

Saturday Nite

Ghostface Killah

Yo

Saturday night, Uptown
Ridin' past Kansas Fried Chicken
What's poppin' kid? We in the mix
It's chilly 40 below
Gate's closed gotta catch Dr. J's
Blowin' my hand, rub on my nose
Tap the glass, stop frontin' Duke, fresh pair of jeans
Look I got loot, eleven in the Bass boots

Heard a screech pull up, these Jakes flashed me 5 pictures
One had my man's mug, Semi stepped brother hugs
You asked the wrong guy son
I'm from Melina, yeah we know Mr. Coles
Flew in two days ago to see his fam'
But we been watchin' you, crazily
The whole Staten Island shittin on you
Wisdom Bird's pregnant out in Baisley

Hold up snow in your ear, fresh baldie tried to change up
Not trunk today, still lookin' fly, still slammed up hung
Your mom pop in your trunk, slow your pace
Starks fixed your face, copped out the 6, five years probat'
You dealin' with a lot of science, motherfucker we're watchin'
you
Make me want to lick shots at you
You disgust me, screwin' me down, grab my gun
Go 'head bust me, heard you hate Jake that's what it must be

Hands behind your back, spread your legs
Just found a roach in your tray
It's not mine fucker, what I said
You met the 13th nigga
A multimillion dollar operation is based upon it yo
Where in the Hell's the RZA?
He's sellin' mics, wildest joints

Special made to go up in your hand and which went out on point
Switched to the next scene, I'm at the crib buggin' out
on how po' live, hatin' plus harassin' the kid
Park the truck in the double face garage
Dial 1-900-Raekwon, tell the God shit's mega
Reel flashin' me on BET, Planet Groove, Rap City News
NAACP committees