

9 MM

Ghostface Killah

Bob Digi, U G.O.D, Raekwon the Chef, the Inspektah Deck
M.E.T.H.O.D. (Man), the B.O.B.B., straight up, Masta Killa, the Gza, the Gen
ius..
It's the Ol' D-d-dza-za-za Diiiiirty Bastard!

Straight Up..turn it up, the headphones, turn it up..yo you here me?
Wutup Toney?
Wsup don' don'..
All the way up..
You know how we do..
Let's get this paper together..
You motherfuckin' right Pa, uh huh.
That's right, c'mon nigga..
That's as far as it goes?
Sound about to go off on some real live Wu-shit, uh huh
W-T-C
Ghost-FACE!
Lemme give y'all the bullshit hook for y'all niggas, check it out

The burners in the stash, we about the cash
We got females that got it like that
The golden childs that bone the crowd
See niggas in the place that bit my style

Well I'm a singer, dancer, we bulletproof brothers
Wu-Tang got the answerrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.....
Cuz if I had a chance, to do it again
I will still keep the heat in my pants, uh

Y'all be nice to the crackheads, everybody listen up
I shot one of my bitches, the hoe ain't trick enough
Word life to big screen Don, tapping dustbones out
With starwriters like I fucked Celine Dion
Stuck everything that's the god's honest beyond
We airin' niggas out that's the type shit that we on
Official Wu-Tang headbanger
Flood your space with big waves like you didn't set an anchor

Yo, I drink heavy gallons of Crew, play the big part
niggas got squid on the grill, selling kids Clarks
Finesse notes, yo, the Guess on with the best pose
Yellow swede one matching hat with the grey gun
Niggas be rhymin' for nothing, then my team pull up
We all throw down y'all broke niggas stay frontin'
Lines come digital stupid, plus my team got
'nuff jury on, bet I'm still live and I'm coopin'
Two of my silverbacks run through a pack of your wolves
Front on react and sippin' Cog-i-nac so relax dude
Know I'm with these cracks dude

Yo, 1, 2...Dirt McGirt!
Solid tone smith with 5th shots, lick shots
Leave your head like a Shaolin monk with 6 dots
Brooklyn, Zoo, Zoo (Yo)
Broooklynnnnnnnn...ZOO! (Yo!)

It's the return of Bin Laden, grab your armor

Smash pretty boy niggas, crush they karma
Eat bones with alligators, roll deep, with my entourage
My whole crew's fresh out the bars
Diggler, AKA the Cab Driver
Drop him off in the middle of fire
Dirty Island, drag bodies to the murderland
Knock niggas out hurtin' my hand

I remember in the elevators when we was playin' corners
Now we play the corners and the cops is stayin' on us, (uh)
Staten's where the war is
where the court system's running out of warrants
Where TNT be jumping out the Taurus
For real I can't call it
you see I love Lucy cuz she Lawless
Exactly like that 1-0-3-0-4 is
Snitch niggas swallow your tongue
Already know the island I'm from
And y'all don't want no problems with them

We got a history, full of lightning victories
Conceptual breakthrough it ain't no mystery
Long vision, from giants in every way
Rap czars, magnificent flows for every day
From the East to the ville, from the West to the hills
Incredible rhymes, encouraging skill
From rat packs, the smallest crews were enormous
They hit 'em fast, with an effortless performance
MCs start fleeing in flocks
Especially those that's more sensitive to heat and shock

We grindin', down to the bone
My name grounded in stone
I'm Mr. Violence we loungin' with Chrome
Mr. Violence we lounge in his home, hit the housing on Rome
Shining like a hundred thousand in stones
Move mountains with poems, got a jones for dinero
1-6-zero my songs we throwin' elbows
The hoes cling, sho thing, we know kings
Only dime dikes, with minds right, we choose Queens

Yeah we wild like rockstars who smash guitars
Yo son split his face with the toast, he ain't Ghost
It's no joke iron coat rife him with the stroke
One toke brains float, shot to the throat
Before the smoke hit, witness the killing
On the crime scene
Body on the block
Eyes open from the shock
Of being popped in the neck
Yet he still had a lit cigarette between his fingertips
Danger when you step into the chamber with the master
Disaster, gotta blast ya, cuz I hafta

The rat pack is back from the island of Stat'
Leave you cursed off, cuz you worship the gat
The first one to snap drunk off the Smirnoff
Blow the bouncer's ear off, let him floss he the boss
Handcuffed, to the turntables like, Wizard Theodore
See it's pure, let iy rain curly ounces
Bang him with the thing that hang from the trousers
You don't want no drama, I'm flaming fast
That nigga jumped up and did the Damon Dash