

La Coka Nostra, That's coke

(Everlast)

Yo, I've been rhyming since my daddy's dick first got wet
Kicked a hole in the womb of my mother then I jet
Back to the scene of the crime
A true mastermind
I'll never do time

(Slaine)

Nah, but I do watch my watch till the second hand stops
And the bars close down and the records get dropped
Piss drunk in the parking lot speaking dumb
Gun all sticky from the Puerto Rican rum

(Ill Bill)

I keep it real like the 80's when we flooded the block
Stick up kids went from baseheads to suckin' the cock
The hottest bitch in my projects discovered the rock
A year later had the monster climbing out of her twat

(Slaine)

This is a stick up
I told you you could reach for the sky
Fuck a chip off the brick or the piece of the pie
The worst thing they did to the kid was leave him alive
Now I'm ruthless moving with a reason to die

(Everlast)

The trees got me so high kid sniff your next line
My culture's refined
I'm heavy on the grind
I'm hard in the paint
My uzi weighs a kilo
I'll smack you in the face and crack your head like Cee Lo

(Ill Bill)

It's a fact homey eagles don't roam in flocks
But the eagles that I got will put a hole in your top
So predictable I'm already knowin' your plot
It happens so fast you won't even know that you're shot

(Slaine)

Till the concrete is painted with pain
Cause you bein' dead is the only way they'll ever say you were slain
Black scully, black bandana, and black coat
with the co-leader in the House of Pain (that's coke)

(Danny Boy)

You already know what it is
It's the pimp, the sniff and the aw shit
That ain't dandruff homeboy
Hell naw that ain't dandruff
All in together now - That's coke (x5)

(Ill Bill)

That's coke in freezer bags hidden in the ferarri
More raw than Big Daddy Kane spittin' with Marley
More white than them three bitches sniffin' with Charley
That's coke like a boston george new year's party

(Everlast)

The motherfuckin' svengali
Mob boss got body in the XL Denali
With the mossberg shotty
Got a full box of shells and a ransom note
That ain't gun powder out on my dash (that's coke)

(Slaine)

I'm raw as sushi
Belushi's spirit probably is with me
I'm Rick James bitch, ask Bobby and Whitney
In the hood where the maniacs will rob you to get me
Gettin' blown by Paris, Nicole, Lindsey, and Brittney
You shittin' me?