

# Poisonous Darts (feat. Raekwon)

## Ghostface Killah

So what the fuck I got to lose ha?  
Word to God let's get it on  
Clap your heels three times, grab the magic wand  
Nameless, these stonewashed cats, leave 'em brainless  
Somewhere out of this world, stranded on Uranus  
With coke and a dollar bill stems and crack capsules  
Take a blast boo, booby trap a cruise it's natural  
Like soybean, burn like a laser beam  
My vaccine I shoot it firm and it connects like sideburns  
The segment, rare fragment comes together like magnets  
Attract heads captured like Dragnet  
Goin through mad phases, of all ages  
Killa bees locked the fuck up behind cages  
The Genovese swallow this line and caught a freeze  
Press caller ID for me to quote more degrees  
The fortune teller tuck a sleeping gas umbrella  
Award winning dining in the back of Armanbella  
Now who, don't believe that cash must rule  
I don't eat meat, I slap blood out of Purdue  
Keep a wireless mic, mics on strike the session  
Is over, I file this and glow like flourescentPeace to y'all, let's get our rhyme on  
Yeah peace to y'all, let's get our rhyme onYo yo, mountains of blow like snow constant cashflow  
Rockin a Shaft afro, Tony got mad glow with hoes  
Mega powder drippin from they nose  
Fuckin Jet magazine bitches with wide pussy pose  
Centrefold the whole night, deadly venom horror snake bites  
Only Built 4 Cuban Link kings who shoot dice  
Holdin money bags, convertible Benz with feathered bags  
With the mongoose your man's got two seeds down in Bagdad  
You onionhead niggas spread out and parlay  
Yo Rae these itch days get crashed with ash trays  
I pull stings like, guitar strings down in Spain  
I'm so hyped Jakes label God "crack cocaine"  
Y Equality Self God, yeah yeah you know it kid  
Ricky fucked up a G-Pack, blow his wig  
He's rockin Wu Wear, the latest in fleece uniform  
He's a newborn, look at money swearin' like he on  
But anyway back to furry Kangols, Jamaican Wallabees  
My back is on the wall, bombin' devils with tricknology

My heart is cold like Russia, got jerked at The Source awards  
Next year two hundred niggas comin with swords!

Songwriters

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