

Only The Rugged Survive

RZA

Hahahahaha, Steels...
You bout to catch this vick
Yo, you bout to catch this vick

Old sad ballads and gun permits was invalid
Raspberry vinegar, red dripped in spinach salad
Sippin' bitches, Cabernet grape, steaming halibat steak
Gold plate is stainless, four forks scrape the single plate
Chased by a shot of Scotch whiskey, brew brisky
For sixty years, misty bottles of Crysty in the freezer
Red twist leaf, melted in spliffy, Cali blunt piff
Now we lifty, MC dread head, split up and smoke swiftly
Then if we empty the safe we can all catch fifty
Vanna piece put eighty five in jewelry
Two sixty in deep, a half a gallon Digi
When dog mentioned hingie, then when they tempted me
All up a nine milli', I brought my wild cousin Billy
This fucking Wu hater, from off of Decatur
Bout to get smacked silly, Kinetic was like
Yo, Bobby, don't act illy, let me handle this shit
We rolled the candle sick spliff, we hopped inside the whip
And through the gear on shift, about to catch this vick

It's the season of the vick, bitch, you getting hit up
With so much weight, so much lead, you won't be able to get up

Yo, kick in the door, spit a lungie at him, son, tried to bungie
e

Grab 'em, through 'em on the floor, smacked 'em, my dudes bout
to stab 'em

Bitch was in the bathroom, screaming, hot bubble batch, steamin
g

You can tell from her face, she just finished swallowing semen
Shut the fuck up, open the safe up, no time to waste up

Heard you been hating on Wu-

Tang, we should burn your fucking place up

He was like 'Yo, Bobby Steels, chill, for real, please spare me
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Billy put the gun to his face like 'Bobby, go 'head, try to dar
e me'

I was like 'Nah, son, chill, ain't necessary'

His bird was in the backround, still singing like a canary

Told 'em, open up the safe or prepare for the mortuary

When the gun starts to click, and we spit, that crazy scary

Open it up, it was filled with drugs and jewelry and cash

And me, oh, I simply grabbed the Digi

Tied 'em up and gagged up, duct tape and paper bagged him

Him and his bitch, in the whip, yup, we back in the magnum

Return to the dread spread, gave him his cut of the bread
Rumor has it, Billy duffed them other cuts with dead