

Shakey Dog Starring Lolita

Ghostface Killah

I had my eyes squinched up tryin' to get through the fog
Pullin' up mad slow blunted, passin' police cars
I saw one two three bodies
Blood mixed with the rain ran through the gutter
That's the work of a tommy
But then I heard it was the work of a mami
Spanish chick bad, about five six, long hair, red Jag
Kinda bowlegged, Chanel sweatpants, she thick
She love her some pussy, don't really give a fuck about dick
That's when I got the call, yo Tone come to the shop
Some fire jumped, chill I'm about to pull in the lot
Lowered the tunes, pulled the Benz keys out the ignition
Brushed the ashes off my blazer then finished my Guinness
So then I walked in, seen the God shufflin' cards
Spades game, it's goin' down, he lost a couple of yards
Peace Lord, how your physical?

He upstate miserable
Stressed, doin' a thousand sets
But yo check the visuals
I'm at this hotel in Queens
Me and Charene getting' slow necked
That's live, I couldn't finish the bean
Gotta a phone call, seen the whole bitch face fall
Dope fiend look like the bitch swallowed an eight ball
They talkin' about killin' ya man's and them
That kid from Staten, his jewels is tough, his robes is satin
Yo that's my heart Tone; yea yea he killed the captain
What nationality nigga? The kid was Latin
It happened uptown, broad day, right in Manhattan
I was shoppin' with my home girl, Leona with acne?
But you know what, Flaco meets Lolita
Flew in, she from Medayeen, he deaded her uncle over them seventeen bricks
Niggas ain't slick, niggas is dicks
Y'all got beef for life now cause that bitch is a trick

Ay yo fuck that, close the gate

And lower the shade
Then a shot popped off

Hit lil' bro in his fade
And then I see him dropped his clippers

He dipped with the quickness
It was Lolita black down yo

With four other bitches
He had a nasty hammer, fat ass

Her tits was bananas
Yo the clip was ninety shot

She lit up the cameras
So then I bugged out, ran up the steps

Yo I got hit in the leg

He shot back, hit one bitch in her breast
Under the pinball game aimin'

It's foggy and rainin'

My jewels is clangin'

Yo Tone tuck your chain in
She shootin' like she wanted a payment
Throwin' bullets like Joe Nameth, yellin'

Yo it's all entertainment
Where y'all girls at? Where ya'll pussies at?
Thought y'all bang on Gaten Island?
I killed three things on Staten Island

Take that!
You fuckin' with me huh?!
That's all you got babyyyyyyy?
Hold that! Motherfuckaaaaa!
Yea! You on Staten Island now nigga!

Now where the fuck is your brain at now ho?
You fuckin' with me, brains is all over the wall like Velcro
I fuck your pussy while you die slow
Wake up! You cock suckin' ass maricon

That's what you get for killin' Frankie

Tony Starks, Tony Starks drop you weapons now
Put your weapons down or we will shoot

Ay yo Rae I got this
I ain't surrenderin', they gon hang me
You know what it do, yo I love you
Say peace to my kids, say peace to my wiz
I ain't goin' to jail
Fuck it's on G, let's get...FUCK Y'ALL NIGGAS!