

# Shabazz The Disciple, Cremate 'Em

(Intro)

Ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes!  
Ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes!  
Ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes!  
Ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes!

(Verse One)

Y'all know it's hell when I come through  
I cast spells with the Bellevue 1-2  
And we can settle it with shells if you want to  
Bump you, squeeze first I'ma haunt you  
Or better yet I'll let the gun butt lump you  
Dog tail up ya ass when I confront you, faggot I'ma hunt you  
Na'an nigga could collab' with me  
Cause when I spit my sixteen, they get mad at me  
Have them write their verses over tryna battle me  
And nigga that'll be a fatal tragedy  
Shit, you better off shooting or stabbing me  
than stepping in this fucking rap ring and jab with me  
Get ya weight up motherfucker, wear the belt and the crown  
Frozen niggaz like a dirty gat, I'm melting them down  
Self in the ground, you fucking with a higher force  
Niggaz be sacrificed, you'll die on a cross  
Angel on the pale horse  
Leave you with multiple wounds when they find you  
Ya man's comin right behind you

(Chorus)

Ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes!  
Ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes!

(Verse Two)

Y'all know the flow chops ridiculous  
Taw like the blow niggaz cop on St. Nicholas  
You think I'm pussy motherfucker stick ya dick in this  
Like Biggie said shit infected with syphilis  
Gonorrhea, HIV, flow sick with this  
Put a condom on ya mic tryna spit with this  
Tryna get with this, I'ma hit with this  
Make you slit ya wrist, y'all man a clitoris  
Like chlamydia, hard to swallow, I burn throat  
Getting rid of ya with hollows, you mob turncoats  
Word to the safe in the ceiling  
My flow's like a burning punany, hit the clinic get the penicillin  
You see the logo nigga "STD";  
Fuck what you heard son, the best be me  
From Red Hook, y'all niggaz know how long we waited  
Y'all motherfuckers, bout to get cremated

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)

Put ya jewels up, put ya house up  
Put ya tools up, nigga put ya spouse up  
We can go at it motherfucker album budget for budget  
And let your a&r judge it  
Shit, I'll have ya label push ya project back  
Cause I get hyper than a fucking hypochondriac  
Ain't no responding back  
My magnum mic'll push ya conscience back  
Give ya ass a holy spirit make you haunt the track  
I, I blaze blaze gun gun sprays sprays  
Leave ya whole record company in a daze daze  
Tell ya ceo stop calling my house

Or the next fucking song son, I'm calling y'all out  
Better prepare for the long awaited, finally made it  
Y'all niggaz bout to get cremated!!!