

The Ghost Of Christopher Wallace

Jay Electronica

The game ain't been the same since B.I.G died
And Wu swarmed on New York from out that beehive
Don't talk to me 'bout MC's got skill
Don't talk to me 'bout who's the king of the hill
Don't talk to me 'bout who's the best alive
Or who's in your top 5, cause he's not ill
Real recognize real, stick to your deal
Try to make a cool mill off the single
With that ringtone appeal in 3 years, you'll be nil
Nil by mouth, my appeal down south
Is like the Nation of Islam when Ali knocked Liston out
Universal change from what appeared is just about
All aboard, It's the last train, soul train
A bottle of ciroc could turn a private jet to soulplane
Put your seats back, your tray down and feet up
Cause we about to heat up

From Baton Rouge to Jerusalem, wack crews we bruising 'em
Crooked mouth, flat footed cops man we losing 'em
Let me see some ID, nigga fuck a ID
You be getting head from crackheads in the lobby
Mr. Officer, please observe my skin tone
Please observe the prophecies of hurricane and brimstone
The flow's so Tolstoy, Fyodor Dostoy
Half oyster, half shrimp, fully dressed po' boy
Lyrically I'm unfuckwitable, unforgettable, one tough miracle
Competition's none, I leave 'em dumbstruck, critical
That's some luck, pitiful, better luck next time
We young, black, and restless, hung, black and reckless
My name's on every guest list, bang on every setlist
Went to London town, tore it down and threw my necklace
Even twitter said that Jay Elec be on that next shit
I should be arrested