

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 everyting 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) - eeaaaaaaah!
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