

Plastic Little f/ Amanada Blank, Ghostface Killah "Crambodia"

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[PackofRats] Gucci black banana boat, got
bananarama blow (Yeah what that mean?) That means I
got a lot of coke Patron with chicka pro, PackofRats,
he's a pro You was just a so and so, nigga, nobody
know Just a local zero, nobody's hero No Body's Child
please knock this nigga out Rap niggas we hit 'em like
we Kimbo And they kinfolk, yo homey get so simple
Crambodia Romeo, it's a rodeo Roll 'em up, these SoCo
ass, seven hundred club like Oh-e-oh-e-oh-e-oh-e-oh,
ali-ali-ali-free Plus we loving weed, can't seem to get
enough of thee P Little, we wear it well like El DeBarge
Yo, homey, you call those crews a squad? Go home, go
home, come back tomorrow when you got the dope
hook-up, push it [Jon Thousand] Niggas ain't fit it, no
shame, the name shit it It's J-O-N rain on 'em, or it's
pimp, man, the same kid's Sleeping in the club, I snuck
in the back way Took a nap, all you muthafuckas get
the gas face So grab the ashtray, I'm bout to celebrate
It's Saturday, and I'm not dead or celebrate On an
elephant, holding my dick in quicksand Man, that
Crambodia, will grab a hold of you quick And never let
go, stomp your face like a death show It's a different
world, Dwayne Wayne's got the best blow And dress
clothes by Espo on the best for Like Flight 93, yo let's
roll, Spank Rock in the headphones Coke and wet, yo
wet and coke I'll do it til I'm fifty and broke, for a 20
and smoke It's plenty dope, anybody wanna know
about it Tell 'em ask bombadillo, he'll show him about it
[Amanda Blank] I'm the first lady up, acid wise and
decks Like Texas sex, ya'll muthafuckas think rock
can't jive And dress up fans, kick stands and fake tans
Bubblegum a little tongue, I put a strap on for my man
I'm alright, nor can I block on fake nails and fucking
How this bitch get the remix, which electronic's dick
she sucking One said don't know nothing, always
bitching about something Laugh my ass off to the
bank, ya'll can keep on fronting Thinking I don't know
my place, like yo this little girl's bugging Said she save
her old face for Ghostface, his loving I'm that chicken,
I'm the shit, I'm getting too big for my britches B-I-G-G-
E-S-T, C-U-N-T of all the bitches B-I-G-G-E-S-T, C-U-N-T

of all the bitches This pussy's powerful like whoa, I'm
gon' wake up Tommy Lee The way the metal has these
strippers all over me I roll with L-I-T-T-L-E Plastic We
writes classic rhymes for all the bad kids And all the
crazy ladies, for derelict men like Kool Ken I fucking
kick out my bed No for real, son, get the fuck out my
bed [SQUID] This slang baby, come si dice, and make it
look it easy I'm breaking noise, popping PCPs, so roll
the greasy Roll us, scuff our tennis up, they flee the G's
From Philly, electronic babies they took over your city
Put it down, back and downtown, no one your LES All
off a booger suga mama, with a PackofRats I raise a
bar, push the highlight smoke Then these art faggy
niggas run up and got Ghost Sucka nigga pop star, we
just lick G First to look freaky, sheek and skinny jeans
Seen reading magazine, push looking in Never on it,
the Brooklyn accents, authentic back shit, bitch [No
Body's Child] It's bulletproof round three, pull out my
pee-pee And pee-pee pon your front teeth Offer you a
sweet G and be about my business These underground
rap niggas sound so leaky And I'm rapped ziplock,
without the jock strap That's balls to the wall, dog, drag
race rap Huh, you niggas doing laps Like dogs in the
park looking for a Scooby snack Getting nowhere fast,
so sick, oooh ooh sit And be a good bitch, it's the
fungus prince of wonderland Dipping in a Brandywine
man of more Floating on my back blowing purple
smoke Looking way iller than your neighborhood crip
again Filling it, til ya papa and your mama got that
feeling again And we dancing on a ceiling Crooklyn, up
to buck it, niggas momma having fun in your house
While you out buying something for your kids to eat We
cat or Maury thugging these bitches and they sticking
to my cock and pause it Crooklyn, up to buck it, niggas
momma having fun in your house While you out buying
something for your kids to eat We cat or Maury
thugging these bitches and they sticking to my cock
and pause it [Ghostface Killah] Yo, sit back and watch
me gleam like OxyClean Getting six sick bitches but the
drop is mean Draped in furs and lenin, hard denim, the
God's winning Looking fresh to death like John Lennon
The waves spinning, dark Gucci frames, cover my grill
Catch me in the tabloids, feeling sharp as a quill My
neck is heavy, my wrist got a mind of it's own Take a
look and get blinded by the size of this stone Diamonds
is flawless, son, I'm like the stars in orbit Historic
imported jewels, that's the reason I brought it Black
bubble beam, lay back and buckle in Keep money
stacks that overlap like double chins I, guzzle gin, go
back and double twins Told her friends, that a late
nigga's for a couple innings This is Theodore, make no

mistakes about it We buy the bar out, even when the
shit ain't crowded

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