

# Street Opera (feat. Sun God)

## Ghostface Killah

Sun God get 'em 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'mma have my goons spin a garment Think it's sweet, and try to creep or run up on us  
They get deeper than twelve foot, and you be leaking out of order  
Don't beef, if you ain't beefin' for no quarters  
'Cuz pain is money, you float funny when you surfin' the water I'm that dude slangin' pack by the border  
I love my life, I live it twice, 'cuz 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 \*\*\*\* 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 Jeans, hoods, \*\*\*\*, \*\*\*\* Visions of me swallowing \*\*\*\*, being  
chased by Jake  
And the sound of the razor keep hitting the plate  
And tooters is flab with \*\*\*\*, with \*\*\*\* and them jeans  
We chew through it, like we coming down off \*\*\*\* 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 \*\*\*\*, I gotta \*\*\*\* slow, she know I kick them Vasine bottles  
'Cuz 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 \*\*\*\* ridin' L, laid a cop down  
Any of ya \*\*\*\* want beef, I will stop clowns  
I got a bad ox' fifth, now how the \*\*\*\* sound? Jeans, hoods, guns \*\*\*\* Aiyo, what up S.G.? Aiyo, what's  
poppin' my \*\*\*\*  
I'm just oil in the \*\*\*\*, exercising my trigger  
Finger, I've got the biggest \*\*\*\*, yeah, I got a crispy stainless  
Your mans ain't \*\*\*\* 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 \*\*\*\* face in  
I bet you now, them mutha \*\*\*\* 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 \*\*\*\* made it  
We hard body like Wu-Tang and Iron Maiden I keep the \*\*\*\* blazing, hands hurt  
Like a \*\*\*\* when she putting braids in, I think it's so amazing  
We ran \*\*\*\* for hours, up in the Days Inn

Hood rats and \*\*\*\* motels, we seen baking Jeans, hoods, guns, \*\*\*\* Good

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>