

Murda Goons

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, testing one-two, one-two
Testing, one-two, yeah, one-two

I've lived the life of Sonny Carson
Favorite slacks was the baby blue knitted sharkskins
Custom made like the ace of spade
Switching robes when I leave the forum
In the sleeve is a classic date
Russian cut, mustard handle, bout the same size
Of little tight Shawn with his Nikes on, still blamp you
Vamp you, throwing homo's out they sandals
Leave your brain all chunky like I'm advertising soup from Campbell's
Bowl legged old man give me props, all I do is buy 'em a bottle
Hit 'em off, like "peace, pops!", Fishscale got the streets hot
All you gotta do is go on the road, with Dipset, Rae & D-Block
And that's how we take New York back (yeah)
Flex and the Pitbulls, Heavy Hitters, Kay Slay, Absolut
Camillo, Lantern, load the wax up, cock and shoot
Cypha Sounds, DJ Clue, Envy, next, Staten be the scoop

We them brick, flippin' niggas with Cash Rule, relax duke
Doctor bills, funerals, that's what cash do
Come around here, fronting, we'll splash you
Staten Island murder goons, cousin, we'll scratch you

Yo, heard some of ya'll singing like Lou Rawls
Try to fuck me, you gon' suffer from blue balls
Tone's a karate champ, shottie champ
You period niggas be spotting with bad cramps
Intestines looking like chitlings
All we need is hot sauce, my pork eaters, go and get rid of 'em
Kites and death threats, ya'll keep sending 'em
For every dart you throw, my last one's killing 'em
Like cancer patients, in the process, losing they hair
You'll be fighting for life, scratching and gagging
Panicking, gasping for air, suffocating from no-wind syndrome
Like somebody cut the neck of a deer
It's algebra in the third, Alfa Alfa with the gun to the rascal
Jessica Alba is one of my birds
Plus AlcaSeltzer's blowing up bursts
Out to melt you brain cells like Alien herb

Get lost in my hood, it's like you lost in El Mira
You might get poked up, smoked up, throat cut
Rocking them little fly chains, get yoked up
Ya'll Boar's Head niggas, ya'll just cold cuts
Victims of night time street horror, going home with casualties
The twelve gauge blew a path in your knee
That's what happens in war, when the high heaters don't eat
We creep, our stomach growls loud, so we don't sleep, tote heat
Won't speak, (we them), we them grill niggas, we smoke beef