

Metal Lungies

Ghostface Killah

World, world, world, premiere, premiere, premiere
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What these clown niggaz hollerin'?
What they need to be hollerin', is "There go Theodore!"
Put the ball down, we can't score
They pen shit to blackboards, make queens out of wack broads
You see us comin'? Fuck that Fam shit, just pass off, you bitch
Crystal' Dana Dane's wrapped around your neck
Lookin' rich, baow, you fucked up now
See my gun, nigga? This baby got stuffed uptown
Shouted out, made a whole safe with the pump root pounds
My buddy, keep my gun, right next to my tummy
Ask the click, yo, they spit metal lungies
Detach wigs, kill flunkies off contact, sonsee
Didn't mommy tell y'all niggaz to wear clean undies?
See y'all should of listened to her
She knew her son had a big mouth, and some day death would occur
Please for Ms. Gale's sake, and her seeds
Pass the flurry, ain't fuckin' around, they knocked to her weave

Uh-oh... (word up) This still... (what you talkin' bout, baby?)
Real kids spit that shit..

Let's go, let's go, let's go, yo, yeah
Me and Starks clear projects parks
With our '93 shit, army coat green and light tan Clarks
Niggaz think I'm lucky, bitches wanna fuck me
And put me in the tub with them like I'm a rubber ducky
I got a revolver in the pump about the size of Chucky
I remember faces easy as I tie my laces
Here, put the metal in your mouth, like you was rockin' braces
I spit an iron lungie, yeah, I'm old school like the Iron Monkey
My shit powerful enough to lift a fuckin' donkey
I got heavy chrome, niggaz don't care if you live to die
They happier than Marbury home
Ya'll niggaz better kill me, my street niggaz feel me
Louch gotta eat, ends gotta meet
The hard shit you kickin' bout is on beat as Tweet
This is Theodore, D-Block, the year adore
It's son who fall, with the four-four, niggaz like..

Yeah... nigga this is Ghost with Ghostface
I don't sell millions but I get millions from the fiends that smoke base
Somebody leavin' out with a poked face
Tone, you burnin' to kick his teeth out, and sware don't catch no case
I'mma make you look like you smoke base, and we don't leave no trace
These rap niggaz swear that they so safe
I don't wanna talk to you homes, I don't communicate
My guns be in my hand, one in my palm
And I could dial your number, knock the smile off your face
With the H.K. 9, I'm the all black hummer
Metal lungies'll spit the grungiest shit
Hungriest shit, seventeen dummies a clip
Tell them rap niggaz to suck my dick, fuck the industry
If shit shut down I still bust my shit,
I got some hustlin' ass niggaz that'll pump my bricks

And some dust head niggaz that'll dump my clips, what?