

## U-God "Coke"

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[Raekwon:]

Fix your face, when we rhyming, we been crazy  
Throw mad bullets at you, jumping in new spacely  
All my goons is frustrated, groan at they P.O.'s  
It's obvious, we do this, we bust haters  
Yo, gun selectors, dumb detectors  
Chase my niggas, talking slick, where that Lex kid at?  
You know we cool and we Darth Vaders  
Always in black uniforms, rocking Clarks and sharp  
gators  
Can't tell me nothing, I've been shaking  
Pull out them slammers, regulate the streets, I bake  
Satan  
How many of us it take paper and start a war  
It's like starting up a store that sell aces  
All my colors and bad brothers, rag coverage  
Black gloveses, leathers and glass lovers  
Introduce these leaders, wanna take money  
These dick beaters, and strangle something up, go get  
Jesus

[Chorus: Y-Not Da Beast]

Look, the coke, the coka, the cocaine  
The C-O-K-E, it's coke, man  
They lift the weight up in snow plains  
You sniff an eighth up in your brain  
The coke, the coka, the cocaine  
The C-O-K-E, it's coke, man  
The prices rise like some propane  
The nicest guys become so fame

[U-God:]

Illegal transport, son, I throw bombs back and forth  
It's a contact sport, get your arm cracked off  
Yo, I blast like I'm task force, stashed in my dash board  
Exercise black thought, dance on a catwalk  
Grew up on the asphalt, tryna get my grams off  
Watch for the hand off, I'm a get my plans off  
Like you and your mans off, everybody huddle up  
Twenty cent dime pieces, watch the water bubble up  
A piece of the puzzle, son, pieces, crumble up

My old righteous troublesome, now I'm into major things  
Made it this far, kid, the God got on angel wings  
Everytime the flavor bring, tons of coke, mad gross  
Two cuts of lactose, I'm underground like railroad  
Mad low, son, in this hellhole, an animal  
Friendship be flammable, no shame for some to blow  
Brains out for fun, over cocaine and guns

[Chorus]

[Slaine:]

Ever since a little youth, I've been bent on stoupes,  
sipping gin and juice  
In the booth, fill the dope game, shooting on bent up  
hoops  
Roll around in stolen cars, nah these ain't no rented  
coupes  
Grimeys behind me, they all grimey, ninety percent of  
controlled  
Lying in the booth, put the ashes in the pipe  
Blowtorch to the crack, my fire is winter proof  
Old thoughts of black and white pictures, now they  
developing  
Skeletons surrounded by archangels and seraphims  
Telegram packages distributed through the whole  
hood  
Tell him this racquet is bad for him but it's so good  
Are you a fighter? Real life scuffle, no dirt clean  
Plus a muthafucka had to hustle since 13  
I got my mind in focus, where you never been at  
How you think I made a hundred grand, from where my  
pen's at  
Fuck the fortune and the glamour, I don't need no fame  
I piss whiskey and spit fire, I bleed cocaine,  
muthafucka

[Chorus]

[Outro: U-God]

FREEZE! ROCK!  
FREEZE! ROCK!  
FREEZE! ROCK!  
FREEZE! ROCK!

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