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Yeah (yeah), PPP (C'mon, man)
Pack Pistol Pazzy and all that
Black Hand Grenade, Official Pistol, AOTP
Yeah, c'mon man
Blacastan forever! (Ooh, oh)
K'namsayin'? (Ooh, oh)
Slight Rebellion off Madison, you fuckin' dummy (Yeah)
Look, look
Yeah, what is you seein' in the mirror? (What is you seein'?)
Ghost shark kotobuki freeing the chimera (Free up)
Pool of blood, left his body bleedin' in Madeira (You fuckin' bleedin')
Two sticks on me like they Tia and Tamera (Hahahahaha)
This the place that house a thousand blicks (Boo-boo-boom!)
This the face that launch a thousand ships (Boo-boo-boom!)
Had a couple barnacles of goose neck (Haha!)
I be tryin' play the wall, do my lil' two step (Two-step!)
I'm John Wilkes Booth with a Derringer (Bang, bang, bang!)
Raise high roof beams, sing the song of Salinger (Salute 'em!)
It's granddaddy purple in the canister (It's in there)
Mask on, they ain't gon' make me with the camera
Cherry-head, fit for a noose
Forty below those Gumby cuts, Bishop and Juice (Yeah)
And my man in the can got hit with the deuce (Two years)
Into them boots, Mossberg, linen and fruits
You stupid dickhead!
My hitters get high
My shooters don't die
No lie, woah (Woah, woah)
Sly with the four-five
All live and let die
All jive, no-no (No-no, no-no)
My hitters get high
My shooters don't die
No lie, woah (Woah, woah)
Sly with the four-five
Y'all live and let die
All jive, no-no (No-no, no-no)
Look, talk different and walk different (We different)
Don Coscarelli, the mob with the mortician (Haha!)
This muhfucka ain't hit a lick till the fourth mission (Stupid!)
Why I heard a opp was cookin' in y'all kitchen? (The fuck? Is y'all stupid?)
If I'm talkin', then y'all listen (Listen)
How you ask for a position and start rippin'? (Fuckin' dickhead)
You either loyal or lost (Yeah)
Too many cooks spoil the broth (Yeah)
Mortal Kombat with two shooters (Alhamdulillah)
You inside the Chino store for a few loosies (Fuckin' broke dickhead)
Releasing the don and the new Gucci (That fly shit)
Levia Gravia, Carducci (Oh!)
We could poke you 'cause we knife-men
Hair like Travolta and faster than greased lightnin' (Oh!)
Well mannered and well-feared (Yeah)
Well done is better than well-said (Yeah)
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