

Creep

RZA

Creep, creep, creep
Catch them while they sleep
Empty every shell from your clip
Knock them off their feet

These streets that we maneuver through, ain't nothing you familiar too
Don't talk it out, noodle you, walk it out at your funeral
Cold blooded, black hearted, Black Knight and Black Ballin'
Black Christmas, be all in your crib with my killas calling
Even if you ain't street, then we creepin', it ain't no secret
Delete you with big toast, that roast you when it heat ya
Off whiskey, pop up and bong that ass like Bob Digi
Crisis the Sharpshooter, I'mma lay 'em down gently
One shot, guns pop, in the streets of Camelot
That's why some keep they shit on safety, others keep they hammers cocked
Ready to blow, ready to go, fire in the hole
And if a nigga ready to retire, we retiring his soul

Aiyo, I woke up hungry every day (every day)
Til I learn to do the hustle, every which and every way
A couple niggas hit the Chevy wit the K
And the candy apple tray, it gets heavy in L.A.
When Track died, Mack cried
Once we start banging again, then he did a back slide
I was in tune wit the sun, star, moon
Eddie shot up thirty niggas, in the bar, over June
The city's full of Crips
AK's, four-fives, mac-11's, full of clips (Long Beach)
Young hogs wit they pockets full of chips
If any, not many, academic scholarships

Pulp Fiction, driving in your car without permission
With a video vixen, giving me head like Bill Clinton
Got a drug addiction, pop pills with no prescription
Stuck in the rehab, the only man with bad intentions
Truly, I'm the one the West is really missing
Your shit is garbo', I kill you off with one sentence
The rap apprentice, with a little sack of new inventions
Don't listen, and I Jimmy off your head like a Henchman

Squeeze, squeeze, squeeze
Make them Swiss cheese
Empty every shell from your clip
Knock them off their feet

You wanna feel the heat? I pull the flame out
Make a wish, boy, blow your brains out
Watch me step out the cribby, with the heavy chain out
Leaving blood on your shirt, you can't get the stain out
In a big body truck, my hair, knotty as a fuck
Shotty tucked under the seat, plus a hottie in the truck
Get these wizes, get these digits, get my ninjas back in business
All you suckas, get the scissors
You don't work like you broke and keep AK's like I'm Oakland
I be, making that dough, like the Pillsbury Doughman
Bobby, covered in ice, like it's Frosty the Snowman
You suckas is useless like old New York tokens

Front on the Bobby D, watch how your body bleed
You ain't worth the weight of a grain, from a poppy seed
Make your brain rupture, decompose your frame structure
MC's tremble when they hear the name of us
Puffin' Eastwood stogies, swinging Tiger Woods bogeys
The mic is my co-d, the pen is a parolee
No jail cell can hold me, Zodiac can't describe me
King Tech scratch the beat, like he caught poison ivy

Compton's where you can find me in the hood, so grimy
Run laps on these tracks, it's a fact, you can time me
Ready, set, go, I let the, tech blow
Rugged Monk, kill a track at any, tempo
It's simple, We Usually Take All Niggas Garments
Spot rush them busters, blockade they apartment
It's over, foreclosure, your shit is shut down
Creep when you sleep and squeeze the four pound