

Stomp Da Roach

U-God

It's the sasquath, Jackpot
The roach killer, that's what we do
You know what it is, you little crawly creepy bastards

We ain't tripping, read the sentence
The Gods got it locked like upper Maine in Sam Quinten
You drinking muscle milk, homey, you gon' get killed
Walking round like Deebo, cause you slight built
It's a dirty job, we get it popping hard
We turn this whole shit slamming to the Mardi Gras
And ain't nobody mad, it just we got it bad
Like a body being slumped when you hail a cab
Vaccum packed, concealed, no room for breath
I grip a mic, it's Five Fingers of Death
So, stomp the roach, stomp the roach, you know?
Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, you know?
When I slip on, the grip-on, no clip on
And on the O'Jay's like Christopher Pawns
And eat with the beast, in the valley of death
Walk on the right, but I shoot with the left
Stomp out a roach with the decon breath
All you little rat bastards, I stomp you to death
Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, you know
Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, yo

Four more seconds 'fore the bomb come on
Roach killer, you scatter when the lights come on
You can run on, and start ducking and dodging
I pluck you, crush you right between the margin
I'm the drill sergeant, I'm the boric acid
The black flag nigga, the bio hazard
The econimist of the bio standard
And he sprayed the myst on them fly's that landed
And I can be obvious or I can be candid, but
I'm shaking roaches off my shoes and socks
Then I, pluck roaches out my Fruit Loop box
Then I, tell my girl to change all the locks
Then I, throw my finger at the hip hop cops
Then I, put on my Timbs, then I stomp the block
Cause I, stomp the roach, stomp the roach, you know?
Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, you know?
Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, you know
Stomp the roach, stomp the roach

They known to leech off people for, years and years
They cause trouble by, staying up in, niggas ears
They set up shops in apartments in projects
Bold enough to roll up on, any object
Grabbing on my gear til they pull the label off
They fight for the crumbs that's on my table cloth
They keep they antennas up, the signals strong
They got the neighborhood bugged, that's how they survived so long
Immune to 'combats' and, household 'raids'
Like informants that's living off, government aid
We leave roaches where the remain and trash lays
Incinerate it, they spend they last days in ashtrays
Ignored by the dogs, but, chased by the cat

Like a sneaky ass rat that got caught in the trap
A small time nigga, who didn't have a clue
It take a million of ya'll just to fill up my shoe
Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, yeah
Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, uh-huh
Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, yeah
Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, uh-huh
Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, you know
Stomp the roach, stomp the roach, you know

How long till you get me off the hook? For old time's sake
I can't do it, Sally
Don't ever take sides with anyone, against the family again ever