The Hilton

Ghostface Killah

This nigga just bought eleven machine guns And he brought them in my crib Glittered out, stout face, teck, Rae up in the Hilton Heard Nia Long is in the building Penthouse fashion, ordered out room service It looked bugged 'cause the waiter looked nervous Lift off the lid, seen two shiny thirty-eights aimed at the kid What I do, duck, Rae up in the shower singing Son don't know that it's real Coming looking like he about peel something In a tight jam, red down, matching like Santa If I could just reach my hammer He bust two shots, I played mice Ran to the spot were the sun was at Quickly he was blinded by the ice That's when Rae ran out of the back Towel on, soap on his arms, spit duke around, fell on my lap Yo, what the fuck happened? It was a set up to get wet up Starks your bleeding Nah, his blood fucked my white leather up Ten G's down the drain Yo hurry up, we got to get him up Get the sheets son, let's fix him up Lock the door, turn the TV off, your kicks is near the light switch Just give me two minutes to iron my shirt, find my ices

> The hit came quick Hit the jack, star six Ghost

Put down the phone stupid
Wipe off your prints
Rae ran hysterically, slipped on soap
Landed on his back, with his gat, now that's dope
We got three minutes, nobody seen shit
Somebody might have heard shit
Singing on some Martin, were my momma bird shit
Fuck your socks, that's when we heard the door knock
Everything all right? Partying son, balloons popped
Threw this dude under the bed

A half dressed Raekwon, swallowing diamonds
Had money in juice up on his wedding day
The phone rang off, the tea kettle blew, wifey hitting me
What you want sweaty, lima beans and kidney
Trashed the beeper, slowly I reached for the reefer
Throw a Costa, peep, oh son the house keeper
Soap suds dripping from his nuts, cut up gut

Praying how me make it out the telly and touch Fuck it, a Wesley Snipes movement on a Sunday in Bermuda We laptop niggas, thugs in a computer Caught up in the grimy shit Finding two days later a murder and we got to make this flight shit It was a Wesley Snipes movement on a Sunday in Bermuda We laptop niggas, thugs in a computer A Wesley Snipes movement on a Sunday in Bermuda We laptop niggas, thugs in a computer Ayo, the pressures on, sonny got murk, it's time to move fast Ayo, Deini it's on, check out the news flash Flew out the next day, back to the Tony estates Blew on the first class flight to L.A. It ain't take long, I pulled a few strings on the horn So were it came from? That nigga we stuck and took the caine from

That nigga we stuck and took the caine from We should have killed him when we had him Yo I was holding a Magnum

Yeah we bagged him, but we let him slide in the wagon
His bad little brown ho, from out Chicago
She move his cargo, good at handling Roscoes
We had our eyes closed God, we should have seen it coming
He should have seen me coming, running out the shower gunning
Now that I figured it, she put the waiter on
It all came to me, in back of my mind, just like my favorite song
Dawned on me later on, by then the day was gone
How dare this nigga even think that he could take us on

Smoke the Cee Allah
Sent the kite through the Pens
Him and big Dan

Known to split wigs, with razor sharp gems
Giants from Attica riots, halls is quiet
CO's with babies on their arms look tight
And this nigga from down state got shipped up north
Stocky young fella, running his lips on how he set it off
Then heard that shit, plus got that kite
Money got murdered in his bunk that night

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Finding two days later a murder and we got to make this flight shit
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