

X-ecutioners, Live From The P.J.'s

(feat. Black Thought, Ghostface Killah, Trife Da God)

[sample]

One two, one two, one two, one two
So you wanna start up, what we gonna tear shit up?
I said let the turntables talk for me at first
And then I should finish the rest

[Hook x2: Ghostface Killah]

Theodore Deini, Deini, Deini, Deini (say what)
Theodore Deini, Deini, Deini, Deini (say what)
Theodore Deini, Deini, Deini, Deini (say what)
Deeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo, what up? Aiyo, what's poppin' and shit
Yo, this your man, Ghost Deini and shit, Trife Diesel on the side
Money Come First, Theodore Unit, aiyo, son blind these niggaz
Throw bleachin'

[Trife Da God]

Aiyo, aiyo, what's poppin' out in Stapleton Park, hoppin' the V's
Call Ghost, special invited host, bring through the seeds
Sun beamin' like a hundred degrees, yo Tone!
Hurry up, get your ass in the truck, it's time to leave

[Ghostface Killah]

Hold on, I gotta polish my ring, throw on my Clarks
And you know, I can't iron man garments, without the stars, just
Double park, give me ten minutes or less
I overslept, my bitch left, and my crib is a mess

[scratches and talk]

"If you not down, you not an M.C. or a D.J., off the stage"

[Trife Da God]

It's the Theodore event, so they blocked off the streets
And we came here to chill, but the cops wanna beef
Little kids, shootin' hoops on the court, playin' horse
All the young bucks, rocking new gear, try'nna floss

[Ghostface Killah]

Say no more, let's motivate Trife, throw on your poker face
Spin around the block one time, so we can spoke the place
Yeah, it's lookin' lavish, and the scene looks wonderful
Pockets full of trees, and my shit look colorful

[Trife Da God]

We got the X-Men spinnin', on the one's and two's
No drugs, no violence, leave home the guns and tools
And the grill's just cookin' up chicken and steak
And greedy ass Uncle Ronnie, yo, he lickin' the plate

[Interlude: ?]

Ladies and gentlemen, we got Black Thought in the house tonight
Yo, he just came from off tour, and I think he wanna spit something, yo!

[Black Thought]

Yo, we X-Ecute 'em, with the rapid fire, pealin' your face off
Sprayin' up the party, from the ceiling with napalm
Shots follow the target, I ain't gon chase ya'll
Swinging aluminum bats, that's not for baseball
It's humor, the way ya'll makin' me laugh
I'm like a, natural born hustler, gotta get that cash

The way a natural born, freak, gotta shake that ass
And anybody wanna eat, gotta break that fast
A million crabs in a barrel, try'nna make they splash
Break away fast, nice brother's finish in last
It don't, matter the speakers, or the hammers can blast
To handle your ass, frontin', I'mma take your stash
And twist it, and bake the whole, projects biscuits
This kid is a trendsetter, ya'll just misfits
Black Thought, I've been better, ya'll just forgettin' shit
Now it's a life or death predicament
I step in with a vendetta, then start spittin' shit
Then spit game, that's ridiculous, ya'll muthafuckas insignificant
I'm three fifty seven, magnificent
Stay playin', where them bad bitches is, you feelin' tonight
You know they feelin', let the semi automatic bend
They fend to have 'em in the ghetto, goin' at it, man
They bring it to your block, have it like Pakistan
Philly boys bringin' noise, makin' wild static, then
We trick cops, even jump out vans, and leave you
Sprayed out, stiffer than a mannequin stance
You get, laid out, clapped with mechanical hands
That kick back, cuz, you and your mans'll get zapped
Just keep, thinkin' my peoples, and peoples'll toy with
A cold blooded kill shit, and keep on doin' it
Cuz that's my pleasure, that's the people's enjoyment
Gangsta's holla at me, if you seekin' employment