

Paisley Darts

Ghostface Killah

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yeah, yo, yeah, yo[Ghostface Killah]
Catch me on yo' brochure with beachballs, at least three whores
Head wop Queens know how to work they jaws
They skintone is coffee and milk, mixed up
Ass as big as my boss' wife, stomach ripped up
Spitting liquor in they mouth, cold Moet
Captain Morgan, taking flicks, posing, holding my tech
With cowboy hats and coach bags, they party like rockstars
Bo Gary watches, just chill, they down in the shark bars
And me, gunslinger, clips, cock D
My fashion on, I'm rocking 'em new Rasheeds
I'ma finish ya, go in brother like Mr. Cee
You could find me fucked up like the mice in cheese
Life's a B, Bentley and big bills
Bottles, biscuits, bitches, blunts, bad boys bodying pit bulls
Karate, black belt and I bring booze
To big bar brawls, ball games blasting, fuck 'til my balls blue[Raekwon]
We like the black Yankees, old vets who sit in the rest
Thankful, counting up currency and move when it rain, pour
From every bitch that we bless, we hit up, automatic love
The Cuban Link niggaz is the realest
My wallet walk, speak to niggaz, cops, judges
We put it down, Columbian style, with three killas
Based on money, dummies'll die
It ain't funny, trying to front on mine, we get in ya mommy
Keep cool, nigga, read him the rules, before he bleeding in pools
And fuck my shit up, and I'ma just lose
Paid a lot of paper to live here
American Gangster status, Big Brother, lemme get in ya ear
You know what time it is, crime it is
No matter what rhyme it is
We gon' stay fly, hit lye, rock diamond shits (no question)
Based on a general's fist of fury
Neck, arm, money, all of that's crispy jewelry[Sun God]
Let me show you how I g ride, nina on both sides
Nobody riding shotgun but the four-five
Nigga, if you won't try, I'll give ya something to regret
Throw that mothafucking semi to ya neck

Throw the other black Jimmy to ya chest
If you budge, you get stretched, nothing more, nothing less
Pay respect, I'm a element of Homicide Housing
In other words, bitch, I'm the resident from Homicide Housing
Known for drug dealing, stack thousands
Four hundred grand in the couches, two hundred grand on the houses
At any time I could move up out this
And go and cop some shit up in the moutains[Trife Da God]
Aiyo, aiyo, you know ya boy stay fresher than produce
Timberland snow boots, collecting more CREAM than a toll booth
I grind daily, Patriotic like Tom Brady
I'm the bomb baby, cuz what I write is beyond crazy
I'm the Don with the teflon armor, good karma, mac palmer
Call me Arab Diesel cuz I'm a track bomber
Roger that, my niggaz ain't got it cracked
All we do is dollar stack, get twisted like bottlecaps
While you on the block getting indicted
We island hopping, globe trotting through the friendly skies flying United
There's a party over here and everybody's invited
The headliners is Theodore and everybody's excited[Method Man]
Fuck that, 'bout time we took it back to the block
The task force coming, I got crack in my sock
White Rock on the dinner plate, get cash, shit is hot
Smash whips on the Interstate, we dash on the cops
It's them dudes, drug slingers, 1-6-Ooh
Crime figure, rhyme spitter, his gun spit too
Call 'em Sex Pistols, ravishing, nigga, I'm Rick Rude
And ain't many mothafuckas could fit up in Rick's shoes
Man, listen, ice glisten, they love the life we living
That's a given, like football players love white women
White linen, a tight denim, that ass look right in 'em
Shit, I'm riding 'em, cool as Kahlua's with ice in 'em, shit...[Hook: Ghostface Killah (Cappadonna)]
Aiyo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo I pass the mic to Cap (Nah, I pass it back)
Never, son, hold that, you the master of the rap attack
So knick knack patty wack (This is how we do it black)
(Slap you with the almanac) Where actual facts is sold as facts[Cappadonna]
We on our grown man shit like Quincy Jones
Travelling across the world while we smoking the bone
We grinding, y'all niggaz know what we do
We get it in with the Murderland, Chi-town too
Hit you up, something nice 'til the death of Yakub
Swagger stuck on ya face like a New Jack tool
Right back at you, yeah me and my dude Toney
We don't fuck with fake contracts and niggaz that's phony
Trying to get this money, right homey

And lay back in the Riverside, just chill, relax the domepiece
Link up with a fly dime, brick and a chrome piece
Coming for that gwop, yeah nigga, you got beef[skit of Ghostface and co. speaking during concert follows]

Songwriters

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