

# Ghostface

## Ghostface Killah

Ghostface (Yo, yo who's the boss when it comes to these songs?)

Ghostface (What y'all talkin' bout, I can't hear y'all!)

Ghostface! (A little louder)

Ghostface

Yo, you can catch me in Z-No's on a Friday night  
Or at the Emmy's, Bentley's, Roll Royce, all white  
Fresh kicks, star studded up  
A ounce of Gerstest to hold me til them Theodore and Deini's roll up  
Soak my hands in olive oil, loyal to each, Diamond  
Shoot out the clock while I'm killin' timin'  
Eight-mill just to resign me  
My bitches go crazy and pull they hair out when they can't find me  
It's like, all he say, Mr., Mr., D.J.  
Bring it back like an instant replay  
Please, get these wack records off of me  
I can't breath, asthma pump so I could stop the weez  
It's like they love garbage (yeah), for God's sake, I'm the real artist  
Hear they songs, dumb niggas father's  
Under my wing like Sanford and Son  
Weird sons, I'm a big gun, like Big Pun, Big L and Jason

I'm like a green and white kickball, I bounce  
Spin off walls and cars, the Wizard of Clarks, Tony Oz  
In the third grade, I bagged Penny  
Well Butter on your burns, guess Daddy was concerned like many  
Now Daddy's blowin' 'sherm and Remi  
On the road toll up, bust the promoter so I can shit in Denny's  
This is Tone-Tana, spangled banded with four hammers  
Bangles get tangled and they cause manners  
Money, don't stop, get it, get it, I'm not finished with it  
Menaced out, tell your click that Dennis did it  
Rock them boats and I copped them ropes  
Resurging the mics, I deal with only knives and throats  
Hold my tongue around fake niggas  
Look at 'em sideways and pull my trees  
Ask me to hit it, I'm like, Nigga Please, fuck outta here!  
Fuck war with niggas, facin' me, fuckers, step up the gear

Ghost dough and spend it though  
Plus got the pen exposed  
Countin' mad money and sheep, god damn  
Take a look at the radio, shit soundin' shady, yo  
Everything I'm hearin' is weak  
We got them long biscuits, long clip shit  
Run for the hills and re-charge your shit  
Come back if you think that you are-are do-do-do-don!

The dopest, fliest, O.G., pimp, hustler  
Gangsta, player, hardcore muthafucka living today...