

# Georgy Porgy

Ghostface Killah

Yeah

Yo, okay (Uh-huh)

You know niggas can't write like this, right? (One-two, one-two)

Okay (Let's 'bout, let's 'bout to do it, do it, let's do it, let's do it)

Yeah, I'ma, I'ma show these niggas somethin' (Uh-huh)

Who pen game?

Yeah

Yeah

Yo

We used to rob niggas left and right

A fiend tried to get slick, we slapped 'em and crushed they pipes

Strong-arm robberies all done in harmony

Raise my weapon and then, baow, hit an artery

Race through the staircase, shoot out the lights

Then let off a few shells at the door on the right

They got dust, weed, half pound of E

Under the couch, a shotgun, twelve keys

Baow, another shot and the door flew open

Mega snow on the table, a fiend is still smokin'

See, rule, outta respect, threw four in his chest

Heard some niggas in the back with a rude dialect

Screaming, "Crews I wreck, you can lose thy neck"

The dread said, "Bloodclat, bigger fools die wet"

That's when I heard 'em loadin', cockin' the guns in the back room

Turned on the "vacuum", maybe I'll distract 'em, got 'em

Gathered all of the babies in the bathroom

Take your little Cheetos, shh, I'll be back soon

I knew the dread that cut off his hair wore a half-moon

Four gold teeth, caught a body in Cancún

Drop is like Equinox up in the spot

I'm talkin' 'bout weight stashed in all the TVs and clocks

But hold on, one nigga came out runnin', got it jumpin'

I dipped behind the wall, squeezed and start dumpin'

Number-one crash dummy, he was bluffin'

Almost got his head ripped off straight for nothin'

Of course

Heard the chainsaw like I was the main course

They was ordered to eat my food, called by the main boss (Yeah)

A hail of bullets, a reign of terror

Pictures hangin' off the wall, can't put 'em back together (Uh-uh)

Curtains and Clorox bottles, hoes forever

The boss furniture was damaged, the cream leather

I'm good for confrontation (Yeah, we good for that)

I guess I don't have patience, not no more (Yeah, I ain't got that type of s hit no more, motherfucker, let's go)

Yes, I can get dramatic (Facts)

I put that bozo's attic on the wall (Blaow, blaow, blaow, right over there, nigga)

Somebody should've just had told you (Huh)

But listen, nigga, I won't hold you

We ain't playing no games (Nah, nigga, you know what it is)

You wanna learn, I will mold you (I'll mold you)

Them niggas in the street will fold you

Better stay in your lane (Right there, nigga, right there, let's go)