

Geto Boys, City Under Siege

[Scarface]

I like to teach the world to be
A dope mayn just like me
I like to front the world some coke
And let them sell for me

Born in the ghetto as a street thug
At age 16 I started sellin cheap drugs
Extacy will cost you three
A year later I robbed a dope house and stole a ki
36 is what I count
Now multiply 36 with 700 a ounce
Bag it up and make my profit
But some pussy muthafucka in offices tryin to stop it

[Bushwick Bill]

And the bastard that's stoppin the bus
Is the same muthafucka that delivers to us
He's payin off the cops
Triple-crossin the middle man tryin to give the smaller pusher power

[Willie D]

The politicians are players
Reagan and Bush were cuttin tough on Noriega
Now the juices are sour
Remember politician means schemin for power

[Tony Montana](You know what a hossa is?
That's a pig that don't fly straight)

[Scarface]

Now let's go back to the past
The muthafucka who needs to be tried is Ronald Reagan's ass
Appointed Bush to the C.I.A.
(That shit was cold
Put Noriega on the payroll)
All of a sudden shit changed
Right after '88 (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Hm - ain't that strange?
Some think I'm goin too far
But if you wanna go to war, I take you to war

[Bushwick Bill]

They don't care about niggas on welfare
As long as their kind ain't there
You've got my ki's on a freeze
Muthafucka, my city's under siege

(Today's special
Is ghetto dope)

[Willie D]

Willie D sell out, you can squash that fast
Here's a hit and a half for your ass
Police brutality is now a formality
They're kickin our ass and we're payin their salary

[Scarface]

The average cop with a badge is a bitch
Back in high school they used to get their fuckin ass kicked
All of a sudden they're snappin necks
Puttin niggas in check, makin threats, sayin I'm next

[Willie D]

I laugh at a muthafuckin law man
Without the piece, bitch, you're nothin but a raw man
You couldn't hang if you were cappin or punchin
(So go suck a dick and write or ticket or somethin)

[Scarface]

Can't understand my city's under siege
Till the Ak clockin g's
Got a Coupe De Ville, got a rag and ridin '83s
Copper wanna play the Ak
Guess they think I'm slayin crack
Muthafuck the '50s, they can't stop me, got my corner back
Rocks and rocks and rocks galore
I left the cut and then I swore
Never be a stupid ass, I'll nevfer leave the cut no more
The dope game ain't no joke

[Willie D]

Muthafuckas will die for this, they go for broke
Rock houses open and busted
And the bitch that got you busted
(Was the bitch that you trusted)
Pimp on me, and I'll make bail
Hunt you down and kick your ass through the goal post of hell
(Are you lighter on a female figure?)
Hell nah, I fuck her up just like I fuck up a nigga
Red, grab the pump (Bill, pass me my nine
Now tell em what's on your mind)

[Bushwick Bill]

You goddamn parents are a trip
The streets got your babies cause you're full of that bullshit
you tell your kids drugs'll fuck up their health
And you're geekin your goddamn self
But I won't blame it all on you
You stupid-ass teachers can suck my dick too
I walk around with a smirk
Fuck school, fuck curfew, fuck homework
And muthafuck a damn cop
I never ride down my block without my gun bein cocked
You won't get a chance to slay me
I won't be an accident like Ada Delaney
So when you step out of line
(*shots*) I'm goin for mine
D.O.A. is how they pronounce you
No suspect, no motive, no clue
When you hoes say 'stop', I be damned if I freeze
I truly believe my city's under siege

(Today's special
Is ghetto dope)