

## Peter Luger

Billy Woods

Shadow pocket hit the 718, like 510 and fill in your tape  
Time to rap hella great, drives to keep Sway and Tek away  
Or we all start to hallucinate, I rap long enough to dig a whole  
In your crates, copping big button drugs, you got a dub and shake  
Thems the breaks, dodge city got my go-go dub plate  
Niggas like fuck Billy, he still owe me from '98  
Oh man you fitting to menestrate, take this roach  
Now we straight, youngin' you know mom still eying my cape  
I just known rocket'll late, up top got me out of shape  
But I can go back to squatting with weight, put race in jakes  
Sorry, slang blurry, I mean the bowl but honestly  
I'd rather do shoes with the high and dro, watch the Barry White pro  
Sipping ice cold, nice with milkshake flows, the brain freeze MCs  
Kids nasty reminiscing over golden shower  
Talk smooth enough to move a kilo or flower  
Time Square rush hour, big gun, little men, and cowards  
Paid back spitamat coming for hours, the Charles Bronson conscience  
Hold up, I know you ain't still talking that nonsense

N.Y. is full of beef now, Africa don't have sacred cows  
I'm in the big chair like Mao, sixty-nine stolen rollies  
'Bout to hate you now, it's a lot of mumble heads talking 'bout Pac  
And flunk niggas trying to take five shots  
Got the vest to match the Glock, couple rounds how you ran old block  
You go there with them undercover cops  
Same one you need just to go to the spot  
No wonder you say you hot, backwoods I'll be with the trees negro please  
I got six degrees separation between me and these MCs  
Mostly with Dennis bottle, Baldwin novel, chilling in the hovel  
The words ring hollow, copied and borrowed  
They'll be better tomorrow, but right now darkness reigns  
I got nothing to lose but your chains, affiliated with ice in my veins  
Frying pan to the flames  
Fuck jacking beats, we need planes  
Destination [?] harbour's at the ferry  
John Brown things, they hang him in the rain  
Babylon use they brain, cotton or cocaine, a rose by any other name  
007 what I tell you, right now I got this all day

Fully automatics for your cabbage, Peter Luger  
It's what's for dinner, illegal tender medium rare black ninjas  
Only corpses and winners, let's eat