

Giants Stadium

III Bill

Live at Giants Stadium with Ghostface & Van Halen
Cypress Hill & AC/DC too
Sarah Palin is a Wu-Tang fan, she was chillin' with Diddy
During Motherless Child she wild out and showed us her titties
Sign of the black mark, digital triple six cash cards
Devils clashing with Ansars, bitches grabbing they tampons
I have to thank God for the places he put me
Or rather for hip-hop, and the places it took me
Aim at the game, hit the scoreboard with the sawed-off, the warlord
Trying to recite what I write, could cause your jaw to fall off
Flow is unique speak to the people, my flow is the street
Words are the traffic lights and my soul is the beat
My discipline is like walking on hot coals with the feet
My confidence is like what you feel when you holding the heat
But you don't need ratchets to validate the fact that you great
But watch your mouth, I'm old school, you'll get cracked in the face
In Farragut Road, trapped in the cold
My fingers numb from bagging up coke, stranded on the planet of chrome
In the jungle where the cannibals roam
Smashing with ratchets at your dome
Creeping up amongst assassins of the soul

I'm a Brooklyn beast bringing honor amongst crooks and thieves
Fill the bong and let's cook these trees
Hear the words of a murder fanatic, blasting with the black ratchet
I'm a burner mechanic
I'm here with Howie's nephew, together we connecting the dots
We at Giants Stadium in the executive box
In the constellation of rappers I'm the top stars
Superbad, McLovin, shooting the cop's car
And yeah we all loading the clip and feeling the heat
But nah y'all ain't killing the street like ILL and Unique
Spit venomous shit like a coiled snake king
And grab the cash in your safe behind the oil painting
Running through New York's major blocks blazing Glocks
And Decepticons lasers pop at Megan Fox
It's the Fox 5 Newsroom where my sanity dies
Cause I get more truth out of watching Family Guy
The black Yankee fitted over the black do-rag
The black banana clip thrown in the black schoolbag
My memories of Lafayette High
When I walked between the Coney Island thugs and the Mafia ties