

Creed Of The Greedier

La Coka Nostra

Slaine: It's the return of the assassin, I believe in the creed of the greedier

I'll bash in your skull with guns, I'm deceiving the media
Look at the web of lies that I keep weaving immediate
Breathing the weed speeding, I ain't hitting medians either
Fuck the Bible, I write my lyrics and read them to Jesus
Fight with spirits and sleep in a bed with the rifle near it
I used to smoke angel dust back as a teen
Copped the bundles in Harlem and sell packs in the Beans
Rolling in stolen cars, leaving accident scenes
Crazy Eddie envelope stacked in the back of my jeans
When you hear you rhyming wonder what has happened to me
I had a wet brain but I came back spectacularly
I got a third rail on the train tracks will zap me ?
That's why I'm just the way I am, this is actually me
I said the return of the assassin, the assassin is me
Wipe my ass with hundred dollar bills and laugh at a G

My greed gets me everything
The means to fulfill any dream
Sparked by the endless greed
As we struggle in this world full of lust and greed

My greed gets me everything
The means to fulfill any dream
Snakes ?
As we struggle in this world full of lust and greed

Ill Bill: It's the return of the Cult Leader, I believe in the creed of the greedier

Final destination like a plane careening and speeding
Like a demon in my blood stream bleeding anemia
Better yet I'm even worse than that, speaking leukemia
Premium goods like overpriced diamonds that cut glass
Coka without the Cola and the white mustache
The brand you can trust we high-powered and coked up
Hole in the head looking like a powdered donut
Or like Sho'Nuff from the Last Dragon- cash stacking up
Pull out the black Magnum, now your ass is backing up
I been the poster child for Coka piled higher than the heavens
I can pile the streets rioting with peasants
Drinking cocktails and partying with rock stars
Throwing molotov cocktails at cop cars
I said it's the return of the Cult Leader and Coka Nostra's the crew
Point the finger over here, we pointing toasters at you

Danny Boy: It's the return of Danny Boy, La Coka Nostra build and destroy

Oh, lock it down like a dog's jaw in a dog brawl
We get it on y'all, set it on you
Roll the red carpet over your head and shred it on you
We men of honour amongst the cold-blooded anacondas
With invisible barcodes and transponders
I see the chemtrails, acknowledge everything homie
But don't trip though cause God is everything homie
I came a long way from airports and highways
I took the wrong way but yo I did it my way
I took you from the House of Pain to the House of Slaine

Down the road to Hell but made it back without going insane
Thinking one step ahead of these lames
Same super group homie, we the best in the game
It's the return of Danny Boy and La Coka Nostra
Creed of the greedier but I already told ya

Phil Donohue: When you see the greed and the concentration of power, did you ever have a moment of doubt about capitalism? And whether greed is a good idea to run on?

Milton Friedman: Well first of all tell me, is there some society you know that doesn't run on greed? You think Russia doesn't run on greed? You think China doesn't run on greed? What is greed? Of course none of us are greedy. It's only the other fella who's greedy.