

Street Opera

Ghostface Killah

Sun God, get 'em, official
I stay far from my opponents, pardon me dogs
That's why lead the call, they moving up on us
But them G's on the corners, move when I move
That's a warning, or I'ma have my goons spin a garment
Think it's sweet, and try to creep or run up on us
Shit'll get deeper than twelve foot, and you be leaking out of order
Don't beef, if you ain't beefin' for no quarters
Cause pain is money, you float funny when you surf in' the water
I'm that dude slangin' pack by the border
I love my life, I live it twice, cause it's up to me sorta
You a fool with a mental disorder, and it's probably your daughter
That really love me, for the shit that I taught her
Will Smith on the guest list, pops is the king
I'm the fresh prince, forty oil tune, kick ya chest in
Us that got the universe confession, pardon your dame
I'm new to the game, but true to my lessons
Jeans, hoods, guns, crack

Visions of me swallowing crack, being chased by jake
And the sound of the razor keep hitting the plate
And tooters is flab with rugers, with daggers and them jeans
We chew through it, like we coming down off woolas
And my P.O., she half Creole, I move from Philly to Dallas
With true talent, like my name is T.O.
So when I piss, I gotta piss slow, she know I kick them Vasine bottles
Cause if I'm dirty, I ain't letting it go
Your project steps is Ajax down, dry blood
Maintenance men with the scrub brush, scraping the ground
Diapers, baby rattles and broke lighters, I led many
Horses to water, just to see if they like it
Taste my, Betty Crock', ready rock, bet he cock, now
News flash, my nigga ridin' L, laid a cop down
Any of ya niggas want beef, I will stop clowns
I got a bad ox' fifth, now how the glock sound?

Hey yo, what up S.G.? (Hey yo, what's poppin' my nigga
I'm just oil in the toolies, exercising my trigger
Finger, I got the biggest bangers) Yeah, I got a crispy stainless
Your mans ain't fucking those hoes, they just a bunch of gamers
(Them head shots, neck shots, probably blow they brains in
I'm so close to the edge, pushin' they fucking face in)
I bet you now, them motherfuckers really start complaining
(No hesitation, my reputation'll leave 'em chaining)
We go hard, like the NARC's when we start invading
(I copped the license and registration, to cock and aiming)
It's all entertainment (And all my niggas made it)
We hard body like Wu-Tang and Iron Maiden
(I keep the iron blazing, hands hurt
Like a bitch when she putting braids in, I think it's so amazing)
We ran trains for hours, up in the Days Inn
Hood rats and crack motels, we seen baking
Yeah, good