

U-God

"Train Trussle"

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[Mike Tyson sample:]

I'm the best ever, I'm the most brutal and vicious
And most ruthless champion there's ever been
There's no one can stop me, there's never been
nobody who could -
I'm Sonny Liston, I'm Jack Dempsey, there's no one like
me
I'm from their cloth, there's no one who can match me
Praise be to Allah!

[Ghostface Killah:]

Just jewels, no crew heavy, my inside pants lay
Come packing like two machetes, one ratchet
Two clubs and a mask, jumping out a green rover
Niggas balling me down, that's when I reached over
Figured they ain't got no matters, young boys round
here
They don't know my status
See niggas looking for a full time jack move
But they don't know, that these blades here crack
dudes
Give it to them quick, something like fast food
Take a nigga gun like, you gon' blast who?
Cinderella girl, fronting in them glass shoes
Homo thug, bitch ass nigga, I smash you
You mad, cause you rocking a shit bag, smelling like
piss
When it popped, ya click ran, you fucking with powerful
men
Come value your business, it ain't all gravy
You pussy niggas, you'se the Avon lady, fuck you

[Chorus: U-God (Scotty Wotty)]

We scuffle, raps and cracks, it's a known hood hustle
Through the bus stop, under the train trussle
Forty five degrees, divide the block muscle
Stay on your side, or get your life bubbled
(We tussle, raps and cracks, it's a known hood hustle
Through the bus stop, under the train trussle
Forty five degrees, divide the block muscle
Stay on your side, or get your wig knuckled)

[U-God:]

Yo, I hit 'em up with the snubs, puff the bigger buds
So sinister, a John Dillinger, yeah, I've been a thug
Fire all cylinders, swing with gritty love
Smooth talk, watch a moonwalk up in the club
I'm like Michael Jackson without the glitter glove
Go get it for sure, that's right, a jitterbug
A minister of death, came back to finish ya
At the tip of the missile, a fish, you been a scud
That's right, it's in my blood, damn, what's in them
drugs
They make you spit slugs, leave marks in the floor
Yo, I stomp through the yard, I march through the hall
Charles Bronson them hard, Jack Johnson your jaw
If I sell out, yo, I'm copping some more
Get the hell out, or I'm popping the four
Shell pour out, big boxes of bullets
Your snotbox is bust, when I cock to the fullest

[Chorus]

[Scotty Wotty:]

Consider me pissed off, them swiners better throw in
they whole chalk
'Fore I blast the hot shot of Smirnoff
Rhymes contrast to an airplane crash
I precede the aftermath of an acid bath
Take a leap from the highest, and walk home bloody
from a riot
And still stay chubby on a diet
Chicken in Michigan, get ya head crushed with a
Michellen
It's obvious, the God ain't settling
Repetition and ego, buried in ghetto cathedrals
Blow the rugers, brothers wanna through rubbles
Rock fight avalanches and ambushing
Contaminated bitches, dirty dishes and dope pushes
I dreamt plus I get a rush from a toilet flush
It wasn't us, it was Paul and his brother
Uncle and four cousins, they had to die like the Dirty
Dozen
I guzzle punks like 22's, embezzle words and verbs,
and interval avenues
It's important to be caution, click of this magnitude is
remorsing
We eat the fucking cake without the frosting
Contents contained, shatters his splattered brain
Ever since Killah Priest was ordained
I'm bringing back the revely, I had with Beverly
And half of you corn niggas is greener than celery,

fuck outta here

[Chorus x2]

[Mike Tyson sample:]

My style is impetuous, my defense is impregnable

And I'm just ferocious, I want your heart

Praise be to Allah!

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