

# Cartel Gathering

Jadakiss

Yo yo yo! Word to ride nigga, yeah

Aiyyo we four or five niggaz with furs on  
Up top gated up, big tables got the reserves on  
Blowin on saxophones, the band is rough  
So much ice on looks like my wrist been cut  
And we just made it back from Beijing  
Seen my jeweler, told him melt the bird down to eight rings  
And the music stopped, Jada stood up (yeah)  
Before the speech, he had everybody raise they cups  
He said, I been in spots where I can't even mention it  
"Don't drink the Cris', Ghost mighta pissed in it!"  
Romanian dude, black down, pourin the saki  
Face slumped to the side like Rocky  
Then Strahan came through, with his bullshit ring  
He said YIKES, when I pulled out my monster bling  
Don't be afraid of the New York street talk  
I switch gear all day bro, like you do on your peach porch  
The chairs is suede, the walls is velvet  
Marquise ballroom, so live I felt it  
Fat asses in fishnets, shakin they pelvis  
Playin with they pussy, middle finger drippin, I smelt it  
Poker tables, crap joints just for rap niggaz  
Me and Sheek, walkin around bitch-slappin niggaz  
There go Rae, there go P  
Yo Chop whattup! Whattup?

Sam Cooke writin hand, all of my lightning, damn  
Used to rob niggaz in Sam's, buy shams  
for my dude's baby shoe or booster baby, rollin with steel  
Eatin Jamaican food under the wheel  
You know the deal, book somethin then blow  
When from a 0 to a low, little apartment in Brookdale  
Gold was my motto, lotto numbers is what?  
Had it in me, rolled down coolin with coke  
That's the 90's, Chef era take over America  
Bag Ugly Betty up, make her Ms. Guerrera  
Pinky wench in sweaters, cortex burnin the mic booth  
Travel right past my heritage  
Them old school niggaz is me  
Taught me how to read, get skee'd, everybody missin a ki  
Yo I do this with a natural movement  
Catch me by the, scope on me, fuck it I'm losin it

AH-HAHHHH! Uh, yeah, yo  
I did it my way, lights off on the highway  
Greek statues on both sides of the driveway  
Word to the stamps on the diesel  
The way these niggaz is lookin either they got cramps or they evil  
One go we all go, D-boy fresh but hard dough  
Cashmere and suede cargoes  
On top of the beige Wallo's  
45 government edition clippers, straight hollows  
My (Clientele) is (Supreme) and it's proven  
that I'm (Only Built 4 the Link) if it's (Cuban)  
I'm a pioneer, I'm not a vet (uh-uh)  
"Last Kiss" is a French one, it's not a peck (uh-uh)

Movin powder, piff and a lot of wet  
You're gonna die, that's a promise, not a threat  
Yeah, but I ain't with the chatterin  
Cause I'd just rather splatter them  
This is a Cartel gatherin, what?