

## Odd Couple

Ghostface Killah

Yo yo word up!  
Look who's back in the joint  
It's The Odd Couple in the spot  
Ghostface and C-Don, for real!

It's like that y'all  
Niggas'll crack y'all, attack y'all  
W.T.C. kid, we back y'all!

Yea, for real, for real  
(Eh yo, chop this niggas man  
It's time for me to splash 'em)  
STEP OFF!

Eh yo we million dollars Sinatra's, jewellery truck  
Vest did it up, chop shop it  
Walked out in Babe Ruth, ex-song, hammer-throw heads  
Brought by Je-sus with the grey goose  
Famous for The Book of Greed, long nose  
King Bentley, 9th Prince will decease, made of Ginseng  
Seen it? It's real, liver than chase Manhattan  
Word on Staten I was clappin with the Captain  
My style is gangsta, bulletproof Guess shorts  
I'll fuck you up and come through in a horse  
We like Shaft outta Africa, graham cracker wild  
Beneath this side, four or five gold teeth  
On my neck be the Brolic shit, hurricane CREAM  
Guerilla shit, flashin the ill data things  
Excalate, sure raids, chez with the straps on  
John jumper, Eleanor Poker with the Mac  
Me and C. Goines, bible material  
Words collide, we might pop up in your cereal  
Rock you twice, rock your wife  
Best known for drives on bikes  
Tell your man to stop sendin me kites  
We Tigers Woods in the 'hood  
The Odd Couple up to no good  
Y'all handsome and plus whisper made son

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Niggas'll crack y'all, attack y'all  
W.T.C. kid, we back y'all!  
It's like yo the belt is our's, bitch-ass mothafuckas!  
It's like that y'all  
Niggas'll crack y'all, attack y'all  
W.T.C. son, we back y'all!

It's The Odd Couple!  
Ghostface and C-Don, for real!

I melt 4-30, hands clustered  
I walk around dusted, Big Don with the gold plate  
Pop the cork, buttersoft lights, pop guns at the pork  
New York, catch you on the elevator  
Catch you for your watch and your Alligators  
Blast first, funny style niggas, manipulators, FUCK OFF!  
It's The Odd Couple, see you in the Range, bullets start the exchange

Supreme Clients, y'all niggas can't see us  
Spit track like an 8-ball, ready to brawl  
All for one, all for Pillage, run y'all across stage  
Come in your state, bust down your gate  
Throw spit like a tre'-8, Ghostface  
Live on the crack tour with Bigga C-Don  
Crack your jaw when it's on  
Crack you in the face with a bottle of Dom Perignon  
Fuck Antoine, fuck my Bentley homes  
My wife start fillin pits with hoes  
Front pole, snatch 'phones out your earlobe

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Y'all mothafuckas don't know how to act when y'all hold somethin, huh?  
It's time to give that shit up now nigga, for real  
The Blair Witch is back yo  
(Straight up! The Don of all Dons, word up, for real nigga!)  
Y'all little bitch niggas  
When y'all see me none of y'all niggas better say peace  
For real!  
Y'all niggas don't be holdin this shit  
Y'all frontin  
We let it slide for a couple of years and shit  
Yeah, for real, it's like..  
Y'all mothafuckas know boy