

Good Times

Ghostface Killah

Allah himself
Man, woman, child
The book of life
Starks Enterprise!

Take out the rap kingpin, the black Jesus
I know a few niggas sniff coke and caught seizures
Peace to ten thousand seaters
And all y'all pretty ass Libras
My Tommy dick'll blow y'all ass to pieces
I love fuckin with y'all I got the George Jeff walk
Look how I dance, favorful robes, bows and all sorts
Hold on, who turned the lights on?
Word to my microphone and preach on
Brother, that's that bullshit in my right arm
Crackhead stop it, dope pusher stop it
The father sent me a message and I came to drop it
The prophet is to love each other
Michael Jordan/Jackson, Cosby money, Oprah
They got our love by go get Africa

Harmony, grits, welfare cheese
Whips, cheque data first in the fifth
What Ghost?

Fuck y'all niggas an' fuck y'all bitches an'
Fuck the pictures y'all takin, fuck the whip you in
Starsky bring home the dough now the show is over
(It's over) It's over? (It's over) It's over?

Timberland, crack snorkels, jewels, cash insurance
Tai hold, fly clothes and El Deramo
5 plus 5 O's, one plus 9 O's
Save our self, reach our goals

What if the BIBLE wasn't good?
And good was bad, as bad as it should
It matters, feed em power food
The wonders that Allah will do
Maybe he'll discover you
Look 'em like a couple of jewels
Ticket traum' was old, that plus the God ain't loved the way I move
People see me, G. Deini
He beeny on the cell, seen me?
You need me, you read me
Captain over, get that weed to me
The champion, the vigilante
Ask me what the surface could be
In me like Marcus Camby
Hear me, I fuck with family
Dons, chew on this, the hit list got
All of your names, so y'all lames is hist'
I kissed the bangin-est bitch (all night) that's famous for her tits
Not that tall doofy chick in your hood called Snitch
Come on!

Bentleys for sharp shoes

Similac, Huggies, big Shizam jewels

Infrared shootin at niggas
We back execution niggas
Markin it mummy, he money, he fly bummy
Super wizzers, look like Luther bitches
Still catches ill inventions
Strength, real niggas holdin blitz as real as ninjas
So illable, wheel of promotin like Benz dealer
Instiller, get real for hugs, lets chill feel I'm ill with colour
Yo bacon, straight cake, layin on my paper aces
Fuck all your under statements
Battle us? Battle gauges

A big mansion, real product of the strip scampy
Cell boat, big yacht, and beige Hummer
Summer home, big stones and cologne
Remember heroes? 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 talkin about

Smackin all y'all stars and chumps
Gettin cash in the larger sums
Shootin dice in the church with nuns
We come with the biggest guns