

Tony Sigel

Ghostface Killah

Yo, straight out the ghetto, I'm damn hood
I Stack-A-Dollar like a whole rack of canned goods
Baggy jeans, no Timbs, A.C.G. boots
Living in the Crack Spot, banging at Sheek Louch
The narcotics is far from garbage
Whether it's cold or it's late August
My shit is fresh cause I catch the harvest
My little cousin bubble Swatches and carry a couple oxes
Keep a duece-deuce by his ankle and get it popping
You know, we be the boys clocking the graveyard shift
Big bundles, counting our CREAM, burning the lazer spliff
My man, jumps out the whip with the A.R. fifth
And we barred from plenty of parties cause we start shit
Parole hoes, six months in the box
My little sister got her head shaved off
She made it home from shop
We selling cartons, Pampers, Similac formula
Anything it take because the paper keep calling ya
Gangstas keep balling for sure, we want more
We make it rain from the tech and wop
The Lex pouring and the precincts don't have enough cups for us
To slow us up, they hit us with dust
Then they rush, bust, my big man Ron'll break the cuffs
Three-hundred pound nigga, po-po has to fuck him up
They say that my projects shall undergo therapy
We never voted, we voting for Oprah, Obama, and Eric B

The ill rap niggas that kill
Destroy shit but they able to build
Come fuck with the real
Coward, better play your part
This shit'll lace yo' heart
Get hit with a Ghostface dart
And you better live this shit to fullest
Or be ready to pull it
Or be hit with a B. Sig' bullet
The ill rap niggas that kill
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It's the Broad Street Bully and the Killah with no face
My mack bullets burn like tequila with no chase
My knifework like a guillotine sword cutting
Niggas stop fronting for my Killa Beez swarm something
Bzzz, empty out the whole clip then reload
Shotgun barrel leave it smoking like a broke stove
Yeah, and I'm all about that bullshit
The casket, the hearse and the pastor in the pulpit
I kill a nigga at the drop of a dime
Just imagine what I do for a quarter
Ain't no telling what I do for a dollar
Pop a nigga right in front of his mama
Son a nigga right in front of his daughter
And I'm nothing like the father
He couldn't come from these nuts I got
Or see Baltimore suck this cock
I know most of y'all wouldn't understand

Get it... get it... understand
Yeah, some niggas will, and some niggas won't
Like some niggas kill, and some niggas don't
You're a fake until you make it type of nigga
I'm a straight up take it type of nigga
Pistol whip a nigga 'til I break it type of nigga
I'm hard on chumps, most these dudes is fags
Put the guard on punks, push the broom up they ass
Or the knife like American meat
American Sig', it's Muslim, so I ain't feeling Bush overseas
I think with the wisdom of Malcolm, got the soul of a panther
So "By Any Means" is the anthem, you gon' have to cut me out the track
Like cancer
I can't stop, won't stop, this how we do it from Philly to Shaolin
All my niggas swap in (Yeah nigga)