

# 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 papas  
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 papas  
Bust heat and hide from jake  
Up in the skyscrape, 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