Blood On The Cobblestones

Ghostface Killah

Ayo it's war on the street, blood on the cobblestone I leave 'em buried alive, just like a fossil bone Body bags line the streets, reporters reportin' Mafia ties, drugs and extortion DeLucas vs. Stark-iano, headline the news Police pull war on crime, they're gonna lose Judges get kidnapped, casualties get decapitated Starks rise above all to be emancipated Black Godfather, families at war Drive bys and Molotovs settle the score Butcher shops are filled with chopped up casualties I made sure to keep guns, you know my faculties The streets run red when the bosses disrespect us Neglected, I guarantee no mans protected To each is own, grab a gun off the shelf Cause in a warzone, the call is every man for self

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How you prepare for war? Grab your guns and your hardware Never close your eyes in the barber chair The heart of a lion, that's what got him here Bulletproof the car, yo we outta here Fuck the DeLucas, we've got shooters with submachines Bone-crushing niggas like a football team Under a new regime, The old we throw it out Spin back the hammer, let the lord sort 'em out Keep your gun cocked, at the whorehouse Sip the brown liquor, while we move a quarter ounce Pick the territories, move north or south The high power shine, Yours is watered down I'm underground, with the vest is on Open up your head, now your flesh is torn Never turn my back up at restaurants Put holes in your chest, come test the don 45 in my holster, let me stretch my arms

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So the DeLucas want Tone? Nah, not today Cock and spray, side with 'em and you've got to pay Don't even kill 'em, just make 'em feel a lot of pain Stake out his wife and his seed at the soccer game Greet 'em with open arms, beat 'em with no regard Feed 'em two two-threes, freeze 'em, leave 'em with no resolve Make a lead on me, repping for the territory No stepping on me, brethren that's a negatory You want a war? These men pop dangerous Taking all in a 10 block radius Murder rate double, triple, cripple the strip Like it got hit with a couple of missiles 8 will fly through your door, I'll get in your crib In a wig, in a cable guy uniform My shooters maneuver, we've got DeLuca in the scope Tištěno z www.txp.cz Moving close, say the word, Tone, do this Ghost