

Ghost & Giacanna

Ghostface Killah

Yea, yea
It's like rap pa', huh? What?
Y'all bitch-ass niggaz, what? What?
Leave a mark on your face, duke
Word, uh-huh, you fake fucks
Eh-yo, eh-yo, eh-yo..

I bathe in a tub of guns, dry off with the clips
Now I'm automatic Jack, that's what I've become
Gangsta lean leanin, peach cobbler pockets fit the graham cracker
Outfit you still Dream of Jeanie in
Kings, stay 'greein, nightly prince Of Egypt
Plenty of days I read up, skied up, whips all beat up
7:30, the sky is fallin, the most of this dyed with dirty urines
It's the dark-skinned Kris Kringle
Crisp bangle material, boggle minds how I popped up in your cereal
Rocks the eagle beat with the rocks pushed in
Pediatric wildin, grippin the floors like cushion
Samuel Jackson, Action Jackson, Mike Jackson, Staten
Dusthead niggaz that'll have you laugh, you call
Quicker, and we brawl in big arenas, G&C
Catch me in the spot with a guillotine

In the back of the church, my book be the Book of Life
Donated nothin, hit the preacher wife
This go to all real niggaz that be shootin dice
Stashin ya cracks and maggots stick to me in life

Eh-yo we pot of soil, shot our nines of chrome
Just watch how many minds get blown
When I cock mines behind your dome
They gon' find your bones
With your top popped behind your home
Havin a stumb' runnin to find ya phone
B.G.F. and when we the kind to roam
Roll through ya hood and we shine the stones
Blind every dime in the zone
Shit on every line in the poem
And drop a jewel like a diamond in Rol'
B.G.F. war ones, let the fours dump in the forefront with your horse
ones
Your body found inside of a Ford trunk, smellin like four skunks
Blast up and cut into four chunks
Shot down and not found for four months
Who playin outfield without a chest shield?
Wanna move? Choose ya weapon of steel
Nigga we 'bout reppin for real
Only take a second to peel
Should've known there was a Tec in the deal, nigga