

# Outta Town Shit

Ghostface Killah

I'm six foot two and a half  
With shoes on make it three even  
Been shot but I'm still breathing  
Sent niggaz back to Pittsburgh  
With they necks wrapped up no lie  
See that's what happens when slugs fly  
Doves cry when a thug dies  
It might rain if you're a love guy  
Glocks we tote 'em in belong pawn shops where we resold 'em  
And going in we let the fiends hold 'em  
Fake aliases, no driver's license or socials  
But we cold cheek shit, so many hammers left the clerk speechless  
Outdoors my niggaz is dirty  
Rollin' smoke in the back seat sippin' orange juice  
Bumping Blackstreet, suede wallets, Wallabees  
Pea soup Clarks, music blastin', laughin' with the whip in park  
Bodies for lunch, they eat those  
Old school guns is like old albums, clean 'em and they keep goin'

Hey man it's rough outside  
Crack heads is buyin' all night  
Handguns is necessary  
Fuck around you might lose your life  
Anywhere in and outta town B  
The same every hood it's so real  
That you gotta be on your grizzly  
If not then you might get pideeled

Like one day right over a powerful dice game in Minnesota  
We hit the mall up for kicks  
Slid, in other words bounce, tip the chauffeur  
To get that cheddar cheese back we lost from earlier  
Get back the dices shaking, stretching my arm like Troy Aikman  
What's in the bank? Nigga what? Twelve grand bowl 'em  
No little shit on the floor roll 'em  
That's what I do (sounds of dice shaking)  
Six 'em girls, hit his kicks  
I'm a still show that motherfucker he fish  
Pound cake, beat that bitch  
Holy smoke! I admire your roll  
Two fours and a five, they all applause and he smiled  
But confident me, yea I threw my twelve on the ground  
Grab the dice, blew on 'em  
Passed off the other thirty five thou, I'm doin' 'em  
Nigga move shoot 'em, what's that? You roll a five?  
Twenty or better y'all, I'm taking all side bets! Everybody spread out!  
Watch the magic number that my pretty hand let out  
My first roll was one two four, picked 'em up  
Somebody screamed out, "Tony Starks headed for the dust off!"  
I'm like hell no I'm headed for the gun store  
Punch you in your motherfuckin' face like Spongebob  
Watched his face when he aced, the place got quiet  
Bowled like twenty forty times, my arm got tired  
Couldn't hit a point, not even a deuce  
Took a swig of my man's goose  
Anything just to give me a damn boost  
Then out came a wonderful six

Holy shit! Stack that shit  
Yo Trife Dies snatch that fuckin' cream quick  
That was one one six, one sixteen point C  
And I don't care about no motherfuckin' Royce Green  
He pulled out, he pointed at me, I pointed at him  
My main man pointed at them  
They pulled their guns out and pointed at him  
And crazy shells they was coming in

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This just in, breaking news  
Today in Downtown Minnesota, a tragic shootout occurred at 5:23 pm  
An alleged witness says things went haywire over a dice game  
Two black males were shot in their buttocks  
Leaving one critically wounded  
Two others were pronounced dead on the crime scene  
At a nearby hospital, three New York men are recovering  
In stable condition but are being held under police supervision at this time  
For on the spot coverage  
Theodore TV, this is Dusty Williams signing off  
Now back to Tony Starks already in progress