

# Ghost Is Back

Ghostface Killah

Listen, man, it's going on 2007, g  
I wanna wish y'all motherfuckers a happy New Year  
(New Year, let's give it up) How your 2006 was son?  
(Go and get up, get up, y'all niggas is crazy  
Y'all know how I get, my 2006 off, nigga I broke two of my toes, nigga  
It's going down nigga, that's what's up, y'all niggas is crazy)  
That's why you came to the show with, um, peanut butter on your toes, that d  
ay  
(Nigga, why you gotta bring everything up? Man, everybody here enjoying)  
Nah, son, because your shit's, (crazy, a happy New Year  
This muthfucka) Nah, boy, yo (no, man) But your shit was looking mad timid  
That was the funniest shit in the book, that day (Find out who)  
That's your toes right there! (Who the fuck said I broke 'em)  
Yo, how you put them little baby cast on there? (Just a little punk ass nigg  
a man)  
How you put them in the baby cast like that, though, son?  
Come on, son, that's what I was, that shit, yo  
Let me tell you something, I ain't gon' front, yo  
I love you and all that, son (then say that!)  
You my first cousin, (then say that, Ghost, say that)  
You my first cousin, though, but come on, man  
You know how it is, son, I ain't seen you in years though  
(You know how I get down) How you had peanut butter on your toes though, son  
?  
(Cause the nigga asked for it, man, shit I fucked a nigga up, man)  
Yo, it's New Year's, yo (get back to me, motherfucker)  
Yo, it's New Year's son (fuck y'all niggas, this ain't no  
Yo, Ghostface, my gold is fifty hundred, I want my money)  
Nine! Eight! Seve! Six! Five! Four! Three! Two! One!  
I love you my nigga, Happy New Year's!  
Fuck that, let's get this paper!

Yo, yo I was sitting at the table thinking  
How the hell do I murder these M.C.'s, sting 'em like bees  
My attitude's that of Hannibal, not compatible  
Why I would damage you, fuck, if I drink, then ran with you  
Y'all chose to war, so called rich niggas wanna verse the poor  
I'll rob you first, then go to your earth, it's not gon' hurt  
If you try calling the cops, it's not goin' work  
All you gotta do is lay in the dirt, we dug a hole  
And my guns weight more, yo, then Gerald Levert  
With more blubber than a Ruben Studdard, I grease the pan  
With rhymes, and y'all can't believe it's not butter  
I told y'all to chill, stretch all out like franks on the grill  
With a classic deal, I'm like a farmer when I'm playing the field  
Just painting my seeds, in 20-06, it's time to build

"Ghost is back" [Repeat: x4]

Yo, I cooked up the beef, seasoned up the meat  
Fried 'em, tried 'em, took it out the grease  
Ghost came to steal the show, since you loving your broad  
I'ma lay back and reveal your hoe  
She a brain therapist, chick you can't kiss  
Opened up her legs, like "ooh, I smell fish"  
Yeast infection, queen, she love dick  
Shriveled up tits, she'll bang the whole Knicks

Now how can I salute you, kid, I'm planning to do you  
Crucial, blow rugers at who you with  
We bump heads while we out in the street, it's all good  
My trigger fingers'll matter, kick the back of your feet  
And your red monkey jeans, is looking like a scene from Baghdad  
That's bad, flags red, dirt beds  
Y'all niggas is eating, crystal meth' heads  
We pissed out, wrist out, with the best threads  
Knockin' niggas off, knockin' niggas out  
Fucking up rappers is what I'm about  
I'm holding Staten Island down, y'all cats must be dead  
Keep fronting and lose your head

You can decide on who's liver  
Toney Knight Rider, wisdoms love my saliva  
Slobbin' 'em down, hoggin' the mound  
Pitchin' 'em eight balls, robbing the town  
Don't let your gangsta, get you murked up  
Fagot ass homeys done got you worked up  
Rappers can't come around, y'all wide rap is dead  
Freeze, nigga, come off the bread  
Whole horizon, hit 'em with toast, a rap arising  
Ringing the boys bell like Verizon  
Eyes, looking surprised, that the four-five  
Yo Ghost, don't even do it, I got some more pie

Word up, hey yo I'd like to give a mean shout out to Staten Island  
Holding the boy down, y'all know what it do  
Theodore Unit, Big Trife, Wigs, Du-Lilz  
Yo Supa! Y'all know what it is, man, ya know what i'm saying?  
My West Brighton niggas, let's see that money come first  
That's right, yeah, get up in that building  
You tell L.A. Reid and them niggas to crack that safe  
Word up, cause we coming, J-Love  
Hey yo Den, what up, Ice, C-Allah, what up, yo Un  
You know what i mean, yo, Buck, hold ya head.. aiyo Bean  
You know what it is, tell E, I said what's the deal, man  
We gon' get this paper, this year, yo Irf, you know how we do  
I ain't even gotta say that much, TaVon, come holla at your boy  
I know my jack be off all the time, but yo, that don't mean shit, nigga  
Come through and holla, nigga, word up, this what it is  
Yo, S.G., that's my son doola, y'all niggas keep y'all hands off him  
You know what i mean? Yo Ant Acid.. what's the deal, hey yo Tech, yo Plex  
Your boys here, nigga, word up, it's all about paper this year, nigga, word  
up  
I got mad babies to feed, I got bills nigga, one,  
Wu-Tang for life, Cappadonna, Raekwon, what up?  
"Ghost got the juice, now"