

## Stroke Of Death

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, soloman marked for life, a million to life  
Thug for life, forever eyein the kid  
'89 stick-up kid, king of new york  
Regulation party, daddy hard body  
Rowdy brighton god-body  
Smooth like a leather bop, '83 hip-hop  
Top of the world, get it rizzight  
Big to your wizzife, murder cats for the right prizzice  
Four-hundred and fifty-six on the dizzice  
This is real lizzife, ain't nothin sweet god  
Sit down and think it through god  
'cause comin all outta ya face'll get ya clap god

You are now listening to the sounds of supreme clientele

Step in to the party, it's me  
God almighty, ghost still holdin that shotty  
Dustin alize', three-quarter timbs  
Terry-cloth robes, crisp hundreds in the envelope  
Duke it on the globe, thank God for my wallabee shoes  
They done saved me, up three-nothin and salt lake city  
Burgundy minks, whips with sinks in em  
Brocolli blown, illa disease breath, elephant skin  
Meet the black boy george, dusted on my honeymoon  
Bitch like my wife, she popped my ghostface balloon  
Bitches think that I'm dominican, slap-hash indian  
Milk on my mustache, drop to my chiny-chin  
Dive into dangerous parts, buildin with thirsty mammals  
White man scream, "swim stars sharks!"

Smack the girl, bailbonds man stripped of eighteen bronz man  
Tall like carl malone "mailman", framed on larry johnson  
Tony montana blow, creamy white havana joe's  
Old suzanna hoe, pussy sweet, banana flow  
David banner, gamma ray shots, beast will marinate  
Bones splitted fatal wu swords, sour amputate  
Duck savanna wait, we splashed the glass, ice rocks  
Our cash high right stock, our logo's on your rice box  
Plus your dice box, on the side upon your white socks  
Bobby got the mic cocked, buck buck, nice shot