

# 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 <https://www.songarea.com/>