

Kunta Fly Shit

Ghostface Killah

Yo Lord did you peep that
That nigga pussy, that's why I'm gon' eat that
Live and direct, five Tec's, med hat
Hugh Hef' rows, bang on that out of town nigga coz he UFO
Patiently press upon him
Ask him, "who you know? where you from?
What's up Duke?" Watch how you pop ya gum
Empty ya pockets'fore the cops come
When I bus take off past the light that ass better Run
An' don't look back (no), hide if you have to
Dollar vans, just Run into boats if he have to
Even got a .38, don't give me no hassle
When that little brown book in your pocket read Mathew's
Jesus Christ, brothers around here stick together like cheap rice
So Run little doggy, wolves is comin'
Tell him London, he get done in
Flame boy to his brains, hangin' out his onion