

Revenge Is Sweet (feat. Masta Killa & Killa Sin)

Ghostface Killah

Roads of glory, praising me the same
Winds of fury, cycle in the rain
Cycle in the rain with the span of time
Through the frame of mind the winds remind
Roads of glory, praising me the same
Winds of fury, cycle in the rain
Cycle in the rain with the span of time
Through the frame of mind the winds remind
(If any) body (knew that) time would
(Sit to) show me (in the) time would never start anew
(If any) body (knew that) time would
(Sit to) show me (in the) time would never start anew
Ay yo, revenge is sweet
That's why I take my time with it
Like good pussy I just stay when I'm up in it
Evil plan, my mind functions well off spite
I don't do that tit for tat, I blow your shit up like dynamite
Take my life, I'll take every one you love
Have your kids thrown out of a plane, 'look out cus'
My plots are like movie scripts, they well planned
Snatch you off the land and drop you off in the sahara sand
So don't scam me, don't try to double cross me
My Tennessee goons'll nail that ass to the cross, b
Revenge mode, I live life by the sword
And if you live by it, die by it, I'll still kill your horse
Set me up, coming back, like a thief in the night
I'll have a suicide bomber pop up on your flight
You couldn't take my life
My mass done resurrected
And I'm ghostface killah, way more than you expected
Those who fear his return, must face the catastrophe
Yes but what they didn't expect
A hundred ghouls from the projects armed and masked
With flamethrowers and gas'll blast anything
Hung him by his tongue ring
Til he gave the info on how we find his kinfolk
Made him sound the ransom then gave the dope to his grandson
Bust the shot and made him run fast, back to his family
News of his discovery would set off a chain of events
That would then lead to members of DeLucas to bleed with no exception

They sip the raw muscles so kill everything, no exception to the media
There would not be a retire or cease fire
Til every Luca has expired in entirety
Wishes of the god Tone Starks to eternity
Respectfully Cutthroats, murdersprees, and killings were synonymous
With his gangsta life before his passing
So it'da only seem fitting that it would become
The embodiment of his new life I keep having flashbacks of blasting natural gats, cutting outside the benches
Got convicted of the gun charge and laughed at my sentence
Four years, five flat post-release supervision
For niggas spitting in the wind, but that's what I get for missing
So soon as I hit the again, niggas is finished
Ninja mode on a mission out to end your existence
Think I'm sitting up in prison
With a tin of L, in a cell, sick ass hell, listen
Everyday is like christmas, I miss my seed and my missus
But I see em on visits, I ain't stressing over pussy
Beat my dick to her pictures
When they free me I'mma see you leaving food for the fishes
Hope the Luca crew is in for the fixing
Now get the henchman, line em up
Tommy gun em down, the muzzle extension
Tear they flesh off for one of em flinching Those who fear his return, must face the catastrophe
The Catastrophe Those who fear his return, must face the catastrophe
The Catastrophe
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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