

# Starkology

## Ghostface Killah

Yo, yo, y'all respect my tour bus  
We got whores with no drawers ready to do all four of us  
Wildin', bustin' big bags of Ruffles  
Show money, rubber banded up in the duffle With dirtball niggas that steal cake from stores  
Boostin' niggas that pop tags in the mall  
True spot hoggers, used a few stockings  
Niggas, hand over the cash when heat's to they noggin I sing a lil' lullaby, who gon' testify  
The way a gruesome murder been televised?  
Stupid, my name still ring in the streets though  
Eighty six, used to slip crack through the peephole Biscuit like Vaseline if I was a crook in rap, I'm past the  
cream  
Brand more lean, if you niggas complain of sore throats  
Shove the gun in they mouth, throat got scratched  
They suckin' on Halls, yo Yeah, yo, yo this verse is like leavin' the gas on  
Hog tie a nigga for his bread, have the Hefty bag on  
By any means, a cheddar king  
Got a '98 kid's voice on smooth like Lenny Green Word to my mother I air y'all niggas out  
Bigger chromers for the one who got the bigger mouth  
(Shout, shout, I'm talking to you, c'mon) Go 'head and try me, you know you a bird  
You could be on 'Gangland' wit' cha face all blurred  
Skull deaded up slumped over the curb  
Just watch next time how you write your words Leave you hangin' like your last name  
Or a old man's nuts that sag with no shame  
Payback's a bitch, yeah, I smash y'all berries  
'Fore they find you dead in your little house on the Prairie Yo, I can do this on crutches, black with no legs  
Both arms in a sling, push me on stage  
Style still linger in the air like Glade  
Girls my early 20's, I used to run trains Chill I got next, go behind Dirt  
Sometimes I had to chill instead get neck  
Rich chandelier gown all over my flesh  
'Bout to throw ladies to Haiti, peace to Wyclef Blowed y'all cream, never throw dollar bills up  
You know we window baggin' that krillz up  
Fingertips hurt puttin' that work in  
Move that white in bulk nigga like Jergens New rappers need to skip town  
This the East coast music, Grandpa Ghost is around  
Icon tellin' y'all now  
Be out before dawn 'fore shit get wild

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