

You ain't heard us in a minute, you heard us in a minute, man
(Wu-Tang!)
I keep banging on you niggas, finger on my trigger, man
(Wu-Tang!)

I love bankrolls, stank hoes, camera shots, Kangols, bangles
Pink records, check it, yeah, I make those
More paper than Kinko's, check my lingo, bingo
On my face, honey, not a wrinkle, trinkle
My twinkle twinkle, make your toenails crinkle
Twist up a dinkle, and honey, let's mingle, jingle
When the nightfall, I'm tight with my white walls
The greedy pain, draining on my life force
Behold the pale white horse, the hype loss with tight jaws
Fight law off, cause I don't like ya'll
Huh, I'm from the tar pits, the hard target to squash the market
You're brain washed, watch the starships
I make cars flip, Deck bomb atomic, Islamic arms
Kiss the comet, this time, he's gone
I grip the don, rip arms out the socket, cock it
Fly logic, now watch me sky rocket, watch it
Hot as the tropic get, bulletproof asaphogus
Steel cage confidence, burn it on a floppy disc
Swerve the metropolis, my whole team in back of me
You just a half of ki, I'm a coke factory

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(2x)

Yo, thank god it's Friday, like it's just me and my chick
Cruising the highway, she twisting my piff
You see I'm living proof that crime pay, the type that go at a bitch
The type to shoot the gift, and blow every clip
I know this money like the back of my hand, you get the back of my hand
Just like a fiend who took a package and ran
Po-po be hopping out of passenger vans, harrassing niggas in Park Hill
For marked bills, ratchets and grams
So I move like I'm ducking a charge, I'm trying to set up shop
Get this gwop, get the fuck out of dodge
Most my niggas like to puff in the car, most these hoes emotionally scared
And keep the works stuffed in they bras
This is ghetto rap, where the pot be calling the kettle black
My bullets tryna see where they head is at, I'm heading back
To the slums, back to the block, I got the Clan on my back
And you know we heading back to the top, nigga

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