

## Cherchez LaGhost

Ghostface Killah

Tommy Mottola, lives on the road  
He lost his lady, two months ago  
Maybe he'll find her, maybe he won't  
Oh wonder that love

Brothers try to pass me, but none could match me  
No girl can freak me, I'm just too nasty  
Lost on the dance floors, I attack y'all  
Snuck through the back door, guess who they saw?  
Goldie and Ghost, black African Rose  
Star-studded low lenses, plus the mural was dope  
Airbrush W-B's, STOP! (Shake your body, body)  
And cop a couple of these (She's a hottie, hottie)

Scottfree and Chauncey, very upset  
They're sick and tired of living in debt  
Tired of roaches and tired of rats  
I know they are over

One in the head, I'm fed, this is how we doin  
Put a Ruff Rider on my dick, bust right through 'em  
Come out your shirt, insert the party rhyme  
Fine Dr. Buzzard, Bacardi Lime  
We passin it, takes the shake your Calvin Klein  
Before the floor gets moist, taste and follow mine  
Swallow nine, model dimes from Bahamas  
Slim doo-doo makers stuffed inside pajamas

They'll take all your rhymes with a Colgate smile, hey baby  
They'll love you one second, then hate you the next  
Oh ain't it crazy baby, yeah  
Tony's his name, the undefeated champion, whoa, yeah (Blow 'em  
down God)  
Now he's alone, he's just the king of his throne (Yeah, aha)  
Always will be my friend, Ghostface Killah (Truly yours, peace  
boo)