

Walk, walk the plank, got the shank, hide the tape
Around the handle, gotta let em know what I stand for
In the chow line, now is the time
See the trustee, walk up from behind
Real quick shank shank, leave his ass red
Motherfucker dead, from two to the head

See where I come from the crime rate only rises
The murderers disguise in all ages shapes and sizes
Bitches picked up and dicked up, niggaz they gettin stuck up
Give up what you got, or get your ass shut the fuck up
Run em down and gun em down yeah that's how we do it
Niggaz get killed, and then filled with embalmin fluid
Step to the niggaz that I'm checkin
Pull out the tec and I reckon you'll get murdered in a second
Bang with the nine, boom with the pow
Motherfuckers are fallin and crawlin on the ground
Snitches get stitches, bitches that act snotty
Inside the parties even the hotties get turned to bodies
Now I heard, they got other places that's similar
But I represent, New York you fuck around I'm killin ya
A whole block of cops patrollin when I'm rollin
And if my pockets are swollen you know somebody sick I've stolen
Yeah you niggaz get ripped, when my clip, goes in the
S-M-I-T-H W-E-Double-S-O-N
Or the reliable revolver
And like I said before, it's the motherfuckin problem solver
So bring it on nigga, get brave
It's plenty motherfuckers gettin sent to early graves
Cause when a nigga gets fed
Then all you motherfuckers get two to the fuckin head