

Heard It All Before

Ghostface Killah

Yes, yes, we like to thank you
You are the 77th caller
You know you just won a pair of Theodore drawers and all that
How do you feel about that? (Oh my God, that is good daddy I love ya'll)
Yeah, that's right baby, no doubt... right now, his name is Ghostface
Check this joint out right here, it's new, word up

I'm the Mighty Joe Young of rap
Live off of mighty gold, tongue and yack
Ya'll be amazed how I brought it back
Two porsche's, big ass ranch with twelve horses
Scarface breeze when I speak, the all bosses
Plus the jewelry so truck, the cuffs get you nauseous
Two years, been through like six divorces
Now the talking put my business in the street, but
I'm like cement, I rock when I step
Kill music with no hands and leave with no weed stuff
Like my bitches better when they wore Reebok's
See hot, let's have a toast, I verbally bomb deacons
Have the whole church praying for Ghost
When we speak we give sermons, and switch our names over permits
The big shit, you might get burned with
God-body fly automobiles with grills
Two thousand, fifteen, nigga, we can take off the wheel
A Georget Jetson, so ya'll sit still
Chill, peace to Queens, so the God Allah reel's reel
It's the takeover, breaks over, make something
For funny ass package, who want, and a cake over
Monster bangels, bojangles got the forty cocked from all angles
Fuck a rope nigga, my gold chain'll hang you
Danish darts, language arts, slanger banger you
Punk motherfucka...

All you talk is poor...
All of your fushu, I got gats, Ghostface that
But your rhymes ain't workin' now, look who's hurtin' now
I had to shut you down, I had to shut you down

Welcome to Saturday Night Live, write rhymes
Glide on beats, and we high from the police
The dogs bark funny, in fact, when I'm clean
They can smell mark money, truck and mad bummy
Off the peter, grab shoots, Cerebel Paisley
Gats, pull out the mack on cancer, the oo-wop
I bag down AIDS, word to the U.S.
There's no need to panic, yo, we been through a phase
Like, namebelts, got the fronts in Alfa Romeo's
Tent the patrol niggas, that we had on a payrole
I play on niggas like stop and go
And tell the other liquors that Don pop more
And Venus told Mercury she a hot ho
Me, I'm just thinkin' bout what's next for Ghost
The Enterprise worth billions, delay America
To Africa, home away, the six text-tillion
Turn, Siskel and Ebert givin' two thumbs
New York Times call it my best work, bump to it
You can Rolling Stone every bone, and kill 'em at the Grammy's

Have 'em sit down, polly with the top five families
Blocka-blocka, boom, now they all dead
Now I'm the only one gettin' that bread, that's right
And the only one rockin' those threads
See these cowards let the fuckin' lead go to they head
[Hook: Ghostface Killah]
I needed to scream on all ya'll bitches, birds
But the more you bite my style, the more I learn
Your rhymes ain't workin' now, look who's hurtin' now
I had to shut you down, I had to shut you down

God, yeah, party people
You are now listenin' to the sounds of Ghost Radio
777 F.M. and all that, no doubt
It's real right about now, yeah
The dance floor is packed and all that
Everything lookin' glory, I see asses
I see glasses in the air, yo, put your hands in the air
Come one, let me hear you see Theodore, "Theodore"
Theodore, "Theodore", yeah, yeah
That was chunky and all that
No doubt, but yo, where Staten Island at?
Where ya'll at? Make some noise, yo, yo, come on
Yeah, check-check-check-check me out
Check-check-checkin' me out, come on
Take-take-take-takin' me out, whose take-take-takin' me out
Come on baby, take me out, uh-huh, yeah, no doubt, no doubt