

## Buck 50

## Ghostface Killah

Who I'm is? The phenom, them niggas can't live  
Who I'm is? We ain't got shit, something got to give  
Y'all done flipped y'all wig, blacked out the crib  
Die and live for my nigs and my bad-ass kids, freeze  
Looking at your ice like GEEZ!  
I'm plotting on the mousetrap, about to snatch the cheese  
I heard y'all kids is bout that, psychotherapy  
You bugging where the couch at? Wu, til they bury me  
Never tell a lie, like George with the cherry tree  
Now it's cherry pie, if it's not broke, let it be  
Ain't nothing nice in, New York  
Stick you for your cake and your icing  
That tough talk? Don't mean nothing when you're up North  
So keep them hands where I can see em like you want freedom  
You know that saying, if you can't join 'em, beat 'em  
And push your way in  
We ain't acrobats but we flip on occasion  
Pick the pace up, pants sagging pull your waist up  
Niggas renting slums usually Jacob, FOOL!  
You're like, "Dude! I don't like your fuckin attitude  
Frontin on my Clan from the Stat' when we ain't mad at you"

Yo, yo  
Starks flipping cheesy face measly paced o'face  
Ghostface, jump out the window for a little taste  
The joopy look, my main bitches call me lazy  
Educated birds say, "Ghost you so crazy!"

"There's no love to be found"

Cappa' slide through with the Ghost  
Post up like paint on walls  
Drip jewels, big heat  
Ruffle inside the bubble goose  
It's the Odd Couple  
Hollow points follow you home, Staten Island  
Playing with the big toys that make noise  
Echo in the hall, a scared voice  
Niggas start to act choice, but Duncan Hines  
Didn't know Betty Crocker had them two nines  
Made the club moist, shattered the windows  
Dustheads runnin (yo)  
The rap kingpin bust the Black Jesus is comin

Yo  
The words you talk, that'll be the words you walk  
Body you in the bed where the nurses are  
Put your vein out, watch me insert the dart  
Til it plagues from Bricks to the Persian Gulf  
Light circuits off, thirty-third of my brain is off  
That explains why my language off  
My gun aim and cough, y'all ain't trained to brawl  
Y'all more like in training bras  
Wet behind the ear, you're not prepared  
For the project flow, with extra stairs  
I pass out a vest to wear (bullets, flying)  
Yo, the hard wire, starting barn fires

Pulling mad, so you know it's me  
And your weed got more seeds than ODB  
Can't smoke with ya, watch Ghost tie rope to ya  
Def and Wu will open ya

Eat a dick like  
Baby shake your shit, girl you're thick like  
Getting rich like

"There's no love to be found"

Word it's me y'all  
We in two-six's flirting with bitches  
Dime plus taking pictures, how you doing baby? My name Ghost  
Don't get caught up in my chains, or the way that I speak  
Seek intelligence, slickest nigga going since "Grease"  
Check out the grays on the side of my waves  
I grew those on Riker's Island  
Stretched out, balled up in the caves  
Pull a boot out on Jimmy Jam, text takes jam  
Silky texture, Jordan jumped up like Clyde Drexler  
All up in the parrot, nose numb, real as they come  
Biggie's Versace's, snow white rabbit  
Hands is like photographic magic, funeral love  
Moving when we hug, don't make it a habit  
Hit the gym for two weeks, come back all chiseled  
Elbows unique now, meet the new me  
Ghettofabulous, Ton' Atlas  
Zulu Nation in the 80's in front of Macy's  
I start my own chapters  
Tyco nightglow velvet pose, special effects  
High-tech armors merc you at the shows  
Supercalifragalisticexpialidocious  
Dociousaliexpifragalisticcalisuper  
Cancun, catch me in the room, eating grouper

Shoe fly shoo, Wally Don Clark crew  
Fuck y'all want to do? Crack a brew, smoke an L or two  
And flip like  
Killing for the whole click is sick like  
You and your stank bitch eat a dick like  
Baby shake your shit, girl you're thick like  
Getting rich like, yeah

"There's no love to be found"