

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? (no it's Ghost, no it's Ghost)  
What did y'all discover?  
Is it a bird? Is it a plane? (no it's Ghost, no it's Ghost)  
It's a Superman lover...

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Aiyo, I'm coming up the block, got my hands on the ratchet  
And these fucking little faggots don't believe it's Ghost  
Well, surprise mothafucka, Starkey Love got breakfast  
Got some steaming hot biscuits, you can eat this toast  
Shots blow through ya meatloaf and lace ya back  
Turn you over like a pancake and take ya gat  
That's not damn near the half of it  
Cops came, said the Killahs ain't risk game and the flow's so accurate  
Anything's possible, black, you mad profitable  
Waste no time, breath, air on popping you  
Put you on the guest list, go dance with death  
The club's dead, yeah, you right, you the last one left  
See the spooks in, goths in, devils in, fire's in  
You dwelling in hell where them snitch niggaz lyin, friend  
Ya skin start bubbling from in the hot oven  
Say peace to my man down there, K-Dozen  
It's Ghost, pressing y'all clowns on the regular  
Dead you on a five pack, then take ya cellular  
Don't get it twisted, black, cuz I'll bury ya  
This is just weed money, the more, the merrier

They call me the Superman lover  
Said, they call me the Superman lover  
Yeah, plus I'm wrong...

Aiyo, G4 jets with like three and four pets  
Sex, Beck's, chicken and hens, all the same sex  
Walk through the Amazon, spilling Dom, Moet  
To find my way back I gotta leave a trail of bagettes  
My tongue's like a four-pound, my game is ill  
Twist a chick like a Rubik's cube, now what's the deal?  
Chocolate, light skin, meet Mr. Excitement  
Got my D.D.L. on me, that's my Dick 'em Down License  
Never wife 'em, strike just like lightning  
I stay piping, hype just like Hype is  
Bitches wanna see me and my rindstone drawers  
Call in sick at work, then they take off  
For me, spread 'em out for Starky  
My mouth may drizzle like BizMarkie  
I get it in like any car key  
My stroke is on, I'm never rusty  
Uh-uh, but if you wanna play, this is what you gonna say  
That I got the best D, he could hit it all day  
Something like a rising star that's on Broadway  
Sex real live with a Illmatic foreplay

Oh shit, it's that Bally, it's that slick Bally  
'88 material, little niggaz don't know nothing about this though  
Check it out y'all (look) come on (look) yeah, come on  
(Up in the sky) When I'm at the bar, or in a rented car (look)  
(You'll see me flying by) Ya see the jewelry truck, don't touch

Yeah, yeah, come on, when I'm in the streets  
Might show you the heat (look, flying straight past ya)

Toney Starks Radio (something ain't wrong with me)  
Mama got a big butt, mama got a big butt  
Toney Starks Radio right here  
Mama got a big butt, mama got a big butt  
Smooth FM, you know how we do, come on  
Wave ya hand in the air like this  
Mami, wave ya hands in the air like this  
Put 'em up if you trying to get rich  
Put 'em up if you trying to get rich  
Uh, that's right, get rich  
Let's go, that's right, get rich  
Ghostface, Ghostface...  
Staten Island, New York, what up