

## Street Bullies

Ghostface Killah

Geah! Aiiyyo Starks, whattup?  
What it do family?

We street bullies for cheddar, and that's our word  
Pop bottles and spend money on chicks with curves  
We the youth poetic justice, the kings and the Yankees  
Our flows is vicious, check check, check out my melodies

We gifted with vocab to make the streets spaz  
And I'm infatuated with money like {} grabs  
Blow bags of that purple 'til I'm purple like Grimace  
Burn spinach cause it keep up flows, Shawn's a menace  
Even Barack watch "The Wire," the streets is political  
Watch how the '89 analog switched to digital  
It's a miracle, we gettin rich, offa visuals  
Millionaires open doors, split them residuals  
and still don't know how to act, spend 5 beams on jeans  
Steady blowin cream by the stack  
I get my change, now go cop, get'cha a drink  
And have a hoe butt-naked washed up by the sink  
Blowin stink, and I don't see grass on the field  
So I'ma tear ass on that field  
The Doe Wilson walk around with a bottle of Spades  
Diamonds lookin like I flossed in a cascade

Dee dee dee da dee, dee dee dee da dee day  
You asked for Donnie G oh won't you please come out and play  
They know I keep that black girl, the black guns and the AK's  
I'm comin where you lay, and yeah I'm gonna spray - hey!  
Motherfucker what'chu lookin at? The crook's back  
Staten Island got my back, Brooklyn niggaz let it clap  
Half these niggaz ride out, Harlem niggaz keep it real  
Bronx got a shorty there, that's my little hideout  
{?}, Rose, Donnie cake, souffle  
M6, no top on it, toupee  
Rubber grip, stainless steel, the night look gray  
Yeah, this that fly shit, patch over the eye shit  
Slick Rick, bruh, these bitches be on my dick  
Yeah I'm the new draft pick, about to get my ass licked  
Street bullies blastin, you ain't gotta ask it  
Ghostface, Wigs, will put you in a casket

Can I, kick it? Yes you can  
Can I, kick it? Yes you can  
Can I, kick it? Yes you can  
Well I'm gone - are you gonna miss me when I leave?  
Besides this 8 times 5, got tricks up in my sleeve  
Guaranteed, ain't nobody around these beez  
See the team, we don't sleep, cause niggaz need green  
We bleed different, we chase money, y'all can chase dreams  
Came a long way, don't fuck that bread up in between  
Tell 'em God sent you, load up that wop and let it ring ock  
It's more than raindrops, when your nigga name get scratched off  
like his name dropped, that's when that thang pop  
Y'all niggaz thought once too much, that's why your brain stopped  
Lock and load both of them 40's I make the place hot  
You can't wipe that up with no shirt, that take mops

Out the window here's another bomb let that bass drop