

Cat I got to take him off of here, that's right  
I got to take him off of here  
Cause there's only one, and that's me  
You understand? For all that fighting, you understand  
that sucka think he good, that sucka think he can whoop me  
and I know he can't whoop me, I...  
Ay boy, the nigga whole style is chump  
You understand?  
Let me get mines first  
Then after I get mines, you can do what you want to do...

Yeah, scandalous  
Yeah miraculous, the arsonists

Yo, kicked down the door on the spot, 260  
2L, I heard they had O's for sale  
I heard the same shit, money drive a burgundy whip  
Keep it low, faded licenses plates and great plate  
Where's the cat from, think he's from New Jerusalem  
Pretty Rick did his thing for him, but he was usin him  
Power sun, jungle, physical, you know the God  
He go with Tim, the one who called Lover of God  
Y. E.quality S.elf, I know the natural law now  
It's time to get the God U and blow like mines  
But on the Iow I heard he got BORN original sin  
Back in a drive-through Kentucky Fried shot up his Ac  
We got to get him Dunn, aliens is snatchin our bread  
U.F.O.'s movin in with bigger plans than Fed, yo  
Knock on Daddy-O's door get the scope  
He's not home, he took Ishmael to Park Slope  
There go the the dreads yo, swindle two bags of that stuff  
That get you crashed out had you laid out like bums  
Peace Keana, what's up with your girlfriend Wanda  
She drive a green Honda, with legs like Jane Fonda  
I just left her, she took Rashean to Pathmark then  
jetted to Canal to get her man some Clarks  
She said be back in ninety minutes, Ghostface God forbid  
She say, peace to W, who's watchin the kids?

Two hours later, scheamin like DeNiro in Casino  
Son better have more coke than Al Pacino  
Keana ain't tellin no lies, last year she did a sting and a half  
and Tymeek bought her a aircraft  
But anyway, yo, Daddy-O home, we need the shotties nidow  
When we get back, throw you a bit out  
Later that night, stay mesmerized yo  
Go get the green 5, meet you on the corner of Marriot  
You ready, you got the E&J and the machete?  
We goin upstairs, I hope one nigga is empty  
We walked in, both of us, looked like terrorists  
Masks on, second floor, Dunn yo, I handle this  
Kick in the crib, the whole shit looked graphical  
Natural, fuckin a white bitch, actual  
fiends chanting, "Do your thing Chef, handle it"  
I shot him in the neck, it ricocheted and hit Carolyn  
Ran to the back analyzin, much disguisin  
Surprise we comin and their eyes were tranquilized

and buggin, throwin her twin cousins at his nugget, fuck it  
Meet shottie waddy slug body hobby  
Where the drugs, where the ounces you be bouncin  
Fake cats announcin on the block, you loungin  
Where the blow at, I ain't got shit, stop frontin  
(Yo Chef, throw the joint in his mouth, money'll start stuntin  
Bitch, show that bit, before I push your wig back  
Chef stop wavin that, show him where the paper at)  
Come here Valerie, you know the God he need a salary  
Put down the pipe here's two tickets to a coke gallery  
It's in the kitchen in the ceiling  
(Baby girl kept squealin  
Only found a white block of cheese from New Zealand  
Ohhh shit! Yo, yo where that shit at yo?  
Yo Chef, where that shit? What? What? Aiiyo...)