

Toney Sigel a.k.a. The Barrel Brothers

Ghostface Killah

Yo, straight out the ghetto, I'm damn hood
I stack a dollar like a whole rack of canned goods
Baggy jeans, no chimps, ACG Boots
Livin' in the crack spot, bangin' that Sheek Louch
The narcotics is far from garbage, whether it's cold or it's late August
My shit is fresh cause I catch the hottest
My little cousin bubble swatches and carry a couple oxes
Keep a deuce deuce by his ankle and get it poppin'
You know, we be the boys clockin' the grave yard shift
Big bubbles, countin' the cream, burnin' the lazar spliff
My man jumps out the whip with the AR 5th
And we ball from plenty of parties cause we start shit
Parole holes, six months in the box
My little sister got her head shaved off
She made it home for shop
We sellin' Carters, Pampers, Similac formula
Anything ya take cause the paper keep callin ya
Gangsters keep ballin fosh, we want more
We make it rain from the tech and the wop
The next coroner priests don't have enough cups for us
To slow us up, they hit us with dusk
Then they rush-bust, my man Big Ron will break the cuffs
300 pound nigga, po po has to fuck him up
They say that my projects should undergo therapy
We never voted, we votin' for Oprah, Obama, and Eric B.

Guns imported from Dubra
Wheel jazz and shit bags
Peach Snapples and pretty scalpels
Renaissance
I'll stick a pick in yo gut at the chapel
I'll blow a nigga for a box of Huggies
Cop killers with a box of dummies
Dummies stuck to the project floors
Niggas is suited up and be ready for war

It's the Broadstreet Bully and the Killah with no Face
My mac bullets burn like tequila with no chase
My knife work like the guillotine sword
Cut niggas, stop frontin' for my killa bee swarm, something
Empty out the whole clip and reload
Shot gun barrel leave you smokin like a broke stove
Yeah, and I'm all about that bullshit
The casket, the hearse, and the pastor in the pulpit
I kill a nigga at the drop of a dime
Just imagine what I do for a quarter
Ain't no tellin what I do for a dollar
Pop a nigga right in front of his mama
Son a nigga right in front of his daughter
And I'm nothin like a father
Couldn't come from these nuts I got
To see Baltimore suck this cock
I know most of y'all wouldn't understand
Get it, understand
Yeah some niggas will and some niggas won't
Like some niggas kill and some niggas don't
You's a fake it 'til you make it type a nigga

I'm a straight up take it type a nigga
Pistol whip a nigga 'til I break it type a nigga
I'm hard on chumps, most of these dudes is fags
Put the guarder on pumps, push the broom up they ass
Or the knife like American me, American Sig' is Muslim
So I ain't feelin Bush overseas
I think with the wisdom of Malcom, got the soul of a panther
So by any means is the anthem
You gonna have to cut me out the track like cancer
I can't stop won't stop
This how we do it from Philly to Chi...