

Troublemakers

Ghostface Killah

We in the cabin playing backgammon
Gorilla monster slam this ? messiah try us you will die son
Green medicine blow veterans
Run an Adidas store six more velours draws feather skin
Hair cutted up hollering
Seven through 3 sixes know we hate a devil where your ? my dick
Can't stand the others side niggas know we rich we color guys
New suck your mother true lullabies
Gangsta Evereadys take off my shirt no batteries nigga
Just one mean magnum killa
Snowmobiles jetting out the timber
Feel their altitude yo I can't breathe check the splendor
Brazilian honey dip I'm on my writing game nigga
Times is roughing Timberland cuffing
Won me a G up off to Rio
Hope we can pull it back my throat my only weapon blow the beat up

Stuff pillow bags in the rat holes
Reduce that fagot ass nigga who wanna jump like frog to a tadpole
Gag it up sliding through the E.R.
Batted up a tube in your dick you can't piss when standing up
Hands is shaking doctors is taking to operating
Now you might not live so they start debating
You in bad shape
And your neck of New York your slithering ways labeled you a bad snake
Smash bait eight stab holes in your shoulder blade
You wildin' on the stretcher and shit, they tryin to hold your legs
Nah don't hold his legs
Tell that bitch ass nigga to chill put something in his meat like bolognese
Got gophers that sleep in the woods Carhartt down
Padlock your bowlegged spot where your rocks now
You ain't moving no crack use your move that's wrap
After you lay up in that morgue I'm a fuck your back
Yeah nigga die slow with your smirk on
Night night lights dimming down get your murk on
Later I'll see you in hell get your burn on
Filled with the embalming fluid get your sherm on

My sherm on in the hood when I ride by
My eyes looking like I learn how to sky dive
The world is yours there's rules you abide by
Ride with the fly guy on I 9 5
They said a nigga returned but I never left
I told Big L through me he could resurrect
I'm that nigga like Puff and L.O.X.
I took one L and life is still double X
Brick City where I breathe all the trees at
The E's in Eminem's I need a Relapse
And bitches grab my mic give me feedback
Reggie you a asshole baby I'll be back
I get cocky when the beat pumping
You know you doing it when your tire lip rubbing
I keep a freak and I call her chicken meat
Cause this Superbad nigga, she McLovin

Fiends get killed in my hallways we parle
My feet been killing me all day

Your boy down for life like them killers in Rahway
It's all work and no play
Cause this block is nothing like Broadway
Revenge is sweeter than sorbet
You all become believers when this heaters in your face
Just a part of my function
Y'all don't want no part of the gun spray
I would hate to pull it in one stray
That's where the innocence by stand
We're trapped inside these tenements like damn
Why mama try'na feed us this spiced ham
Connects try'na cheat us with light grams
Co-defendants try to lighten they sentence snitching to white man
Turn states evidence fam we ain't gelling
Felons ain't felons no more they straight telling
Ain't nothing worst than a rat you can't smellin'
And ain't nothing worst than a trap you can't sell in
(Uh-Huh)