

Montell Jordan F/ Case**"260"**

Visit "[260](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Cat I got to take him off of here, that's right
I got to take him off of here
Cause there's only one, and that's me
You understand? For all that fighting, you understand
that sucka think he good, that sucka think he can
whoop me
and I know he can't whoop me, I...
Ay boy, the nigga whole style is chump
You understand?
Let me get mines first
Then after I get mines, you can do what you want to
do...

[Ghostface]
Yeah, scandalous
Yeah miraculous, the arsonists

Yo, kicked down the door on the spot, 260
2L, I heard they had O's for sale
I heard the same shit, money drive a burgundy whip
Keep it low, faded licenses plates and great plate
Where's the cat from, think he's from New Jerusalem
Pretty Rick did his thing for him, but he was usin him
Power sun, jungle, physical, you know the God
He go with Tim, the one who called Lover of God
Y. E.quality S.elf, I know the natural law now
It's time to get the God U and blow like mines
But on the low I heard he got BORN original sin
Back in a drive-through Kentucky Fried shot up his Ac
We got to get him Dunn, aliens is snatchin our bread
U.F.O.'s movin in with bigger plans than Fed, yo
Knock on Daddy-O's door get the scope
He's not home, he took Ishmael to Park Slope
There go the the dreads yo, swindle two bags of that
stuff
That get you crashed out had you laid out like bums
Peace Keana, what's up with your girlfriend Wanda
She drive a green Honda, with legs like Jane Fonda
I just left her, she took Rashean to Pathmark then
jetted to Canal to get her man some Clarks
She said be back in ninety minutes, Ghostface God

forbid

She say, peace to W, who's watchin the kids?

[Raekwon]

Two hours later, scheamin like DeNiro in Casino

Son better have more coke than Al Pacino

Keana ain't tellin no lies, last year she did a sting and a half

and Tymeek bought her a aircraft

But anyway, yo, Daddy-O home, we need the shotties
nidow

When we get back, throw you a bit out

Later that night, stay mesmerized yo

Go get the green 5, meet you on the corner of Marriot

You ready, you got the E&J and the machete?

We goin upstairs, I hope one nigga is empty

We walked in, both of us, looked like terrorists

Masks on, second floor, Dunn yo, I handle this

Kick in the crib, the whole shit looked graphical

Natural, fuckin a white bitch, actual

fiends chanting, "Do your thing Chef, handle it"

I shot him in the neck, it ricocheted and hit Carolyn

Ran to the back analyzin, much disguisin

Surprise we comin and their eyes were tranquilized
and buggin, throwin her twin cousins at his nugget,
fuck it

Meet shottie waddy slug body hobby

Where the drugs, where the ounces you be bouncin

Fake cats announcin on the block, you loungin

Where the blow at, I ain't got shit, stop frontin

(Yo Chef, throw the joint in his mouth, money'll start
stuntin

Bitch, show that bit, before I push your wig back

Chef stop wavin that, show him where the paper at)

Come here Valerie, you know the God he need a salary

Put down the pipe here's two tickets to a coke gallery

It's in the kitchen in the ceiling

(Baby girl kept squealin

Only found a white block of cheese from New Zealand

Ohhh shit! Yo, yo where that shit at yo?

Yo Chef, where that shit? What? What? Aiyyo...)

Visit [Montell Jordan F/ Case](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.