

Uh-huh.. yeah..
Aiiyyo, aiiyyo big wearhousin shit
Cristal bottles, Agent 88 with the gold wrapper
Coat rack is no good with the dope classics
Master fantastic trips and we fuck crackers
Bark on bitches, spark out sisters dart for dart
Diamond heart, slammin El Dorado with the Benz parts
Yo Pah mark my words
The brand new album in stores now, murderin 'em!
Murderin the higher learnin, as of now I turn myself in
Retire, give my babies my entire earnings

State my name, on this Ghost track the grand classic graphic massive
Move with the real groove with the still active
Stay 'nique, play for keep, bubble under heat
Champagne spillin, Big Willin, dealin in these streets
Sex on the Beach, Sex and the City, slum gritty
Suck milk from the titties, ain't nuttin pretty
See it in your eyes, see it in your face, son you pussy
Step out of line one time get left mushy
Champion never run never ran never will
Bed-Stuy, East New York, Crown Heights, Brownsville

Yo, don't get pumped up, cause over here you'll get lumped up
Badly bruised with your shit leakin all fucked up
I tell you what (what) we can settle the score
My hands, they break bricks and now level your jaw
My criteria, reign superior, we flood the streets about a 100 deep
Run through your town, vacate the area
When shit start happenin, y'all'll start scatterin
Skatin across the bridges in the, county of Madison
I'm down for the get down, cause y'all ain't gon' spit rounds
Niggaz be on the first thing smokin, tryin to skip down
Your door kicked down, red dot the lead pop
Hit the jackpot, in his shoebox, found the bread spot

The Al-Dog is Cristal, you critters got issues
I play dumb while I dump my ashes out the windows
Like I never heard the info, Ghost you so glamorous
Word on the set is that I fuck up all cameras! {*echoes*}