

My Guitar

Ghostface Killah

Aiyo, what's wrong man?
Yo these niggaz over here frontin' on me and shit
Talkin' bout I was sayin' this and that in the '30's
Niggaz gettin' whole shit twisted, like...)
Where them niggaz at? Them niggaz though be and stay on the block, over here?
(Yeah, son, them niggaz... I don't know man)
Boo! Boo! Boo! Boo! Yo(yo, who that?)
Yo, it's Tone! Open the fuckin' door
Tell that nigga (bitch) -- tell that nigga Jack to come out...
Where Jack at? Jack!

So you said what, now? You got the whole shit twisted
That was the other day, pa, you just like them bitches
Faggot ass niggaz, stay bumpin' they gums
Tell me why you were dirtyin' cops out, you never run
Are you holdin' something in? That the hood don't know
'cause if you are, get to truckin', bitch, 'cause you gotta go
It's not a threat, it's a promise, I tell you, don't make your
mamma feel it
You'll be rockin' a toe ring in the morgue, give problems to revealin'

Ya'll niggaz kill me and ya'll, ya'll know ya'll booty
So please get your punk ass off the street
Please, please, do it for your family
Don't be stupid, don't make me use it
No, lord, 'cause you can't sell here, anymore

Did you think I was playin'? When I told you before
You can't come back here, open you up like a pap smear
Actin' like you ain't got fear, nigga you get popped here!
Matter fact, I'm a street doctor, take the shot here!
Blaow, yo, I didn't smile, so, take off your jewelry, now then
So what you leg is bleedin' here, put this in your mouth and
Chew on the barrel of love, get lost in "lead-you" town
You look thirsty, I should of wet you down
But not now, you hear those sirens cryin'
Climbin', tryin' to Save Private Ryan
Bitch, nigga on the floor for lyin' and he whinin'
Dimin' on niggaz, minin' your business
Perfect timin' for findin' bullshit sliders
Swine and sisters, he a wack nigga