

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 rat chet

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 Glock's

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