

Yolanda's House (Feat. Raekwon & Method Man)

Ghostface Killah

[Joi Starr (Ghostface Killah)]

I, can't, leave these streets alone, no more (Yeah, yo)[Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo, I'm skinned up, Nikes is scuffed, still bugging

Earlier, around four, how I escaped the bus

The way I fell, cracked the face of my watch, my man's chanting me on

Like run, son, don't go up in the spot

Jetting through bushes and backyards, neighbors is ratting me out

Dogs is barking all you hear is the cars

Sirens, I'm trying to think, and toss the iron

Bomb in my sweats, got me running funny, you think I'm lying

May God strike me, if he don't like me, I'm tired and I'm out of breath

The weed got me paranoid, my heart's pounding through my chest

Trying to focus, yup, and make progress

That's what I get for slinging in them projects

Next thing you knew, I'm in this bitch's crib, chilling

Told 'em my story, you'll like this, I had her legs in the ceiling

Cooking me fried fish sticks, hot side of them biscuits

While she doing this, the bitch still sliding on lipstick

Now I got the fat stomach on, she cracking the Dutch

Playing with her pussy on the couch, I'm ready to fuck

Like come here, miss Lady Wop, where you put the condom box

You finished off the last one, oh shit, I hear the cops

Handcuffs and talkies, I mashed the white yorkie

Jetting up the steps, and pig want revenge like Porky's

So I slid, hid behind the wall, opened the door

Like 'ooh', I seen my man Meth going in raw

So he jumped up, balls out, hid in the closet

I'm dying laughing, he said "Yo, Starks, be quiet"[Method Man]

And let me put my drawers on, nigga, what dope you on, shit?

Should of knocked, before you came in the spot, Ghost, you wrong

Busting in here on that government shit, got the chick screaming

Grabbing the sheets, trying to cover her tits

She's asthmatic and you laughing, son, I bumped my toe all the nice things

Just run and try to grab the gun

Cuz shit's real, man, you spazzing dunn

There come a time in a man's life, he got to toss his pack and run

You know he family like Crack and Pun, but Mr. G.F.K.

State your business, after that, be one

Now can it be that you hot, lord, you did some shit on the block

That the cops trying to lock you for
Can't believe you blowing the spot, lord, my chick is bugging
You tripping, my dick keep slipping out my boxer drawers
Now I'm caught up in the drug sting, niggas is calling my horn
Police is hitting every corner we on
Can't understand that it's a thug thing, and in the middle of thought
I'm interrupted by Shallah Raekwon[Raekwon]
I need my money, Meth, going on about them hundred birds
Tell Tone to get at me, on 'em and my clients want work
He know we fresh out, tell the kid meet me, matter fact, beep me
Word to mother, lord, sunny got me hurt
You still fucking shorty? I knew it, the big mouth broad
That be yoking my balls out, her little brother wanted two bricks
You know that nigga 'Lipps, he Maybach, on 26
All he do is get money, hustle, he's a dick
Tell me foul shit, wild shit, ya'll niggas wear a lot a loud shit
Yo, that Steve Rifkin style, shit
Hit me with some other talk, him in New York
They love the Venezuela nigga, stabbed his son with a fork
That was Jesus roofs, his little niece
Little niece, his father's homework
That's the kid who gave us a boost
He gave them things on the arms, said for us to be calm
And if some beef pop off, go 'head and ring the alarm

Songwriters

SMITH, CLIFFORD / WOODS, COREY / COLES, DENNIS D. / SINGLETON, ANTHONY
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