

Cartel Gathering

Jadakiss, Ghostface Killah & Raekwon

Yo, yo, yo, word to ride, nigga, yeah
Aiyyo, we four or five niggaz with furs on
Up top gated up, big tables got the reserves on
Blowin' on saxophones, the band is rough
So much ice on, looks like my wrist been cut
And we just made it back from Beijing
Seen my jeweler, told him melt the bird down to eight rings
But then the music stopped, Jada stood up
Before the speech, he had everybody raise they cups
He said, "I been in spots where I can't even
mention it"
"Don't drink the Cris', Ghost mighta pissed in it"
Romanian dude, black down, pourin' the saki
Face slumped to the side like Rocky
And Strahan came through with his bullshit ring
He said, "Yikes", when I pulled out my monster bling
Don't be afraid of the New York street talk
I switch gear all day, bro, like you do on your peach porch
The chairs is suede, the walls is
velvet
Marquise ballroom, so live I felt it
Fat asses in fishnets, shakin' they pelvis
Playin' with they pussy, middle finger drippin', I smelt it
Poker tables, crap joints just for rap
niggaz
Me and Sheek, walkin' around bitch slappin' niggaz
There go Rae, there go P
Yo Chop, whattup?
Sam Cooke writin' hand, all of my lightning, damn
Used to rob niggaz in Sam's, buy shams
For my dude's baby shoe or booster baby, rollin' with steel
Eatin' Jamaican food under the wheel
You know the deal, book somethin' then blow
Went from a O to a low, little apartment in Brookdale
Gold was my motto, lotto numbers is what?
Had it in me, rolled down coolin' with coke
That's the '90s, Chef era take over America
Bag Ugly Betty up, make her Ms. Guerrero
Pinky wench in sweaters, cortex burnin' the mic booth
Travel right past my heritage
Them old school niggaz is me
Taught me how to read, get skee'd, everybody missin' a ki
Yo, I do this with a natural movement
Catch me by the [Incomprehensible], scope on me, fuck it, I'm losin' it
Yeah, yo, I did it my
way, lights off on the highway
Greek statues on both sides of the driveway
Word to the stamps on the diesel
The way these niggaz is lookin' either they got cramps or they evil
One go, we all go, D-boy
fresh but hard dough
Cashmere and suede cargoes

On top of the beige Wallo's
45 government edition clippers, straight hollows
My clientele is supreme and it's proven
That I'm only built for the Link if it's Cuban
I'm a pioneer, I'm not a vet
'Last Kiss' is a French one, it's not a peck
Movin' powder, piff and a lot of wet
You're gonna die, that's a promise not a threat
Yeah, but I ain't with the chatterin'
'Cause I'd just rather splatter them
This is a cartel gatherin', what?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>