

Apollo Kids (Ty Steel Remix)

Ghostface Killah

Uh-huh, uh-huh, motherfucker, uh-huh
Yeah, I see that, I see that
All y'all fake motherfuckers up in the joint, huh?
Stealing my light, huh? Watch me, duke, watch meYo, check these up top murderous
Snowy in the bezzle as the cloud merges
F.B.I. try and want word with this
Kid who punked out bust a shot up in the beacon
Catch me in the corner not speaking
Crushed out heavenly, U.G. rock the sweet daddy long fox minks
Chicken and broccoli, Wally's look stinky
With his man straight from Raleigh Durham, he recognized Kojak
I slapped him five, Masta Killa cracked his tiny form
Everybody break bread, huddle around
Guzzle that, I'm about to throw a hand in your bag
Since the face been revealed, game got real
Radio been gassing niggas, my impostors scream they ill
I'm the inventor, '86 rhyming at the center
Debut '93 LP told you to Enter
Punk fagot niggas stealing my light
Crawl up in the bed with grandma,
beneath the La-Z-Boy where ya hid ya knife
Ghost is back, stretch Cadillac's, fruit cocktails
Hit the shells at Paul's Pastry Rack
Walk with me like Dorthy tried to judge these
plush degrees, said the cow, wrap the fees
Getting waxed all through the drive-through
Take the stand, throw my hand all on the Bible
and tell lies too, I'm the ultimate
splash the Wolverine Razor Sharp ring, dolomite
student in role holding itHey yo, this rappin's like Ziti, facin me real TV
Crash at high-speeds, strawberry, kiwi
As we approach, yo herb, the Gods bail
These Staten Island ferryboat cats bail
Fresh cellies, 50 thief up in the city
We banned for life, Apollo kids live to spit the realA pair of bright phat yellow Air Max
Hit the racks, stack 'em up Son, \$20 off no tax
Street merchant tucked in the cloud, stay splurging
Rock a eagle head, 6-inch height was the bird
Monday night Dallas verse Jets, dudes slid in with one hand

Two culture-ciphers, one bag of wet
Heavy rain fucked my kicks up
Wasn't looking, splashed in the puddle
Bitch laughing, first thought was beat the bitch up
Mossied off gracefully, New York's most wanted tee-ball hawk
Seen the yellow brick road, lust of pastries
Same Ghostface, holy in the mind
Last scene, Manhattan Chase
We drew the six-eight digit in the briefcase
Rawness, title is Hell-bound
Quick to reload around faces, surround look astound
We split a fair one, poker nose money
Gin rummy with glare, spot the lame, bit his ear
Yo, you taste a tea-spoon, 300 goons, stash balloons
Locked in lab rooms, hit with glock, stashed in Grant's Tomb
Clocked him like a patient, his stock's full, hustle invasion
Knowing now, we cocked a block off, the chain tri-color
Freezing in valor, ice-sicle galore
Gas station light gleaming on the wall
Cop WiseGuy jams, James Bond vans
Niggas flipped Timbs, rock boats under water, watch clams
pose at the stand-off, mad timid
hoping that the gun fall, guess him like lottery balls, yo
Hey yo, this rappin's like Ziti, facin me real TV
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Songwriters

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