

The Chosen Few

38 Spesh

You know, many a come but only a few will be chosen
Team Invasion

Yo, Special, you ready? You know I'm ready
It's 'bout to get over-deadly over this cheddy shit-
(Out on bail)

Yo, Special, you ready? You know I'm ready
It's 'bout to get over-deadly over this cheddy shit
Damn-

Special, you ready? You know I'm ready
It's 'bout to get over-deadly over this cheddy shit
Damn, these toasters heavy
It's so big I can't hold it steady
I hope his soldiers ready, toast in my Pelle, close to my-

Special, you ready? You know I'm ready
It's 'bout to get over-deadly over this cheddy shit
Damn, these toasters heavy
It's so big I can't hold it steady
I hope his soldiers ready, toast in my Pelle, close to my belly
They know I'm rollin' heavy, fuck a older Chevy
Tense prese', ridin' in somethin' foreign on 24 Pirellis (38 Special)
I'm aimin' for his throat severely, caskets is open rarely
No joke, I mean it most sincerely
I speak softly, you got to come close to hear me
Ya hear me? Click-clack, the toast is near me
Nigga, ya heard that? (Heard that)
When I'm talkin' don't say a work back (Word back)
Motherfucka, now where them birds at? (Where them birds at?)
Oh, they downstairs? Well, let's take a walk
But first click-clack bang, I told you not to talk (Not to talk)
New York state of mind, New York state grind
Fuck it, whole up north New York state is mine, nigga

TCF, get money and bust guns (Right)
TCF, get money and bust guns (Let's go)
TCF, get money and bust guns (TCF, nigga)
TCF, get money and bust guns (Let's go)
Shout to the whole TCF
All my niggas gettin' by in the gutter (What's that?)
Trust Comes First, huh?
Keep your gun with ya, get money or suffer (Woo)
TCF, get money and bust guns (Hah)
38 Special
TCF, get money and bust guns, let's go
Five shot clip, nigga

That's why I go to sleep with the hammer by my bed
Wake up, same gun, demandin' all my bread
Same gun got a nigga jammed up with the feds
Fuck that time, I could do it standing on my head, uh
Bandanna over the cannon, is you scared?
[?] until the news cameras appear
Until a nigga family and his mans in tears
Coroner, ambulance is there, yeah

Arm & Hammer man is here
Baking soda plans expanded my career
I had plans to land in a damn leer
With Fox' Brown, not ill, none of 'em Pam Greer
If you're gettin' money why should that man care?
If he not a damn queer why should that man stare?
Probably 'cause he only make twenty grand a year
I swear, I spend like twenty grand on gear, yeah

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TCF, get money and bust guns, let's go (Let's go)
All my niggas gettin' by in the gutter (What's that?)
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