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 scheaming 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 tooken 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 vialed 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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