

## Box In Hand

Ghostface Killah

Get all my peoples, get all my peoples headphones  
All of em  
Lay em a death warrant  
Ah, yo, show it off, kid, show em, what, what  
Let em have it, bust it, hey yo, hey yo

Blend wine, who want to win mine  
Shorty get a ten-round for floatin  
With the richest, huh  
Flexed out, Flinstone style  
Your crimi-nal pen pal kidnapped Loud, jetted the  
Mosyin, posin for them niggas up in Poland  
Rollin wax style museum, G 'em  
Them richest niggas bless this  
Like Russian cut VVS's  
Slide the hatchback, black were finessing this  
Them niggas over there know, Gazelle goggles  
And them Lottos, 88 style, throwin' bottles (bottles)  
Scenario rap, rap imperial, material (uh, yo yo, yo, yo)  
Murderin' cats is like that real

Yo come do me somethin word to Michelob peep the Land Rov'  
Sleeper hold club faggots lay your dome on a stove  
It's like space kid, the whole world is pitch black, granola rap  
Dough got smaller famous team, walked up in Fotomat  
Black down, numerous rounds, boots is brown  
Getaway driver, this white bitch from out of town  
We love horse races shakin Jakes and high-speed chases  
Porno stations, drinkin violations, godly nations  
90 minute Maxell tapes, instrumental breaks  
Bangin earaches, lay my verse down in two takes  
The speaker pops, the Winchester rifle's in the kitchen  
Murder the DJ's eyes twitchin, woofer hissin

Yo, he's strong armin, manipulatin niggas, scrapin niggas  
Takin play from niggas, hate fakin niggas, yo you hear me?  
The whole shit's like wrestling  
What you dare me? Back the fuck up kid, we flexin

This rap shit bust yo' gums, and leave you stunned  
Pull your plug, now you can't function  
There's no to-tal or sum to this equa-tion, you fro-zen  
Many may come but few are cho-sen  
Pretty niggas want to play the war po-sin  
When the ruckus come, they be the first to get their shine stolen  
Do or die, it be I, Meta-physical Man  
Holding court from my Wu, indivisible clan  
I see your thoughts and your hand reachin  
It's getting deep in this mud  
Cats heat seekin, for one blood  
Nameless thugs with aimless slugs, shootin at these stank bitches  
Less he gon' bring this above, I make switches  
From the lamp I grant three wishes  
Johnny be parlayin, I Blaze britches, then I roll  
One hundred percent mind, one hundred percent body  
One hundred percent soul, individual  
Assholes tend to run

From this PLO extortion to the one  
The next chamber, you fuckin with the star spangler  
To the dawn's early light with this head-banger  
Boogie, represent this shit fully  
Like I'm constantly at war with the town bully  
Who want that pressure, about to get smacked silly  
Like a fat bitch in Spandex, free Willy!  
We on some milli, check the joint, engine number nine  
Niggas wastin time worryin about me and mine  
Get your own shit