

Good Times Pt. II

Ghostface Killah

(Ain't we luck we got 'em)
Allah himself
(Ain't we luck we got 'em)
Man woman and child
(Ain't we luck we got 'em)
The book of life
(Ain't we luck we got 'em)
Starks Enterprise

Check out the rap kingpin, the black Jesus
I know a few niggas sniff coke and caught seizures
Peace to half-moon Caesars, and all the bitches in the bleachers
Hot weather, sex on the beaches
Jewelry shopping out of the country, deluxe luxury
People saying that my chains look truck on me
But what about the Wonder Woman bracelet
Two-oh point three diamond cut engraved rubies kid, I laced it
I beat Vegas, Wu segas I could get shot for saying this
West Nile shit cause me to spray this
Staten island's Gandhi ghost the rap whino
These avenger's word will make a child's mind blow

Hominy grits
Welfare cheese
Roach clips
Wic checks dated first and the fifth
What Ghost?

Fuck y'all niggas and
Fuck y'all bitches and
Fuck them pictures y'all taking
Fuck that whip you in
Starsky bring home the dough
Now the show is over
It's over? It's over?

Timberland clashing off them jewels, cash insurance
Tahoes fly clothes plus farragamos
Five plus five O, one plus nine O
Save ourselves, reach our goals

What if the bible wasn't good
And good was bad as bad as it should
It matters
Feed em proper food
The wonders that allah would do
Maybe they'll discover you
Look I'm like a couple jewels
Ticketron was sold out
Plus the garden love the way I move
People see me G dini hit beenie on the cell
See me you need you read me
Captain over get that weed to me
The champion of vigilante
Ask me what the circumstance be
Hit me like marcus camby
Hear me I fuck with family don

Faced the magic man at the soul circus
Wheelying elephants I can't fall off
Show off your last album was so sincere
You had crack head skits
Wody you went there

Bentleys with sharp shoes
Similak huggies big shazam jewels

Peace party people what's up
How ya'll feeling?
Face the God
Now it's time to start kneeling
Ya'll cats be killing me
Fronting like ya'll buying bottles
Puny ass sweater on
Ya'll be lying!

A big mansion
Real props and shrimp scampy
Sailboat big yacht and beige hummer
Summer home
Big stones and cologne
Remember hero?
I guess them corner days is gone
Mommy got a house
Daddy got a house
Granny got a house
We moved out
That's right we moved out
Now that's what I'm talking about

Ghost dini
I'm arista rat
Step in the game like
This is rap?
I thought this shit was this and that
This game ain't jack
I'm about to go plat
This verse right here
Ima wreck this shit
As for the album
Ima perfect this shit
In a class by myself I ain't next to shit
Had to get out the hood
Them projects ain't shit
Want an eight series benz
Cause a lex ain't shit
I want chain truck jewelry
Ya'll necks ain't shit
We could spit it for mills or
Spit it for deals
When it's over
We gone see who spit it for real
I'll battle you for your bitch
Or battle for your mom
I'll kill you with a rhyme I wrote with no arms
If LL is the goat greatest of all time
That's why I'm ghost greatest of all sides
East side west side north side south side
I spit murder so much
My mother fucking mouth died
Yeah

Good times good times
And mad sunshine
Word up yo
This is the theodore unit
Straight up
Word
Banky panino
Yo and esther rolle
We love you it's good time
For real uh huh
Drop a bomb to this shit flex
Word up
Ayo lex diamonds
Word up I'm here boy
We out