

We Dem Niggaz

Ghostface Killah

Eat a dick, nigga!

Catch me in the 80's drop
Old school Mercedes with a brand new baby Glock
Right from my lady's sock with two bodies on it (Yeah!)
Capricorn, Aquarius
Lost so much blood, these bitch niggas in they periods
They say I be living the role, like 'Pac in Juice
And only fuck with cute bitches that can fly and boost
And they ears be chandeliers, lit up like a lamp, who cares?!
They cooch is fierce, the only thing loose is hairs
That's right, y'all, if a rap nigga say my name I'm a fight y'all
Fuck a state, light charge
My predicate status, irrelevant
My man got the big rap sheet that's outweighing two elephants
Jumbo shits from New Orleans
Players and pimps that bit off fiends
Quick, swift with the hands, powder blue Wally's is dyed, vanilla Bally's is mean
Can't none of y'all motherfuckers fuck with my team! Uh

Ayo - we the live niggas holding heat on the street corners
Sic the beast on you, turn mothers to mourners
Money launderers, neighborhood coroners, place bodies in bags
Tango with dirty Cash, cocaine Jags
Kings of the Hill, out to blow like propane gas
Package the raw, Theodore - we got the game on smash
'Cause we cut from the same cloth
Big guns ready to bang off
Slide off them cables and take them rings off!

We hold the weight of four synagogues
Jelly'd uptown in them beat down rented cars
Blowing mad, wetting 'em
Milk cash, heavy TECs, hood rats, sexing 'em
Paris crew, little dudes, please - I was repping 'em
Niggas couldn't come through (Word!)
That's when the block was like wallpaper, loved sticking niggas like Krazy G
lue
Blackouts happened, God forbid, don't be around -
The bag lady'll murk you and let off in the next town!
She struck two times (Boom!)
Get caught, good luck - blood, it ain't no Heinz
Blow a hockey puck hole in the back of your spine
She put two cut up mirrors in replace of your eyes
So when the cops look, they see theyselves, they all gonna die
It's the tale of the Crips and Bloods, pimps and thugs
Get ya face bashed in on the concrete rug
And on that note, I'ma say peace!
Theodore! Word to Darryl Mack's teeth!

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Yo! Aiyyo, I'll break every bone in your wrist
Smack you in the back of ya head on the block while you holding your dick
My semi, they call it the Crouching Tiger
A hundred bowls of Total is trash, because my lead eat through fibers
Peel your potato like Ore-Ida
On the day of your death people had candles, but couldn't find no lighter
Fuck your mural! Fuck your hood!
You ain't a street legend like me -
Blake Carrington holding the Dynasty
I muffle motherfuckers up like Meineke
And write a thousand bar verse that all rhymes with "E"
Jewel thief, Shazam bangles, in the vault deep
And cruise the desert, mad heavy in the stole Jeep
I'm the taste in Bush's mouth - nasty!
Afghanistan missions, gun training in the grassy fatigues
Picking niggas off by the Red Sea
And did it all for Ghost, sniffing on caffeine!