

Six Degrees (Instrumental)

BADBADNOTGOOD & Ghostface Killah

Dangerous thoughts, mind of a militia
Bottles of the 1-50 poured over twistas
Broken bones and pillars, Staten Island the illest
The biggest land fillers, we creep like caterpillars
Love razors, dirty guns with a few dead bodies
Teach niggas how to walk again from the fucking shotty
Sixth sense, six pack, six degrees of separation
My evil 3rd eye blinks with no hesitation
Dustbags, spoonfuls of sugar help the medi
Go down smooth and steady, blowing the green deadly
Hen we pops, isolated of hash bricks
Needle left stuck in his arm, died of a bad fix
We still rock, still dry drawers on the stove
Got bread from back in the days, it's growing some mold
2Pac's back, my Glock's fat
After the gun smoke, you screaming, where my block at?
Both hands crusty, need a little lotion
That shit don't matter when I mix the color ocean
Smoking on potent, goons bagging up in the living room
Blocking the flat screen while I'm watching Juice
Move your big ass head, my favorite part's on
Q and the DJ battle, move or I scratch you
95, sh-95 on the coffee table
Got them selling dimes still shiny as a nickel
Pistol in designer pants, shoeboxes in bedrooms
Some got stacks but most discontinued
What's on the menu? Eat a rapper like butternut squash
Bark on a nigga with the blade out
Run up in your safehouse, how ironic
Knock a ring on a nigga like somebody hit Sonic
Smoking on chronic feeling like Nostradamic
See dying in your future, nigga I promise
Vomit colors seven series, TiVo the World Series
About to miss the game hitting sevens on the slot machine
Dice game, vice daughter, drunk driving in the Charger
With a big titty bitch looking like Toccara
I don't know what you know
But if you know what I know, you better get ghost 'fore I get Ghost
I don't know what you know
But if you know how I know, you better get ghost 'fore I get Ghost
Hey what up son, they talking that money on the ground shit
U-P-S, Fedex, I deliver the pound shit

Raw dog, my hood's like crazy 80's stamp bag
Stapleton niggas keep they guns in strip bags
Doo-rags and blue and red flags, we keep new tags
Skinny or big jeans, niggas they still sag
Brag about 2 chains, 4 chains, 6 chains
Spread eagle bitches in the crib giving brain
Still keep them Clarks crispier than printed money
And the champion gear that I rock? Will hide my face for me
Mask down, 3-57 and the box of shells
Seville dead-arm the kid in the stairwell
Stem cell, my niggas is scientific
We make crumbs and wax, the T-H-C is prolific
Fruitful, my Clan bundle cash like Pablo
Bank in the Caimans, stash-houses out in Cabo

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>