

# The Grain

## Ghostface Killah

Do you want to see it?  
Do you want to see it?  
I'm gonna do it for ya [Repeat: x4]

New Ghostface!  
Yo deep in the trenches  
Wig, young black green beret  
Chrome laser guns blazing at spades  
Wallabies, cherry noose, cool-aid  
10 niggas call it Tai-Chi  
Black blades, one hundred dollar seats  
Hold up, we at the opera  
Queen Elizabeth rub on my leg  
Had ketchup on her dress from a whopper  
Chunky ass necklace  
Must be her birthstone  
John Paul cop the biggest stones outta Rome  
Told ya eyes up on her prince  
Fucking with Diana  
Two rows across, Dirty giving hickies to Vianna White  
Fingering Pamela Lee  
We on the balcony  
Dare one of y'all to Malcolm X me  
Somebody might catch a Kennedy  
Yo let me adjust my lens  
Through these binoculars  
I paid 5 g's sliding off like Kid Vitamin  
Viking  
Patriot of Broad Street  
Bet you think I'm laying like a hyphen

Tony Starks make the narc's dogs bark  
With the Benz parked  
Up against the boulevard  
Starks had the bone sparked  
One cop tapped the window glass  
Like a cymbal crash,  
"What the fuck son! You trying to break glass?"  
He flashed his badge,  
"License and registrations"  
At that moment  
His fat partner started chasing  
Chicken heads they was racing wit' they hearts pacing  
For snatching gold  
Trying' to dip into the god's basement  
Our location  
Lead steel shed spread  
Cracked shorty head  
Left sweetie there for dead  
Ghetto poodles  
Fingers sticky from cheese doodles  
Starving' for a 50 cent bag of Oodles and Noodles  
Neighborhood sick wit' it  
Clinton 'bout to cut WIC  
Maybe one y'all rich rap niggas need to politic  
Reach for the sky  
They throw bleach in your eye

Don't teach you why  
You be keeping 'em high  
Dipped like an Oreo cookie  
In cold milk, bold silk  
Gold-filled cap, Wu wear hat,  
Low tilt  
True Islamic  
We speak verbal rhyme phonics  
Why y'all trying to change this hip hop to technotronics?

Don't go against the grain (the grain) [Repeat: x3]  
Girl!  
Because of you I'm hurting  
Within my within my heart  
I know it's not right to be flirting  
But a relationship has to start  
You're the one that I'm clocking  
It's time for you to start jocking  
Don't want you to see me cry  
This is why this is why this is why

I met this girl named Rhonda from way down yonder  
Hey yo god don't fuck with her!  
I met this girl named Liz she was all in the biz  
Hey yo lord don't fuck with her!  
I rocked a hoe named Tina from the heart of Medina  
Hey yo kid don't fuck with her!  
Yea that girl Kit Kat she got the good poodle cat  
Hey yo nigga you better fuck with her!