

## Ghost Deini

## Wu-Tang Clan

"In an enemy land..."

"Ack, just by destroying Starks Enterprises  
We could cripple their national defence  
So, you Professor Finkle, the world's greatest  
Expert on electricity must devise the destruction  
Of Starks' mighty guardian, Iron Man"

Yo, summer time holdin' the nine, split the Vega in half  
Jeeps rumble and my dogs puff grass  
Bank stoppin', high-derox hydraulic  
Kid with the most knowledge will obtain to touch top dollars  
Hold me down, hand me my cake, dusty, bake, activate  
Fuck your corny debates  
I'm like cake or maybe like ten thousand dollar rabbits  
The kid walked through, switch up his accent "Now I'm from Paris"  
Cash the bill, frozen element, Segal  
Signs from the most high causes me to break them all  
How the fuck was why'all niggas thinkin? You think I fell off the ledge?  
The legendary Ghost Deini might be dead?  
Never, impossible, pull out black burners like tonsils  
To gallants, hit 'em if we go to  
Bustin at why'all niggas daily  
Wall-to-wall, Hawkins  
Suckin your teeth 'cause God chain-talkin  
Like Ghostface this, Ghostface that  
Ghost sold crack, now his revelations spoken through rap  
Valored down like the sheik of Iran  
Gasoline cream wrapped in hospital bands  
Model vans, Michael Davis, it's me against housin'  
Extraordinary pro-black, sold God creations to control thousands  
Catch me at the flicks, Apollo rap Fredrick Douglas  
You know what? Eh yo, fuck this  
Eh yo, how can I move the crowd?  
First of all, ain't no mistakes allowed  
Here's the instructions, put it together  
It's simple ain't it? Well, quite clever

Marvin, Marvin, you were a friend of mine  
You stood for somethin, ugh  
Tupac, Biggie, ohh how we miss you so  
We want why'all both to know  
We really love you so  
Eh yo, I'm Gucci down  
Wally boot, Jamaican hat, long 4-pound  
Ask niggas how I get down  
Don't speak much, deluxe plush  
Imaginations holdin' all like Willie Hutch  
You might've bumped into me on the Riker's bus  
Weed in my teeths, jem in my beauty sleep, sleeve  
Dead serious, knowledge by 2% triple geese  
Come on, we juggle mic's  
We come on all the amps, advance the final  
Show these niggas how the way we dance  
Hot night, Jamaica  
Came through in a boger green '68 Pacer  
Had mad paper, high as a fuck  
Truck, 2 rappers got stuck that night

I ain't sayin' no names, they know who, thank you for the change  
Outdoor event, New Year's Eve, Cali weed  
Thirty seconds till we tear and de cease  
Quick, call all my seeds dipped in the crowd  
The hoe spotted me, knew not to call my name out  
He walked off softly, we exactly  
Formed like Christ and the disciples  
Black fatigues, lethal-faced dunnie, he held the rifle  
We had the whole shit shook, you favorite rapper's droppin they drinks  
On the low, tuckin' they links, we made 80 off the books

It's like '86, Magic Johnson, no disrespect  
My metaphors'll keep out The Projects  
Rap connects'll keep me correct  
Eh yo, I wrote this on Donnie roof  
After his funeral, on one knee  
Thinkin' his killer's followin' me  
So to my nigga Donnie, up there  
Can you please tell God that we fucked up here?  
We got beer, weed, guns, AIDS  
All these obstacles, it's hard to make it nowadays  
Watch the Devil in it, some say it's our fault  
If that's the answer, you know smokin' can cause cancer  
Let me drop a bracelet, leave a chain behind  
My tape stay at the beginnin' 'cause that's how they rewind  
Why'all know how we dine, we don't eat swine, and we don't drink wine  
If you don't bring me some motherfuckin' cognac, I kill you  
I can't feel you  
Ain't in my senses, and you ain't in my dollars  
I fuck with rockwilders, no leashes, no collars  
Brolic scholars, that's Ghost Deini!