## **Mighty Healthy**

**Ghostface Killah** 

Both hands clusty, chillin' wit my man Rusty low down Blew off the burner kinda dusty The world can't touch Ghost, purple tape Rae co-host Monty Hall expo, intellect you red pro Son trifling fuck, wildflower on the cycling Pick up the brew thought I was Michael an' Mics are writin' pool, now, I'm into Iron Duals Turn-ons the Earth's whoopee, she out of law school In hale break beats of hell A-Alikes propel parallel Duracell night, you flash a burnt cell Snap out of CandyLand, kids the old rumor is blacks become immune to shit, we never did like eati' dead birds chose the pharmacy over herbs Men marrying men, ill they got the herbs pulsar Scissor hand wig vanished in the winter Livin' off land you god damn right I fuck fans king me Check checkmate props like the micro chip founder Neck to neck stocks with Bill Gates now

When we hug these mics we get busy Come and have a good time with G-O-D Make you snap your fingers or wiggle Scream, shout, laugh and just giggle Shake that body, party that body Don't fuck with Ghost you'll feel sorry That's word, I'm not the herb Understand what I'm sayin'

Hit mics like Ted Koppel, rifle expert Let off the Eiffel, burn a flag in the grass it's spiteful Ringleader set it off, rap Derek Jeter Culprit, prince of the game wish you could see us We lay low glitter wax full bangles Priceless rolls, lay around the God get tangled Woolly hair, eyes firey red, feet made of brass Twelve men, following me, it be the God staff Move, every script's like Miramax Smash the big boy totalled it, will shot fear effects Son beamin' wifee on the beach, sippin' Zima Wu 'binos, to latinos, we bust Selena Over night, God schedules, fed ex Pretty soloette velvet nice DNA scroll genetics Too hot, to handle one thought scrambling the mandolin Hundred game Wilt Chamberlain, smack em, say when He rolling up, face wrinkled up, hands is on his nuts Yo kid stop frontin' on the ground before you get touched It's Canada Dry sess, obsessed with Allah's sun We want rye, we want it so bad we might cry