

Kilo (remix)

Ghostface Killah

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]Yo, Oh, Yo Rae... I can't feel my face

My heart pounding and shit (audible heart)

Paranoid as a motherfucker right now, who the fuck?

Close the blinds and shit! Who that? Captain Kirk?

The Stark...enterprise, enterprise I was on and some shit?

..I need some pussy though I'm ready for a Catwoman or something

f-fuck it, lets go!

Aiyyo Shareefa go to the store for me. I need some razors and a fresh box
of baggies, the ones with the tint in them!

Aiyyo son turn that water down a little bit, just a little bit..Thank You

I need two waters, a dutch, and a cranberry Snapple)

[Chorus: sample (Ghostface Killah)]All around the world today, the Kilo is the measure

(Whoever got the kilos got the candy, man)

A kilo is a thousand grams, its easy to remember

(You never catch the kid going hand to hand)

All around the world today, the Kilo is the measure

(Once you got the funds you got the panties, man)

A Kilo is a thousand grams, its easy to remember

(Throughout the I 9 to 5 I'm the Handyman)

[Ghostface Killah]Racing through the hood, ski mask off

Criminology hustle, when goons play the heat, blast off

And every direction, protect ya babies, your moms

Late night like Carson Daly, Theo Bailey, we stay armed

Grits box, vacuum tight, concealing the powder

Five fake cans of blow to throw them off wit the flower

Red dots on me, big scopes, bullets the size of nickels

Got Starkey coming out of his coat

I gots to jet, don't look back, my cardio's killing me

Old ladies is like 'Hold ya head, Tone, literally'

All this, for a thousand grams?

I'd rather be a con artist scheming with a thousand scams

[Chorus][Raekwon]Aiyyo peace to those cooking that raw, powder white

Get your sniff on, scarface niggaz, we getting right

some call it bricks, some call it birds

how many niggaz get they lives taken playing with shit, then catch a curb

You would go to jail

get caught with this, niggaz'll grow to fail

Stop playing, pot slaying, baking soda and scales

They lived like brothers, word life, connects discovered

most niggaz get hard, from fucking with them pipes and hustlers

Kilos is one thousand grams

You know your ammo better be heavy 'cause soon kids is coming in camo

Protect your land daddy, I'm an announcer

you get caught with an ounce and its over

matter 'fact they takin you down, son

[Chorus][Ghostface Killah]Bricks, Tar caps, powder, cooked up crack

Phones is tapped over franklin's stacks

Kingpins put in bullpens, old connects get paro'

Break out of town when the Jakes take down the Pharaoh

Reason, He was moving that peruvian white

blowing coolies into hoopties , slamming cuties and ice

big heavy pots over hot stoves

Mayonnaise jars of water with rocks in them got my whole projects out of order

A Kilo is a thousand grams

Beige, gold, brown, dirty, fluffy, tan, extract oil cut from cuban plants

The chemist is brolic, pyrex scholars

Professors at war over raw, killing partners for a million dollars

[Chorus][Ghostface Killah]Some say a drug dealers destiny is reachin the ki'

I'd rather be the man behind the door, supplying the streets

A hundred birds go out, looking like textbooks

when they wrapped and stuffed

four days later straight cash, two million bucks

strictly powder, no cut

your coke is viald in, whats up?

Y'all beefin over little shit, we sniff, the balance split up

In a plane or a penthouse, office or a warehouse

Tony's got it nice, we never heard of any big droughts

A Kilo is a thousand grams

A pile of sand is equivilant, to the eye

It's nice to have a thousand fans

Coke buyers, some be liars

therefore, you check for wires

dedicated dealers, during holidays we give 'em lighters

[Hook: Ghostface Killah]Red tops, blue tops, green tops, yellow tops

Purple tops, beige tops, white tops, grey tops

Black tops, clear tops, gold tops, pink tops

Silver tops, tan tops, aqua tops, orange tops

Salt tops, long tops, short tops, 12 12's

58 58's, weed bags, ziplocks

Big rocks, coke spots, big glocks, one OT's

Crumbs chopped, hot pots, one plate, crack Spot

[Chorus][Malice]Thirteen getting it, pyrex whipping it

Like UPS, pack it up, shipping it

Whether base or sniffing it, I got your fix
The story's foretold like apocalypse
It was me Michael T.T., handing out freebies
Taking over blocks, telling niggas to be fee
Where big brother 'Vine'll leave the body in the street
Something kinda like how I be bodying the beat
We was 300 deep like the Persian soldiers
Word spread fast, we was serving boulders
Ten crack commandments, holy Moses
If you don't fit must equip icer toners
Never grip they holders, fingers to the snitchers
The New York niggas be taking all our bitches
But we be God damned if taking all our business
Duct tape, hard tops, C.S.I. forensics
[Chorus]

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