

Ghostface Killah, Biscuits

(feat. Trife)

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Yo... who the fuck brought me this chocolate shit, man?
I said a banana nutriment, man
Ya'll heard the fuck I said... I gave you.
I wrote it on the fuckin' paper, man
Ya'll muthafuckas always fuck around and forgettin' something and shit
Smart dumb niggaz and shit, runnin' around here and shit
Ya'll niggaz need to wisen up, man, yo..
Fuck that special ed, shit

[Ghostface Killah]

I said Big O, hydro-face, pass me the sazone, it's on
There go son, tap out the hash bone
Half moon, he rock, three's fourth quarter length
No jewels, no rocks, it's not worth the spotlight
His gun tool, was a half a hill
That's a six digit slip behind five sticks, eatin' steel, fuck him
We gon' -- we gon' get our money
If he front, they gon' read about the rocks in his tummy
Mouth was red, socks was bloody, fuck all the talkin'
Safety off and shit, crept out, "What up money? Freeze!"
Don't move, turn around, act like James Brown
And get down! Get slapped with the put down
Wasn't you the same clown? Uptown, yappin'
I keep big Shirley on my side, so What's Happenin'?
Try eatin' these shells, they non fattening
After you digest gat, I'mma stomp you bastards
So take that.. blaow, blaow! Ghost, he still breathing
Blaow, blaow! Anything after that it don't matter
Your homies and your close relatives
Even them nosy ass pigs'll get splattered
It's the TH-EO-DORE, send me to Iraq I come back with don heat
Teeth, less than a week, they be callin' me
Keep with the fists, cuz I sure do cook when it's beef

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

Yo, what up? Meet, these, O.G.'s, quote these and
Baller' shit, long biscuits
Fuck around, take all your shit
Call your bluff, y'all faggots don't want no beef
Grind your teeth, and just, roll with it, don't risk it
Fuck around, and be a statistic

[Trife]

Yo, yo, niggaz ask why I use my glock
Cuz it's 2003, muthafucka, I refuse to box
I'm true to block, strip you for your shoes and socks
Remove your watch, yo I'mma have to lose your top
I'm from a place where chunkheads and zombies dwell
And niggaz keep they heat blazin' like laundry wells
Don't ever talk to a nigga like I'm one of your kids
Cuz I'll cock back the mag and pop one in your ribs
So homeboy, keep runnin' your jibs, I'mma run in your crib
Pistol whip you right in front of your wiz
My nigga, that's how it is, I get it, just how I live
Cuz me without a gun, is like Queens without the bridge
Classic cut, this is how a O.G. live
Lamp in village, and still get heard with no spins
This is Trife Diesel, New York's backbone, back home
Black blown, it's Theodore, nigga, fuck your wack stones

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Ghostface Killah]
That's right, it's real!
It's that muthafuckin' Theodore Unit
Nahwhatimean? Staten Island, live shit, y'all
Straight up and down, nothin' but that cutthroat shit
Blowin' niggaz back home, you know what I mean?
I don't give a fuck... we could take it there
Whatever, peace, we got him nigga
Yeah, now I'mma strangle it there
No doubt, it's real right now, muthafucka
Ya'll niggaz done done it, fuck y'all yeah
I'mma get the fuck outta this booth