

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...

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 Iow 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?

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? Aiiyo...)