

### Verse 1

You niggas juss created a monsta  
fuck a Tampa I smoke ganja  
up in the Bahamas racin Yamaha jet skis  
money launderin like "Casa Blanca"  
luminate the concert  
aimin missile launchers  
he's crazy comet  
mentally disturbed Karma  
wit all drama  
I put that on my mama  
I'm down to hog tie my playa potna  
don't make me spray ya potna  
if you want to save yo daughter nigga, give up the info  
and throw that plasticity mutha fucka out my limo  
wit three up in his temple  
the land where niggas pimp hoes big  
I do this for the streets of  
San Fransisco on down to South Central  
my speech  
too hard on the instrumental will get yo club shot up  
drugs get rocked up  
hustalas settin shop up  
runnin from coppas  
and helicopters  
pourin out Vodka  
for all my dead potnas  
and make me want to drop my chopper  
and salute  
nigga put yo glocks in the air and salute  
nigga shoot  
only my first three times, nigga recoup  
ya'll niggas be bloops  
no, publishin givin the loot  
to your executive produce  
sellin bubble Lex coupes  
on loot  
beat yo bad bitches in daisy dukes  
poppin they cooch  
while my fuckin name is introduced  
1,2,-1,2  
clear my throat, check the mic  
1,2 -1,2  
How many mutha fuckas want to smoke?  
Whatcha want do?  
I throw a tree full blunt into the crowd  
snatch a pile of money  
probably a thousand  
throw it in the crowd  
nigga now  
Big Poppa style  
while I used to be on Section 8  
now it's shrimp and lobster now  
and livin like a Mobbsta now  
an niggas who snitched like Sammy "The Bulldog"  
a final, or Donny Brasco body found in the barrio  
wit quatro, cinco hallows

up in Pablo  
a Tommyano killa  
but never shit across the Mobb though  
keep yo mouth closed  
we hold the fuckin code of silence  
juss give me great beats and violins  
my flow is violent  
cold as tyrannants  
hearin the po-po sirens  
live an direct, while you slide yo Vet  
niggas think it's real, but chill, it's only a cassette  
yes, gangsta shit to the fullest  
hollow tip bullets through yo chest  
had to dismiss a lot of fake niggas  
juss to make scrilla  
the industry be tryin to rape niggas  
but I'm a straight killa  
white as fuck like grade A gorilla  
the Mobb niggas used rob niggas fo, Hagan Das nigga  
keep a bribe wit her  
half a chicken up in a ride nigga  
fuck ya'll niggas  
I come stompin to eat 'em up like Godzilla  
short stoppin my scrilla, nigga my cheddar cheese  
celeberty  
let my nigga Pac rest in peace  
quit fightin  
know that God hate ugly niggas  
quit bitin  
so I shoot you in yo face buddy  
What you want to do?  
I got crew  
killas from the midwest  
to New Jerus, on down to Baton Rouge  
niggas bangin screws  
the M-O-you crucifixates  
if you'se a trick hate  
go home and ask yo bitch how my dick taste.  
(How my dick taste)  
Nigga, M-O-you crucifixates  
if you'se a trick hate  
ask yo bitch how my dick taste.  
\*(screaming)\*  
Oh no!  
Oh no!  
He's alive!  
Godzilla's alive!  
Godzilla's alive!  
Oh no! You've gotta see it!  
This is John Jerry, this is John Jerry reporting from channel 4 news!  
You gotta see this!  
Call the president!  
Godzilla's alive!  
Call the president! Tell the president to call the Navy Seals!  
He's here, he's steppin on shit!  
He's crushing!.....Oh my god!  
Godzilla's alive! Oh you got to see this shit!  
Oh!