

Got Damn

Red Café

It's movin' (what else?)
Yeah, it's movin' (what else?)
Huh, it's movin'

God damn, all my niggas gon' ride
That fuck boy shit don't fly
Ev'ryday I get money, oh my
Keep a bad chick right on my side
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Huh, woke up in the morning smokin' on killer
Back where I'm from, I'm a known gorilla
Ev'ry day and night, a nigga tryin' to eat dinner
Ever since I was a pup, I always knew I'd be a winner
Now I fuck with Puff, I'm his right hand nigga
And the stack's so fat, I wish my right hand was bigger
I'ma keep it G, a lot of niggas don't like me
But I don't give a fuck, my slap game like Ike, B, try me
And it'll get ugly like Greg Oden
Bullets make you weight like if you a Olsen
I ain't gotta call nobody, I ride dolo
POP, POP, POP at them clowns, their all bonzos
Been ghetto F-A before I met F-A
Now the young G's write about me in they essay
Soakin' up this real shit
I'm the big ticket, blockbuster
I'm Will Smith, what else?

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Huh, Red Cafe, I'm a shooter from the borough
Shakedown, Street Fam, whole team thorough
Squeezin' Palmolive tryin' to make this thing bubble
And that 16 shot be the only thing I cuddle
Like Pumkin from the Flavor of Love, I'ma spitter
Need a bitch, make her break her pockets, then I pimp her
Niggas know my name from the Q and D train, from the 213 train
To the Konvict chain
From the muh'fuckin' work, I'm out layin' on the turf
I be tryin to kill 'em twice, I'll be sprayin' at the hearse
A nigga long gone, so gone, so far
So uncut raw, that real crook R (Izzr)
Known money getter in a Polo sweater
In a Haines wife beater, straight G, 7th letter
From 216, to the 206
To the fuckin' hometown of the losin' ass Knicks, it's movin'

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Shakedownwwwwn

That some dedicated soldiers
Ready to ride the fuck out, weakness compels strength
In the Shakedown there shall be no weaknesses
Or you will pay the ultimate price
And please believe there'll be no witnesses