

## 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...