

Meth, Ghost & Rae

"Criminology 2.5"

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[Intro: 'Scarface' sample (Raekwon) {Ghostface Killah}] What you think I'm a fucking worm like you? I told you, man, I told you, don't fuck with me I told you, no fucking kids, no, but you wouldn't listen Well, you stupid fuck, look at you now {Ya'll already know!} (For real, ya'll, back behind the wall again) {yeah, you know what it is} (You know what it do, '09 style this time) {It's time to go in now, ya'll} (For real, making CREAM again, nigga... BLAOW!) {you already know, it's crunch time} [Raekwon] First of all, black park it, guns, we spark it Hit you in the back of your dome, from far, kid Dice kickers, gun clickers, run up in the bank for ones, quick The drug dealer niggas, we flip 'em Polo ruggies, flags on my hats, you love these Knockout artists are one-piece Fly in a foreign, all my money ties is tied-up I'd rather sell coke, no bargain Tough like a Hummer, fly like a Maybach Spot runner, clap you in a gun shop, one up Fuck about police, we Park Hillians with gold geese And everyday's a Sunday Easter Cousins in Gaza, the new improved Shottas Stretched out, mink on the floor, you hassa We run through with turbans, diamonded up chain with boots on Mori umbrellas in Tucson Rhyming is a color, the lifestyle is live, my fly brothers Something go wrong, we slug something [Interlude: Raekwon (Ghostface Killah)] Chill my nigga, chill (I got this, I got this) Make sure you handle that beat, you know what time it is Body that beat, man, come on (Yeah) [Ghostface Killah] You can catch me anywhere, frost bitten chain Bad dame, a thousand grams in Delaware The smokeshop's is owls, laid back, hanging niggas to death Word, you can call us coat racks With 'giants' all around me like, Eli Manning The bitch is on the block like, he died scrambling Cuz L frames is crack, popped out, nina one of his eyes Can't come back home, they locked out All he did was re-up, hustle for kick money Kept Beez all around him, thinking he shit honey Bow, I'm into bobsleds, wasting large bread Gucci helmet is blue, trim in his dark red The rap TJ Swan, it's me Ason If he don't spin my shit, break the DJ arm And glide off like an escape, renegade on ice Lemonade Clark, the haze is nice The

Goldielocks, rocks sapphire, chain is right Bitch
niggas, ya'll watch what ya'll say in ya mics, suckas
[Interlude: Ghostface Killah] Aiyo, Rae, aiyo, Rae,
check it out, yo Let me go in there one more time and
air these niggas out For old times sake, you know how
we do, my nig' Old times sake, just for me, man, one
more time, I'm begging you Let me just go in, and just
fly on these niggas heads, man It's what I'm talking
about [Ghostface Killah] It's like a body in a project
hallway, who did it? Who's the next nigga that sucked
the snit-ich That's my word, it could never be me You
see the deer head on the living room wall, like his neck
fell off That can be all sculptured and glazed with gloss
Call the shots that Bill Belichick would call Snake
niggas slither all in the glass house, racial slurs When
it's time to go to war, they cash out Throw 'em in the
rear-naked choke, they tap out Niggas try to surround
the kid, I backed out And threw two rocks at 'em,
watching the ho drop I'm from a place where we
locking the low glocks Yellowtape, the bodies, jiggy
and road blocks Got the towels up in the air, it's so hot
Talking bout Staten Island, profiling Switchblade city,
the goons is wilding Escape from my slums, nigga, you
got talent And we don't want the fifth of 'yac, we want
the gallon ['Scarface' sample] What you think I'm a
fucking worm like you? I told you, man --- [Method Man]
Vacate black, bust gats, wherever we at You all that, hit
'em in the chest, we fall back I got mines, nigga, where
yours at? We call that, raw rap, got fiends in front of
my door mat That Witty Unpredictable fly shit, drive-by
shit These the niggas I ride with And we gon' get cake,
ya'll, as soon as this pie split Smacking up the dry
snitch, nigga, you my bitch Somebody put Tical on,
matter fact, put Tical on One suuu, Staten Isle on 'em I
bank roll, I break codes, and I ain't trynna catch
another case, case closed Give me my crown, cuz I
deserve it, real dudes giving me pounds But not too
close though, the semis'll round Bitches, running they
mouth, goons, running your gate My team running the
block, cops running my plates Well fuck that,
Criminology rap Niggas hate, I hate back, floating in
the flyest Maybach, nigga

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