

Ghostface Killah

Cat I got to take him off of here, that's right
 I got to take him off of here
 Cause there's only one, and that's me
 You understand? for all that fighting, you understand
 That sucka think he good, that sucka think he can whoop me
 And I know he can't whoop me, i...
 Ay boy, the nigga whole style is chump
 You understand?
 Let me get mines first
 Then after I get mines, you can do what you want to do...[ghostface]
 Yeah, scandalous
 Yeah miraculous, the arsonists
 Yo, kicked down the door on the spot, 260
 21, I heard they had o's for sale
 I heard the same shit, money drive a burgundy whip
 Keep it low, faded licenses plates and great plate
 Where's the cat from, think he's from new jerusalem
 Pretty rick did his thing for him, but he was usin him
 Power sun, jungle, physical, you know the god
 He go with tim, the one who called lover of god
 While equality sell, I know the master law now
 It's time to get the God jewel and blow like mines
 But on the iow I heard he got born original sin
 Back in a drive-through kentucky fried shot up his ac
 We got to get him dunn, aliens is snatchin our bread
 U.f.o.'s movin in with bigger plans than fed, yo
 Knock on daddy-o's door get the scope
 He's not home, he took ishmael to park slope
 There go the the dreads yo, swindle two bags of that stuff
 That get you crashed out had you laid out like bums
 Peace keana, what's up with your girlfriend wanda
 She drive a green honda, with legs like jane fonda
 I just left her, she took rashean to pathmark then
 Jetted to canal to get her man some cloth
 She said be back in ninety minutes, ghostface God forbid
 She say, peace to w, who's watchin the kids?[raekwon]
 Two hours later, scheamin like deniro in casino
 Son better have more coke than al pacino
 Keana ain't tellin no lies, last year she did a sting and a half
 And tymeek bought her a aircraft
 But anyway, yo, daddy-o home, we need the shotties nidow
 When we get back, throw you a bit out

Later that night, stay mesmerized yo
Go get the green 5, meet you on the corner of marriot
You ready, you got the e&j and the machete?
We goin upstairs, I hope one nigga is empty
We walked in, both of us, looked like terrorists
Masks on, second floor, dunn yo, I handle this
Kick in the crib, the whole shit looked graphical
Natural, f**kin a white bitch, actual
Fiends chanting, "do your thing chef, handle it"
I shot him in the neck, it ricocheted and hit carolyn
Ran to the back analyzin, much disguisin
Surprise we comin and their eyes were tranquilized
And buggin, throwin her twin cousins at his nugget, f**k it
Meet shottie waddy slug body hobby
Where the drugs, where the ounces you be bouncin
Fake cats announcin on the block, you loungin
Where the blow at, I ain't got shit, stop frontin
(yo chef, throw the joint in his mouth, money'll start stuntin
Bitch, show that bit, before I push your wig back
Chef stop wavin that, show him where the paper at)
Come here valerie, you know the God he need a salary
Put down the pipe here's two tickets to a coke gallery
It's in the kitchen in the ceiling
(baby girl kept squealing
Only found a white block of cheese from new zealand
Ohhh shit! yo, yo where that shit at yo?
Yo chef, where that shit? what? what? aiyyo...)

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