

Yo, new Ghostface!  
To glorious days, check it out y'all  
We back, yes yes y'all  
Masked avengers, we're here to sharpen your sword  
All praises due to T.M.F., Wu-Tang Clan  
Scream on it, Ghost

A-yo, we at the weedgate, waiting for Jake  
We want eight ravioli bags, two thirsty villians yelling bellyaches  
Heavyweight rhyme writers, hitting the grass that's the ripest  
Pull out this kite from this white bitch  
Talking 'bout, "Dear Ghost, you the only nigga I know  
Like when the cops come, you never hide your toast"  
Guest starred in mad shit, CBL, Ice Water metallic  
Past tense placed in gold caskets  
Dru Hill bitches, specialist lounging at the mosque  
Suede kufi wrap, undercover dentist  
Rhymes is made of garlic, never in the target when the NARCs hit  
Rumor is you might start to spit  
You nice Lord, sweet daddy Grace, wind lifted  
On the dancefloor, makeover's free followed by gauze  
Duncan Hines monument cakes, we never half-baked  
Alaskan, sexcapade, push your new court dates  
Trauma, hands is like candy canes, lay my balls on ice  
The branches in my weed be the vein  
Swimsuit issue, darts sent truly from the heart, boo, I miss you  
See daddy rock a wristful  
Modern slave God, graveyard spells, fog your goggles  
Laying like needles in the hospital  
Five steps to conquer, ask Bernadette, big ass whistle  
Ziploc your ear, hear thistle

To my real bitches take your drawers off  
To all my high niggas, snatch her skirt off  
Just in case she wanna play, get up in that bitch face  
And tell her Ghost said, "Take your clothes off!"

A-yo, the Devil planted fear inside the black babies  
Fifty cent sodas in the hood, they going crazy  
Dead meat placed on the shelves, we eat cold cuts  
Fast from the hog y'all and grow up

A-yo, crash through, break the glass, Tony with the goalie mask  
That's the pass, heavy ice Roley laying on the dash  
Love the grass, cauliflower hurting when I dumped the trash  
Sour mash served in every glass up at the Wally Bash  
Sunsplash, autograph blessing with your name slashed  
Backdraft, four-pounders screaming with the pearly ash  
Children fix the contrast as the sound clashes  
Mrs. Dash, sprinkle with her icicle eyelash  
Ask Cappa Pendergrass for backstage passes  
Special guest, no more Johnny Blaze, Johnny Mathis  
Acrobat, run up on that Love Jones actress  
Distract the cat while I'm high sugar get a crack at this  
Dicking down Oprah, jumprope, David Dinkins  
Watch the black mayor of DC hit the mocha  
Tangerine sofa, two super soakers in the Rover

Hit the sport's bar, tell a young lady to bend over  
Meditated yoga, Paddle Ball, dancing with the vulture  
Castor Troy laying for Travolta  
Yo, switch the lingo, five-nine-seventy  
God glow, seven fifteen four be ebony

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