

Chinatown Wars

Ghostface Killah

War, we run these streets like a renegade
Get that gwop, til the rent is paid
Hunt my pray, in the calvacade
Revenge is got, when the boss is slayed

Aiyo, what up homey, it's Toney, revenge is so sweet
And I move with artillery, roaming the streets
My guns is ginormous, bullets is heatseeking
Big brother got the eye on me, I watch how I'm speaking
And I move like a porn star in charm school
I stick everything I see, but I only take jewels
And Cash Rules, pills and that cocaine powder
I ain't a man, I'm a Killah, obsessed with power
And revenge, I don't need friends and shiesty activities
Move alone through the City that they call Liberty
And trust nobody but my bullets and my shotty
Carjack a fool twist his limbs like pilates
Ox' him, buck 50 stitch him, Chinatown Wars
I chop 'em up like rice in the kitchen
It's a, bad decision, starting beef with the butcher
He ain't a bleeder, I pop him son, your man is a gusher

Clap on, clap off
Fake ass street thugs, either need to ax off or cough
Feel 'em, Metal Finger steel drum
Clean inside walk with him, talk shit to real scum
Of the earth, take it with a shovel, fool
Main character, super villain, lovable
And don a mask like a clown, of thorns
Blow your horn and get pounded out by the boring
(I take your order) let me get one wing
Any king that bring this sting for Chung King
No change, no stranger to gats
Took notice, what so strange is no cats
Dogs is wars, dud luck, draw straws
Fuck the boss, drowned on blood and duck sauce
Stuck the enemy, a wack deal caper
For racks of fake Fendi and stacks of real paper

Yo, it's a manhunt, my mentality's militia
If my four-fifth had lips, I'd make it French kiss ya
Cause no mission's impossible, I carry my Wu-Tang sword
On my back, and attack all obstacles
Burnt down buildings, avenging my father's death
A store for ransom, and snatch your crystal meth
I pillage, my warpath is unpredictable
Leave 'em dead on arrival, broke up or critical

War nine, frying swine to pork grinds
For trying to walk the fine line, thoughts flying
Had more fun with a crooked rookie
Went for his gun, cracked his skull like a fortune cookie
A mind reader, find out, speak, freaks bow
With the nine heater, beat feet and smile now
Ten paces, about face, chase me

We make it sound crazy than a case of M-80's