

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