

Meth Ghost Rae f/ Bully, Sheek Louch, Trife Diesel

"Youngstown Heist"

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah] For the city, to get this money,
Vegas, yo, yeah [Ghostface Killah] (Trife Diesel) Here's
the rundown, Mustafa's getting money out in
Youngstown Get some goons together, a driver and
bring them guns down Heard he had his hands in some
bricks, plus a few pounds Hang with some wild
Haitians, settle shop in the dude lounge Niggas is
migrating, he came from Cue Gardens With a live
situation, got it in preparation When you get there, pick
up the whip with the navigation And follow all the
clowns til you get to your destination (We here Tone,
got our masks on, we bout to run up in I know you ain't
talking bout the house, with the broken henge 65 Alpine
Drive, it's looking shady So I hopped out, pulled the
glock out, plus the 3-18 Hit the living room, I've seen a
ripped up sofa, a shattered coffee table Broken lamps,
and a flipped up stroller The place was ransacked from
front to back) Yo, Trife, what you talking, black? (Yo,
Starks, cut the bullshit and tell me, where the office at)
Take a left and head, down the hallway steps Pass the
painting on the wall, the third door on the left The safe
is on the wall above the fireplace near the decks Look
inside the top drawer, and get the key out the chest
[Interlude: Sheek Louch (Bully)] Damn son, aiyo what's
taking this nigga Trife so long (I don't know) Oh shit, yo
Bully, get down, get down, get down Look at Stark
pulling up, son (aww man) I'mma try to kill this nigga
[Sheek Louch] (Bully) Aiyo, hurry up I see a car pulling
up, windows tinted Can't really tell who's in it, but, I
know it's a rented Down south plates, Atlanta or, one of
them states (yo the cameras on) Man, I wanna see
what's up in those crates Should I pop off, take his top
off, before he get to you Bully like (Yo, chill, chill, this is
what we gon' do) aight (Go ask for directions, right,
I'mma go around the back Wait for them to come
inside, I'll hit these niggas with the mack) Ok, before it
even get to that, let me see where Trife is at Hopefully
he on his way, and no one gotta die today (bang bang)
Two shots go off (Homey trapped inside, quick put the
mask on, Sheek) Fuck it, Bully, let's ride Shooting out
the sunroof, missing and shit I was too high, still think

my Dutchie was lit Trife running out the building,
busting, cussing Blood everywhere, you had to see this
shit (disgusting)

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