

## Yolanda's House

Ghostface Killah

I, can't, leave these streets alone, no more (Yeah, yo)  
Aiyó, I'm skinned up, Nikes is scuffed, still bugging  
Earlier, around four, how I escaped the bus  
The way I fell, cracked the face of my watch, my man's chanting me on  
Like run, son, don't go up in the spot  
Jetting through bushes and backyards, neighbors is ratting me out  
Dogs is barking all you hear is the cars  
Sirens, I'm trying to think, and toss the iron  
Bomb in my sweats, got me running funny, you think I'm lying  
May God strike me, if he don't like me, I'm tired and I'm out of breath  
The weed got me paranoid, my heart's pounding through my chest  
Trying to focus, yup, and make progress  
That's what I get for slinging in them projects  
Next thing you knew, I'm in this bitch's crib, chilling  
Told 'em my story, you'll like this, I had her legs in the ceiling  
Cooking me fried fish sticks, hot side of them biscuits  
While she doing this, the bitch still sliding on lipstick  
Now I got the fat stomach on, she cracking the Dutch  
Playing with her pussy on the couch, I'm ready to fuck  
Like come here, miss Lady Wop, where you put the condom box  
You finished off the last one, oh shit, I hear the cops  
Handcuffs and talkies, I mashed the white yorkie  
Jetting up the steps, and pig want revenge like Porky's  
So I slid, hid behind the wall, opened the door  
Like 'ooh', I seen my man Meth going in raw  
So he jumped up, balls out, hid in the closet  
I'm dying laughing, he said "Yo, Starks, be quiet"

And let me put my drawers on, nigga, what dope you on, shit?  
Should of knocked, before you came in the spot, Ghost, you wrong  
Busting in here on that government shit, got the chick screaming  
Grabbing the sheets, trying to cover her tits  
She's asthmatic and you laughing, son, I bumped my toe all the nice things  
Just run and try to grab the gun  
Cuz shit's real, man, you spazzing dunn  
There come a time in a man's life, he got to toss his pack and run  
You know he family like Crack and Pun, but Mr. G.F.K.  
State your business, after that, be one  
Now can it be that you hot, lord, you did some shit on the block  
That the cops trying to lock you for  
Can't believe you blowing the spot, lord, my chick is bugging  
You tripping, my dick keep slipping out my boxer drawers  
Now I'm caught up in the drug sting, niggas is calling my horn  
Police is hitting every corner we on  
Can't understand that it's a thug thing, and in the middle of thought  
I'm interrupted by Shallah Raekwon

I need my money, Meth, going on about them hundred birds  
Tell Tone to get at me, on 'em and my clients want work  
He know we fresh out, tell the kid meet me, matter fact, beep me  
Word to mother, lord, sunny got me hurt  
You still fucking shorty? I knew it, the big mouth broad  
That be yoking my balls out, her little brother wanted two bricks  
You know that nigga 'Lipps, he Maybach, on 26  
All he do is get money, hustle, he's a dick  
Tell me foul shit, wild shit, ya'll niggas wear a lot a loud shit  
Yo, that Steve Rifkin style, shit

Hit me with some other talk, him in New York  
They love the Venezuela nigga, stabbed his son with a fork  
That was Jesus roofs, his little niece  
Little niece, his father's homework  
That's the kid who gave us a boost  
He gave them things on the arms, said for us to be calm  
And if some beef pop off, go 'head and ring the alarm