

## Tony Sigel

## Ghostface Killah

Yo, straight out the ghetto, I'm damn hood  
I Stack-A-Dollar like a whole rack of canned goods  
Baggy jeans, no Timbs, A.C.G. boots  
Living in the Crack Spot, banging at Sheek Louch  
The narcotics is far from garbage  
Whether it's cold or it's late August  
My shit is fresh cause I catch the harvest  
My little cousin bubble Swatches and carry a couple oxes  
Keep a duece-deuce by his ankle and get it popping  
You know, we be the boys clocking the graveyard shift  
Big bundles, counting our CREAM, burning the lazer spliff  
My man, jumps out the whip with the A.R. fifth  
And we barred from plenty of parties cause we start shit  
Parole hoes, six months in the box  
My little sister got her head shaved off  
She made it home from shop  
We selling cartons, Pampers, Similac formula  
Anything it take because the paper keep calling ya  
Gangstas keep balling for sure, we want more  
We make it rain from the tech and wop  
The Lex pouring and the precincts don't have enough cups for us  
To slow us up, they hit us with dust  
Then they rush, bust, my big man Ron'll break the cuffs  
Three-hundred pound nigga, po-po has to fuck him up  
They say that my projects shall undergo therapy  
We never voted, we voting for Oprah, Obama, and Eric B

The ill rap niggas that kill  
Destroy shit but they able to build  
Come fuck with the real  
Coward, better play your part  
This shit'll lace yo' heart  
Get hit with a Ghostface dart  
And you better live this shit to fullest  
Or be ready to pull it  
Or be hit with a B. Sig' bullet  
The ill rap niggas that kill  
Destroy shit but they able to build  
Come fuck with the real

It's the Broad Street Bully and the Killah with no face  
My mack bullets burn like tequila with no chase  
My knifework like a guillotine sword cutting  
Niggas stop fronting for my Killa Beez swarm something  
Bzzz, empty out the whole clip then reload  
Shotgun barrel leave it smoking like a broke stove  
Yeah, and I'm all about that bullshit  
The casket, the hearse and the pastor in the pulpit  
I kill a nigga at the drop of a dime  
Just imagine what I do for a quarter  
Ain't no telling what I do for a dollar  
Pop a nigga right in front of his mama  
Son a nigga right in front of his daughter  
And I'm nothing like the father  
He couldn't come from these nuts I got  
Or see Baltimore suck this cock  
I know most of y'all wouldn't understand

Get it... get it... understand  
Yeah, some niggas will, and some niggas won't  
Like some niggas kill, and some niggas don't  
You're a fake until you make it type of nigga  
I'm a straight up take it type of nigga  
Pistol whip a nigga 'til I break it type of nigga  
I'm hard on chumps, most these dudes is fags  
Put the guard on punks, push the broom up they ass  
Or the knife like American meat  
American Sig', it's Muslim, so I ain't feeling Bush overseas  
I think with the wisdom of Malcolm, got the soul of a panther  
So "By Any Means" is the anthem, you gon' have to cut me out the track  
Like cancer  
I can't stop, won't stop, this how we do it from Philly to Shaolin  
All my niggas swap in (Yeah nigga)