

## Yapp City

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, yeah, we want all that shit, we'll take all that shit  
Sneak up on 'im right, feel me?  
Soon as he turn around, just yapp this nigga  
I got everything, you know I mean?  
They ain't gotta do nothing, but just search them bitches  
Let's go...

Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
This is a stick up, I want y'all to lift y'all skirts  
I mean shirts, take ya hoodies off, jackets and watches  
Before you put ya hands on the wall, empty ya pockets  
Fix ya face, this a robbery, nigga, respect the juks  
Stop shaking, you making me nervous, I know that you shook  
The fuck is that sticking out from under ya foot?  
Move, turn ya head around, nigga, you better not look  
Stacks, you hiding from Tone? I'll shake, rattle ya bones  
You killed him! Nah, hit him with the back of the fucking chrome  
In the dark, yo, I do this alone  
That's the reason why I don't shake hands, in case I gave you a phone  
That's a buck fifty, long hickey, when I strike I do it quickly  
Creep up on my victims swiftly, make it hard for you to stick me  
Cuz if we shoot it out, cuz if I die tonight you coming with me  
Bitch-ass nigga, eat through ya chest like some fucking whiskey

BOY! Gut him like a pig in the dark  
Or auction off ya bitch body parts  
BOY! Poison a guard dog, disarm the alarm devices  
Throw ya head in vicegrips (yeah)  
BOY! Or stick a hot blade through his heart  
Get to sticking niggaz for the right prices  
BOY! Yeah, this is priceless.. GET 'EM!

Aiyo, I post up, packed the shotti  
Black mags in lobbies, with red dots, to detach the body  
If you a boss, why ya cash is sloppy?  
This a Staten Island burglar gang, ock, not no Ave could stop me  
I'm on the road, not no massive robbery  
When it come to that dough, it over flow like paper bag tsunamis  
I take shit, lumberjacks and Tommy's  
Niggaz passing out bombs like Culpepper, so I pass behind 'em  
My black glove, black mask, requirements  
Sent the order to Trife Dies', and he gon' send 'em fast, they flying in  
These cowards couldn't clash our lion's den  
That forty-four mag'll twist ya aves and the cav you flying in  
We hoping out cabs like Iron Men  
It's hard to believe how niggaz leave with no bag supplying sense  
Empty cuz my staff is hiring  
Canine dogs with felonies duck fast when firing

Aiyo, we carry arms like a octopus  
Shorty's strapped with the mac inside her pocket book  
Blowing all lots of kush  
Dark tints on the V so the D's can't spot the crooks  
Just throw ya hands in the sky, don't try to stop the juks  
Face down, lay on the ground, no sudden moves  
Yo, then, take off his Timbs and get the work out his shoes  
Rip off the pockets out his shoes, make sure he come out his used

I hear sirens, plus the cameras is watching, it's time to move  
If you lolly-gagging, word to mama, I'll body bag 'im  
Leave his frame riddled with holes, looking like Gotti had 'im  
Bragging, juke, in the wagon, laughing  
We slid a few blocks down, this kid was frozen  
With stones so we decided to yapp 'im  
I put the tool in his mouth, said "You don't want the action  
These ain't E pills, nigga, these is fuckin aspirin  
Bean, blast 'im, Homo' get his girl for his cash and  
Yo, E, go stop the whip, they 'bout to witness a slashing" (BOY!)