Return of the Savage (feat. Raekwon & Rza)

Ghostface Killah & Adrian Younge

In the beginning, it's time for a new chapter Twelve more reasons to die, after the laughter It's relevant, the legacy lives on lavash Ghostface Killah, return of the savage In the beginning, it's time for a new chapter Twelve more reasons to die, after the laughter It's relevant, the legacy lives on lavash Ghostface Killah, return of the savageI ain't letting nothing live, horrific the ghost risen Stigmata scenery ill visions of being villains The taste of blood is left on my tongue, walk through the valley of death I see the reaper waiting with two snakes kissing I can't believe they took my wife and my kids, it's straight Lester Word to God, once I get em, I got em, the moments priceless Decapitating heads like a journalist snatched with isis I want revenge now! Spotted one of Delucas men, at a restaurant Eating spaghetti, drinking on Dom Pérignon With two other goons laughing, probably joking bout the murder I calmly approach them with the burner When they realized the real live G was about to serve 'em 60 pieces blew through his jaw, closing his curtains Now it's total chaos, the people running for they lives The other cocksuckers tried reaching for their hammers But they was slow on their draw so I blammed em Taking they tops off like convertible dry burgundy phantom They say the taste revenge is sweet, well let me see Prepare the table for a feast, take a seat, and let's eatIn the beginning, it's time for a new chapter Twelve more reasons to die, after the laughter It's relevant, the legacy lives on lavash Ghostface Killah, return of the savage In the beginning, it's time for a new chapter Twelve more reasons to die, after the laughter It's relevant, the legacy lives on lavash Ghostface Killah, return of the savage Beast mode, I'm resurrected, I hear the record spinning Early 70s, New York [?] And I see street life, the only life I know I see Liberty, I see the motherfucking Verrazanos I see gangstas getting money, bitches acting funny

Stacks upon stacks, and not one nigga bummy Something ain't right, these ain't the greedy streets of Italy Where Logan and my seed? C'mon son, you kidding me? Who's calling me? Who's looking for the killer with no face? Who summoned me into this place? I need answers! Behave chancellors, I'm a vigilante killer No time for games and there ain't no nigga realer Let's talk business, you don't wanna leak your own blood State your name, before you get stretched like a rug! Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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