

Alex (stolen Script)

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, that's right
Hardy Boys shit
Smoke a Winston to this shit nigga
Word up bout to fuckin' throw ya head up
Yeah
Yo, yo he got his stones from Greece
In his mouth he had like thirty plus karats
Big ratchets, smoke cigars like a Bogart classic
Told niggaz if he dies he want a glass casket
Parents died when he was five years old
Made his way inside the US with Columbian Gold
A fake name and a passport
Benetton luggage, one sister, pretty thing, light skin
Niggaz will body over her like fuck it with a scar by her left eye
Her brother Alex was extremely close, he sold coats and minks
Had trays put in toilets and sinks
Loved to roller skate, ninety nine did time up in Rahway
Came home blown, the thorough kings and soldiers
Never gave a fuck about that MC beef in Queens
Alex, he was a rich nigga
He had close to ten bodies under his belt
His man did the last one and got murdered himself
Took him a while to get his head together
Alex one day out in L.A., made a call in New York
Told his man God it's goin' down, fly the whole team in for support
Remember that Ray shit that Jamie Foxx played? That was my shit
I never got paid, they got rich off a stolen script
In ninety eight I seen Charles on the Cali strip
Showed him the copyrights, his life in the real flick
In Braille, he read it in no time
Hit me with his math, said, 'I'll give you some more lines?'
Real talk, stand up dude
Said, 'How you like Jamie Foxx to replay you?'
He said, 'Yeah that's cool?'
But under one circumstance, you think he can bow my walk
Flip my talk and my hands?
I said, 'Sure why not??', he can imitate anything
Trust me this young boy hot
Shook his hand then I bounced in the limo

Grabbed my cell, bit my cigar and then rolled down the window
Contacted Stony Brook and Roberts
Told them we got it in ten [Incomprehensible], yo Ray Ray signed it
Now we can move on and shoot this live shit
With mad options, Paramount and DreamWorks we shop it
Or Mandalay and New Line cop it
I go and get ten mil' and blow it on the independent market
But anyway down in PF Chains, I had a meeting with this rich investor
Said they'll throw twenty million on the kid's film
Only if he chose the cast
He was drunk, he was talkin' real fast
So I test his mouth, laid back then I put him on blast
Where exactly we gon' get this cash?
I gotta ill Gotti Gigante connect
Wise guys that kill Bulotti, catching bodies, earnin' respect
The waiter came in a dropped off the shrimp fried rice he ordered
I said, 'Thanks?' as he poured my water
Then out came the veggie rolls, sesame chicken and mint tea
Rice wine had me wanting to pee
Said, 'Excuse me I'll be right back, pardon me?'
Grabbed his glass and he nodded to me
Skated off to take a piss, the shit felt like a nut
Got back the dude vanished, briefcase, script, and all
Ask the waiter where he go, the motherfucker spoke Spanish

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