

Rec-Room Therapy

Ghostface Killah

Ight, now, this is how we gon' do this shit
Youknowwhatimsaying? Niggaz wassn't out in the streets back then
When was doing this shit son, youknowwhatimean?
Yeah, check the story

I done flushed bags of powder down project toilets
You could of found of me on the steps dusted, unable to call it
Jums in my pocket, the rental was stolen, tapping pockets
On the local drug dealers, just to see what they holding
I know, niggaz with crack viles stuck to they colon
The acid, done bubbled up, now they stomach's is swollen
That just, life in the hood, surrounded class, who we bag in our stash
The ultraviolet haze, we hit it and pass
We toast to the Ghost of old days, yeah, old ager hump
We rap renegades, must stay paid

Get money (get money) Get money, Ghost (get money)
Get money (get money) Get money, Ghost (get money)

Big fluffed out geese on, Stan Smiths
The housing cops can suck our dicks, we jumping out
Of convertible matchbox shits, next drip inhaling
Chilling, my throat frozen, my orange brick
Bottles of Cru', bitches with Baby Phats, they swinging ax
They singing, you still blinging, daddy, now bring it back
The smokest rap nigga, honey, I'mma need a match
To bust the game wide open, I'mma need an ax
I juggle this, practice, smuggle heroin in the cactus
Keep a hood, I still go and fuck a fat bitch
Actress, slinging the backs of five Cleopatras
A cocaine Chef, I stretch money like elastic
My raps is bigger, dynamics with the muscle advantage
Jake Cutler on dust, when I blam shit

Yo, we been bagging since 18, kid, Polo Rugs on with gloves on
Rented cars, fronting on winning broads
Gum slow, half moon, leather pants, Avia' days
Keep your hands off my blunt and my waves
Beneton, Superman bomb, everybody in the lobby, we clapping
Hats on, protecting your moms, you know how we play
Spray something down if the team say
It's on, I dedicate my lines to the PJ's
Triple beams, Pyrex jars, smoking nickle weeds
All we did is look mad fly, icicle rings
Whatever homeboy, you want it? You could get your receipt
A little closer, you can sense we got heat, it's only me
Plus four other ill gangstas, we all anxious
To blow up your block and spank shit

Yo, I'm down for the get down, hit the town, sick the bloodhounds on 'em
I rip clowns, I flip pounds, I spit rounds
I'm on the prowl, my stomach growl, crushed by the crowd
Rush through Loud Records, drop mushroom clouds
I'm not a rapper, I'm spellbound, I melt down
Your G-Force, with heat walks
Free falling to a better money, bet he's hungry
Spread the honey, big head inside the Humvee

Mix lead inside my lungies, spend bread on my Dungarees
And such and such, Ghost plugged me with this slut
Don't hug me, bug me, I'm ugly when I fuck
I'm hard like a jungle hunter, bust off in Heather
Double cross me, lift your boss off your feet, 'course he's feather
Whatever, whatever, he cried indepenence
Tennis players get fried, playing both sides of the ends
Keep your eyes on your friends, cuz they spy for the feds
Watch me rise from the dead, I got ties with the dreads