

Clayborne Family, Gaza Strip

(Kool Keith)
Clayborne Family
We up in here
We new this year
We do this here

Observe my kiss stain that remain
Damage the consoles of the neeport gains
The knob swells, shit drip down your shirt
You got the urine on your Cartier, Bacardi sway
Pee pee on the duffel bag, the gloves remove your hundred thousand dollar watch
I get women to spit out the parfait
A paid team of men guaranteed to swallow
The top toilet tissue in Las Vegas, niggaz shit out the Parve'
Executive room booked, under a fake-ass name
Bitches call me Dr. Bombay
Egyptian Lover, AM station
I send them lyrics wrapped in a bag of coffee beans
In the bathroom, you put the 18 karats up your asshole
Pay the program director, some kid who used to work at the KDAY
Said he worked for Kay Slay, Tonka trucks
You wanna mess with the racing set
Bitches pick up the Hot Wheels, gentlemen watch Kay play
Heads who react to Radio Shack walkie talkies, what did Kay say?
Did Kay come in naked, piss all over the Grenada Hills apartment, did Kay pay?
Drop his action figure with bird shit
The only booster, the Wolfman left a pile of shit
His personal shit, covered your ashtray
The cat creped off, shit on top of the shelf and walked away

(Chorus)
It's Gaza Strip, fuck a bitch, murder the shit
Do church service and confess shit
Confess shit, fuck a bitch, it's Gaza Strip
Murderers hit, and jackers clipped

(Marc Live)
Yo, yo
Yo it's a bad day, uhh, I'm clearin out
They can't find me like Saddam Hussein
Don't mind me if I sound insane, yo it's real mayne
They got some bullshit stuck in my brain
Yo you stuck and you plain, lame, I shit and piss, yeah
I mess you up, fuck you up, in your speed lane
Yo I'm G mayne, yeah, I'm a psycho case
Home invade, run in your place to scrub in your face
I'm a maniac, I creep nightly
Sharp knives, yo it's slicin your face
People trunked up, ayyo it's junk sloppy
It's grease, I cock and release - blaow
Cist and decease, I leak end
Release on the streets, releasin the beats
Clayborne never scared of police
My boys are Infamous Mobb style, 8 deep in the piece

(Chorus)

(Jacky Jasper)
Funeral homes holdin domes all day stones
'Nough John Holmes call the sharp cones old
Pist-al snub nosed felons, helter skelters
Sleeveless settlers, shorstop Tony Fernandez
I'm the hunted Catfish Hunter, handsomer the gun runner stunna
New newcomer with Funky Drummer dip the Hummer with the Bronx Bomber

To hell with suspense, I'm the fuckin drama
Call your momma, check, murder your brother
No wait I'll slaughter freeze fourth quarter order sushi
We with Jim Kushy lazy eye lucci Jill Kelly Monistat cookie
Kevin Costner "The Rookie" O'Reilly the bookie, beat
All you gettin beat, King P-I-M-P be me
Fire escape, Letterman's late, wait, Jamie Foxx assed-out prostate
Guiliani's leavin the state

(Chorus)