

# Flowers

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, yeah, y'know  
Tranquilise, tranquilise  
Yeah, yeah  
Yo Ghostface (c'mon)  
Raekwon!  
Meth!

See me in the club, got a gun on my Lex/legs  
Select paper and invade all the illest niggas  
Tally up pen, yo, Live Crew meetin'  
Layin' in the lab with rolls o' fly Mo-et ho  
All niggas eatin' (WOAH! [echoes])  
Wreckin' Ball Gangsters, unleash the law  
Straight up, colourful drawers, bad whores  
On the weekend eat a raw style like Flounder  
Fuckin' wit' mine or how we design  
My niggas might find ya  
Layin' in the Tropics, big dick shit on park  
They way his Khak's look, niggas on ?chocolates?  
Movin' out, coloured Durangos switch to me, bro  
That's how I picture rich niggas with the same coats  
All rich niggas with the same coat.

You can catch this crew, and fall in a ship  
Fully equipped, on a star tack, callin' a bitch  
How much you get, when that Absolute and Hennesey mix  
(Ultimate, ultimate) Wu shit, my whole click (Ultimate, ultimate)  
Rubba-dub, ass in the club, showin' me love  
Sayin' "Peace" to the nigga that thug, I got the drugs  
And the .38, snub-nose, strikin' a pose  
Baby girl, throw the drink on my clothes, then meet ya ?bos?  
Lewis Fritz, Hot Nikks, nigga what's happenin'?  
Any shit, holdin' my dick, smokin' a clip, thanks for askin'  
Mashin', the latest fashion,  
Dance floor packed with whites, blacks and latins  
All N Together, together for worship better  
Now I put it down whether its Methy, Method, or Meth-Tical  
Prop, skate, roll, bounce  
I'm bound to wreck ya body as they turn the party out.

Oh magazine's slipped, kinda like we lit  
Deliver was a lit, ya niggas know  
High niggas rent , I'm set like nuh Purple and the new Lex  
Trifle and work, let's murder eveything that Wu wanted sent

I'd better pay Big Momma for usin' his lyrics  
Pay Big Momma for usin' his lyrics  
(You betta) Pay Big Momma for usin' his lyrics  
Pay Big Momma for usin' his lyrics (come on, come on)

And my mouth stay dry 'cos I swallow the struggle  
I might connect you to a VCR, add delay, bug you  
I'm not a gangsta, I hate thugs too  
I'm just a nigga that painted a picture without a paintbrush too  
Without a paintbrush too

Bulletproof Wallets, 20 t'ya kids that says made outta Korea

Top Sear, pass the beer, last to see a raj  
(?) be beamed up behind the stove askin' how Maria pop Leer  
Cursed style near, burst out a purse with the gods you jeer  
From Star's Pizzeria, police hate the veer  
Especially when the shots ring off in slow motion  
when yo' head hit the meter  
You lost two leaders, at the same case speeder  
Peter Slim Duch shook 'em down for his reefer  
James chased the recent with a hatchet on Easter  
Two murders in the 'hood, we call 'em double features  
Watch how I eat this, freak the best teacher  
At the prayer with the preacher, I get (?) in the bleachers  
And your girl, I might eat her  
I'm a lover, not a biter (well, yeah)  
I still catch her for a piece

He's as good as the rest of 'em  
And as bad as the worst  
So don't hate me  
You'd better move over, yeeeeeeaaaah- (yeah, yeah) - eeaaaaaah!  
Fuckin' idiots!

Yo, uhuh, Wallets motherfuckers  
That's right, all my shit is Bulletproof  
Stoop for the Bulletproof (yeah)  
Yeah, Projects (yeah) Bulletproof Wallets (DJ! DJ! [echoes])  
On yo' ass nigga, you heard?  
Dirt-ass niggas, ya niggas ain't got a chance [echoes]

Stadio  
One-three  
Word up!  
Ya now dead