, rap nigga assed out and no question
Dead and buried, we holdin' like the military
Fuck Dog Shit, hide-out beats and hot cherries
On virgin mic's, style very cri-Tical
By any means necessary, mad lyr-ical
The Ghost rider, want vengeance on you style biters
Ya whole sect got you gassed 'til I sparked the lighter
And burnt that ass like Dhalsim in Street Fighter
I play the shadows, scopin' out you lime lighters and
Desperados

[Chorus: Suga Bang Bang (RZA) {Prodical}]
Killa Beez is ridin' East to West, baby
See our twenties spinnin' on our trucks, baby
Diamonds, Cubans hangin' from our neck, baby
Come on, come on

[Interlude: RZA {Prodical}]
{Baby cuz It's Not a Game}
You see them mothafuckin' twenty-inch chromes
spinnin'?
{Rocked out, baby, ice hangin'}

[Ghostface Killah (RZA)]
Bailed out from drugs, almost retired from bubblin'
Hammers was the guns under the rug, lift off my
publishin'
Jet to Miami, I chuggle-lug the beat
Fiends beepin' me, I erase and delete (Come on)
Surrounded my palm trees and sound-proof condos
Tryin' out Spanish foods, Roberto's bangin' bongos
Do whatever, crackin' down weather, it means nice
Walkin' down the strip, these fat niggaz broke the ice
Drive it in a host, the trucks, the gate's wide open
A square box fell out, I'm hopin' it be coke and
I snatched it, dipped into a parkin' lot and wrapped it
See diamonds, pearls, rubies, gems, covered with acid
Heavens to mega-troid, infants'll know I'm paranoid
What she goes through, I'm on a next flight to St. Croix
Sneaker boy and Genius, I heard he struck oil
Him and Masta Killa own Fox and mad loyal

[Chorus - last two lines only]
Diamonds, Cubans hangin' from our neck, baby
Come on, come on

[Interlude: RZA {Prodical}]
{The finest, baby, the finest}
(You see them Linx hangin'?)

[ShaCronz]

Yo, yo

You know I rarely fight, I keep heat plus I'm very nice
I run with two-eighties on me like Jerry Rice
I fuck with many birds, not the canary type
I've seen a lot of happy days and scary nights
My click hotter than fish grease, kids be diss-free
Most of these labels can't handle this heat
I love new twat, scrap ho's on a few blocks
When my hate grows I let the tools pop
A lot of these rap niggaz be fast to plea
Raw cook up, Got the Hook-Up like Master P
F.G., we don't talk, nigga, fast to squeeze
Walk up and let a hundred shots crash ya V
The first to pull out, the first to body somethin'
I got all the heat all the shorties in ya lobby pumpin'
Them dudes you standin' with probably frontin'
Killa Bee Gang got that shit that keep ya hottie jumpin'
What?

[Chorus 2X]

[Interlude: RZA {Prodical}]

{Straight like that, baby, it's nuttin' less, K.B., baby
Don't forget it, C.C.F.}
You see the shits spinnin'?
Come on, nigga! {Clamp on, baby} Come on!
Yo, yo, tell them niggaz, son
What? What?
You see the shits spinnin'? {Yeah}
Shit hangin', son, they hangin' {Better catch it}
Come on! Come on!

[Outro: Prodical (RZA)]

Straight gangsta
(Yo, you've just been experiencin'
Wu-Tang Killa Beez - The Sting)
Explosive, baby, comin' at you
(Y'all mothafuckas know..
The next chamber's the mothafuckin' weather)
Look out for the Stingers, baby

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