

# Rec-Room Therapy

Ghostface Killah

Ight, now, this is how we gon' do this shit  
Youknowwhatimsaying? Niggaz wasn'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 geeses 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