

Cakes

Kool G Rap

Yeah

Shake your funky ass, bitch

Yaknowmean...

Yo

Yo we divide cakes to rise the stakes

Me and my apes die for papes

Bust heat and hide from jake

Up in the skyscrape, on top of the world

Back yourself against the wall, gun brawl

Kid, I end it for all ya'll (Shake that cake bitch)

Son'll stop the dough from flowin

Spotless rock glowin, shots are blowin

Pop the c-lock, rollin waistline and Glock is showin

We keep it thugged out, who not knowin get your knot blown in

Yo yo

Bob Digital and Kool G Rap, we set the booby trap

African wiz wit the gat inside her dooby wrap

Derelict rhyme crabs, you rappin for a Scooby Snack

Foul-tongued bitch, you bound to lick my doody crack

Verbal pellets spray, tec sound makes my amex

Every slap on my snare drum son could break necks

You get yanked up and spanked up, your face shanked up

Who the FUCK raise your rank up?

I blow your tank up, pop the lock on a cop handcuff

Puff a dutch of dust, bust the jump' up and snuff out the judge

Fuck a cell block, black top capsule, the mailbox

It's heavy-bone birds stash Glock in the nailshop

One the strip, took a sip, twist the L top

The God jewels son sound like a third rail shock

The gold crossbone, doorag, universal flag

Blast at the turbo charge and purple herbal drag

Known for the W, carry a double-two in the shoe

Iron snub rubber noose in the bubble goose

Bullets soaked in oil, hot heat will flame broil

Wu-Tang slang I bang makes your brain coil

Shaolin gods we known to stack cakes

Desert Queen projects son, they bake cakes

Uptown Pilan dogs, you make cakes

Cold Medina sons, they known to take cakes

Yo, we have the Wu-Tang, we let two's bang

That's how we do thangs, that's how we move thangs

Shoes paid wit two in the brain

Keep the ice blue in the Range

Me and The RZ' quick wit two of them dames

Got my dick blew in the Range

My nigga keep it true to the game

It ain't no tellin what I do to you lames

If my mood change, choose to aim

Do you and your dudes the same

Go against grain and lose a fame

Who claim life in the thug lane but life is real

Lead come out of pipes of steel

Rob, kill, or heist for mills

Spill as I let out and slice your grill
Nigga don't think twice to peel
Just open shop and dice to grill
Send the six out, bust crib route
To the brickhouse, steppin on new terrain, bring the click out
The streets don't wanna see you read, let a clip out
These niggas slip out, make they blood drip out

Yo we divide the cakes to rise the stakes
Me and my apes die for papes
Bust heat and hide from jake
Up in the skyscape, on top of the world
Back is up against the wall, gun brawl
Kid, I end it for all ya'll
The flood'll stop the dough from flowin
Spotless rock glowin, shots I'm blowin
Pop the c-lock, rollin waistline, the Glock is showin
E keep it thugged out, who not knowin get your knot blown in

We said Uptown Pilan dogs, you make cakes
Cold Medina sons, you known to take cakes
Desert Queen project wizes, they bake cakes
Shaolin gods, we known to stack cakes
Uptown Pilan dogs, you make cakes
Cold Medina sons is known to take cakes
Desert Queen project cats, they bake cakes
Shaolin gods, we known to stack cakes
Desert Queen project cats, they bake cakes
Shaolin gods is known to stack cakes
Uptown Pilan dogs, you make cakes
Cold Medina son is bound to take cakes