

One

Ghostface Killah

Girl,
(New Ghost Face)
Yeah to glorious days
Yeah God, check it out y'all
We back, yes yes y'all
(Fake roller derbies)
Yeah, Masked Avengers
We're here to sharpen your sword"
All praises due to T.M.F., Wu-Tang Clan
Scream on it, ghost
Eh yo, we at the weed gate
Waitin' for Jake we want eight Ravioli bags
Two thirsty villains yelling belly aches
Heavyweight rhyme writers hittin' the grass
Stash the right bitch pull out his kite from this white bitch
Talkin' 'bout dear ghost, you the only nigga I know
Like when the cops come, you never hide your toast
Guests started mashing, C.V.L, ice water battalion
Past tense place to gold caskets
Dru Hill bitches, specialist loungin' at the mosk
Suede Cufy, rabbi come dig up a dentist
Rhymes is made of garlic, never in the target
When the narc's hit, rumor is you might start to spit
You nice Lord, sweet daddy grace, wind lifted
On the dance floor, mangoes is free followed by ghost
Dug behind monument cakes, we never half-baked
Alaskan, cess-capade, pushin' new court dates
Trauma, hands is like candy canes, lay my balls on ice
The branches in my weed be the vein
Swimsuit issue darts sent truly from the heart, boo, I miss you
See that he rock a wrist, dude
Moder-en slave God, graveyard spells, fog your goggles
Layin' like needles in the hospital
Five steps to conquer, AX Vernon debt, big ass whistle
Ziploc your ear, here thistle
To my real bitches take your draws off
To all my high niggas, snatch her skirt off
Just in case she wanna play, get up in that bitch face
And tell her ghost said, "Take your clothes off"

Eh yo, the Devil planted fear inside the black babies
Fifty cent sodas in the hood, they goin' crazy
Dead meat placed on the shelves we eat cold cuts
Fast from the heart y'all and grow up
Eh yo, crash thru, break the glass, Tony with the goalie mask
That's the pass, heavy ice rollin, layin' on the gas
Love the grass, colliflower hurtin' when I dumped the trash
Sour mad surgeon, every glass up at the Wally Bash
Sun splash, autographed lesson with your name slashed
Backdraft, four powders, screamin' with the pearly hats
Children fix the contrast as the sound clashes
Misses dash, sprinkle wit her Icsicle eye lashes
Ask Coward Pendergrass for backstage passes
Special guest, no more Johnny Blaze, Johnny Mattress
Acrobat, run up on that Love Jones actress
Distract that cat while I'm hot sugar get a crack at this
Dickin' down Oprah, jump rope, David think he's Rasta
Black man, DC hit to Mocha
Two tangerine sofa, two super soakers in the Rover
Hit the Sport's Bar, tell a young lady to bend over
Meditated yoga, powder ball, dancin' with the vulture
Pastor Troy layin for Travolta
Yo, switch the lingo, five-nine-seventy
God glow, seven-fifteen, fall be Heavenly
Eh yo, the Devil planted fear inside the black babies
Fifty cent sodas in the hood, they goin' crazy
Dead meat placed on the shelves, we eat cold cuts
Fast from the heart y'all, and grow up
Eh yo, Wu-tang Clan, T.M.F.
In the motherfuckin' joint, we all connect as
Straight up and down y'all
(Staple town, y'all)
Yo, how many girls you gotta fuck, yo?
(Know I'm sayin Trey-Mack, what?)
How many nuts you might have bust?
(Straight up and down)
(How many shots?)
(That's it)
Word up
How many cakes we bake, y'all?
How many L's we smoke' at a time nigga?
At a time, you know how we do, at a time