

Street Opera (ft. Sun God)

Ghostface Killah

[Sun God]

Sun God, get 'em, official[Sun God]

I stay far from my opponents, pardon me dogs

That's why lead the call, they moving up on us

But them G's on the corners, move when I move

That's a warning, or I'ma have my goons spin a garment

Think it's sweet, and try to creep or run up on us

Shit'll get deeper than twelve foot, and you be leaking out of order

Don't beef, if you ain't beefin' for no quarters

Cause pain is money, you float funny when you surfen' the water

I'm that dude slangin' pack by the border

I love my life, I live it twice, cause it's up to me sorta

You a fool with a mental disorder, and it's probably your daughter

That really love me, for the shit that I taught her

Will Smith on the guest list, pops is the king

I'm the fresh prince, forty oil tune, kick ya chest in

Us that got the universe confession, pardon your dame

I'm new to the game, but true to my lessons[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

Jeans, hoods, guns, crack[Ghostface Killah]

Visions of me swallowing crack, being chased by jake

And the sound of the razor keep hitting the plate

And tooters is flab with rugers, with daggers and them jeans

We chew through it, like we coming down off woolas

And my P.O., she half Creole, I move from Philly to Dallas

With true talent, like my name is T.O.

So when I piss, I gotta piss slow, she know I kick them Vasine bottles

Cause if I'm dirty, I ain't letting it go

Your project steps is Ajax down, dry blood

Maintenance men with the scrub brush, scraping the ground

Diapers, baby rattles and broke lighters, I led many

Horses to water, just to see if they like it

Taste my, Betty Crock', ready rock, bet he cock, now

News flash, my nigga ridin' L, laid a cop down

Any of ya niggas want beef, I will stop clowns

I got a bad ox' fifth, now how the glock sound?[Chorus][Ghostface Killah (Sun God)]

Hey yo, what up S.G.? (Hey yo, what's poppin' my nigga

I'm just oil in the toolies, exercising my trigger

Finger, I got the biggest bangers) Yeah, I got a crispy stainless

Your mans ain't fucking those hoes, they just a bunch of gamers

(Them head shots, neck shots, probably blow they brains in
I'm so close to the edge, pushin' they fucking face in)
I bet you now, them motherfuckers really start complaining
(No hesitation, my reputation'll leave 'em chaining)
We go hard, like the NARC's when we start invading
(I copped the license and registration, to cock and aiming)
It's all entertainment (And all my niggas made it)
We hard body like Wu-Tang and Iron Maiden
(I keep the iron blazing, hands hurt
Like a bitch when she putting braids in, I think it's so amazing)
We ran trains for hours, up in the Days Inn
Hood rats and crack motels, we seen baking[Chorus][Ghostface Killah]
Yeah, good

Songwriters

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