

Blood On The Cobblestones

Ghostface Killah

Ayo it's war on the street, blood on the cobblestone
I leave 'em buried alive, just like a fossil bone
Body bags line the streets, reporters reportin'
Mafia ties, drugs and extortion
DeLucas vs. Stark-iano, headline the news
Police pull war on crime, they're gonna lose
Judges get kidnapped, casualties get decapitated
Starks rise above all to be emancipated
Black Godfather, families at war
Drive bys and Molotovs settle the score
Butcher shops are filled with chopped up casualties
I made sure to keep guns, you know my faculties
The streets run red when the bosses disrespect us
Neglected, I guarantee no mans protected
To each is own, grab a gun off the shelf
Cause in a warzone, the call is every man for self

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How you prepare for war? Grab your guns and your hardware
Never close your eyes in the barber chair
The heart of a lion, that's what got him here
Bulletproof the car, yo we outta here
Fuck the DeLucas, we've got shooters with submachines
Bone-crushing niggas like a football team
Under a new regime, The old we throw it out
Spin back the hammer, let the lord sort 'em out
Keep your gun cocked, at the whorehouse
Sip the brown liquor, while we move a quarter ounce
Pick the territories, move north or south
The high power shine, Yours is watered down
I'm underground, with the vest is on
Open up your head, now your flesh is torn
Never turn my back up at restaurants
Put holes in your chest, come test the don
45 in my holster, let me stretch my arms

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So the DeLucas want Tone? Nah, not today
Cock and spray, side with 'em and you've got to pay
Don't even kill 'em, just make 'em feel a lot of pain
Stake out his wife and his seed at the soccer game
Greet 'em with open arms, beat 'em with no regard
Feed 'em two two-threes, freeze 'em, leave 'em with no resolve
Make a lead on me, repping for the territory
No stepping on me, brethren that's a negatory
You want a war? These men pop dangerous
Taking all in a 10 block radius
Murder rate double, triple, cripple the strip
Like it got hit with a couple of missiles
8 will fly through your door, I'll get in your crib
In a wig, in a cable guy uniform
My shooters maneuver, we've got DeLuca in the scope
Moving close, say the word, Tone, do this Ghost