

Les Visible

"Who Are We"

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah (Bonecrusher) {Trife Da God}]
Staten Island stand up, New York City stand up
Ya'll about to witness something ya'll never heard
before
(Yeah) {Theodore, nigga} Let's go, fucka
(Bonecrusher)
Know what I mean (the south and the north) Bang this
in your trucks
{Ant Acid, what up?} (Ghostface, Trife) {yeah, yeah,
yeah, yeah}
(Theodore, let's go) Aiyo, aiyo

[Trife Da God]
I'm not a gangsta, I'm an army of one
But Trife Diesel, Toney Starks, go together, like Bacardi
and Rum
See this burner on my waist, to refurnish your face
The lead from the barrel, leave mouths with a
permanent taste
And have these faggot niggaz, squirmin' to Jake, they
so frail
Cuz like Ernest, just wanna see me Goin' To Jail
But your boy'll make bail, get out and set sail
And hit, every drug spot in the hood, and collect mail
It's Trife, the barbarian, quick to put your dog to sleep
like veterenarians
Have him layin' up somewhere in the perspitarium
Doctors pumpin' air in 'em
They got his whole floatin', like he was high off of
helium
My block is like the Gaza Strip, opposite of Metropolis
We hungry like some hostages, biggas get shot and
die for this
While you sittin', write about stories, that just do not
exist
Your lies is fabricated, and you? Don't make no kind of
sense

[Chorus: Bonecrusher (Solomon Childs) {Ghostface
Killah}]
Parker Bear, for sure we some killas

Wide Street, the thriller in Manilla
We runnin', nowhere, so nigga, don't go there
Get stuck to sleep, nigga, fuckin' with me
Who are we? (718) Some bonifide killas
Who are we? (414) Some street wide killas
Who are we? {Theodore} Some bonifide killas
We run, nowhere, so nigga, don't go there

[Ghostface Killah]

I'm gonna show ya'll niggaz how we gettin' down
And how we flip your town, The Terminator
Got you dudes, look who snitchin' now
Fe-fi-fo-fam it, it's Tony Montana
My hammer be tippin' the scale, have you hittin' the
canvas
In Kansas, they call me Rich Rock, not for my cracks
My fingers be wearin' big blocks, bitch, you can get
shot up
Traumed up drama, not enough gores to rep
Partner, somebody, tell 'em Ghost, keep that big armor
Four-fifths, thirty eights, broke inside these twenty-
two's
Jim Starr's, leave a scar, mac-11's, do to
I roll like a Bonecrusher, touch it like Usher, I "burn"
See me in New Orleans, start puffin' on 'sherm
All my Dirty South niggaz jump, cheer us on, pussy
hump
Greasy ease' niggaz, fuck that, like the Grammy's up
Theodore, we makin' our paper, we bout to ante up
Ya'll niggaz know from Staten to Brooklyn we got the
jammy tucked
Do you and your father, kill a germ now before it
spread
Anywhere further, don't bother, sweet horror
Thanks to the revolver, Ramik had the leap from the
heat
Like he was Frogger, bang monster King Arthur
Guns older than Bob Barker, graze comin' out the nose
barrel
Trouble maybe, then we from Harvard

[Solomon Childs]

We roll, big guns, hut one, hut two
Staten Island, A.T.L., what ya'll wanna do?

[Chorus]

[Outro: Ghostface Killah]

Yeah, what up, Staten Island, stand up
That's right, New York City, stand up
Bonecrusher, Theodore Unit, A.T.L

This that shit, get your wig popped off, muthafucka

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