

Nutmeg (featuring The RZA)

Ghostface Killah

Scientific, my hand kissed it
Robotic let's think optimistic
You probably missed it, watch me dolly dick it
Scotty Wotty copped it to me, big microphone hippie
Hit Poughkeepsie crispy chicken verbs throw up a stone richie
Chop the O, sprinkle a little snow inside a Optimo
Swing the John McEnroe, rap rock'n'roll
Tidy Bowl, gun hold pro, Starsky with the gumsole
Hit the rum slow, parole kids, live Rapunzel
But Ton' Stizzy really high, the vivid laser eye guy
Jump in the Harley ride, Clarks I freak a lemon pie
I'm bout it, bout it - Lord forgive me, Ms. Sally shouted
Tracey got shot in the face, my house was overcrowded
You fake cats done heard it first
On how I shitted on your turf that time
Cuban Link verse yo
Check out the rap kingpin, summertime fine jewelry dripping
Face in the box, I seen your ear twitching
As soon as I drove off, Cap' came to me with three sawed-offs
Give one to Rae', let's season they broth
Lightning rod fever heaters, knock-kneeder Sheeba for hiva
Diva got rocked from the receiver bleeder
Portfolio, looking fancy in the pantry
My man got bigger dimes son, your shit is scampi
Baste that, throw what's in your mouth, don't waste that
See Ghost lamping in the throne with King Tut hat
Straight off Yeah, yeah
I just want y'all niggas
Smack all y'all niggas, and niggarettas
Universal death threats, yeah
This be the God Body
Yeah no doubt, Judge WiseAiyyo spiced out Calvin Coolers, lounging with 7 duelers
The Great Adventures of Slick, licking with 6 Rugers
Rock those, big boy Bulotti's out of Woodbridge
Porch for the biggest beer, season giraffe ribs
Rotissiere ropes, hickory cinnamon scented glaze
Perfected find truth within self, let's smoke
All hail to my hands, 50 thou' appraisal
Dirty nose with the nasal drip, click flipped on fam

Dancing with Blanche and them bitches, flicking goose pictures
 Kick down the ace of spades, snatch Jack riches
 Olsive compulsive lies flyers with my name on it
 Dick made the cover now count, how many veins on it
 Scooby snack jurassic plastic gas booby trap
 Ten years working for me, you wanna tap shit?
 Bong bong bong! Your bell went rung rung rung!
 Staple-Land's where the ambulance don't come Yeah, you see what I mean?
 You see what I mean, you motherfucking crybabies?
 Get in line punk! You should be studying your arts
 Instead of studying me
 That's how you lost your first job punk
 Now get in line, before you get your lil' thick ass tossed up!
 Shit! I studied under Bruce Lee nigga
 He was on the fourth, I was on the third Pass me a honey-dipped spliff, black mental cause continental drift
 One whiff of Pow U gets my Divine stiff
 Brick rock, late night, hear the tick tock of my clock
 I used to run up and pick, a crab lock
 Hit his stash, dip back, to the Lab, make him flip
 Uptown, BOO-DOOP, now we back on your ass
 Incognito, fatal aikido blow, pop a needle
 Dick a knock-knee ho, bust out her fetal
 Nine inch long strong, Bobby pop the bitch thongs
 Spit on her, then I bang on my chest like Kong King
 Merciless Ming, point the killer bee sting
 Ring dings, right through your head bing
 Snap the wing off of bats, my battle-axe tongue hacks tracks
 Once the ball drop, I'mma snatch ten jacks
 Pass the crack to a niggarette, puff a loose leaf cigarette
 While your man search the internet for Bob Digitech in Stereo
 Crazy as Shapiro
 Multiply myself ten times standing next to zero
 And snap my fingers like the Fonz
 And bag me a golden bronze skinned girl with the honey blonde
 Dip hair, make a nigga flip in his chair
 Had the armpit shaved off perfect with the Nair
 Stomach flat as a pancake for her man's sake
 Used to fuck her when she menstruate, but it made her hyperventilate Brooklyn! I know, I know, I know, I know
 Queens! I know, I know, I know, I know
 Shaolin! I know, I know, I know, I know
 I know, I know, I know, I know, I know
 Bronx! I know, I know, I know, I know
 Jersey! I know, I know, I know
 Long Island! I know, I know, I know, I know

I know, I know, I know, break it down!

Songwriters

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ANDREWS

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