

flowers (featuring raekwon, method man & superb)

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, yeah, why'know
Tranquilise, tranquilise
Yeah, yeah
Yo Ghostface! (c'mon)
Raekwon!
Meth![Raekwon]
See me in the club, got a gun on my legs
Select paper and invade all the illest niggas
Tally up pen, yo, Live Crew meetin'
Layin' in the lab with rolls o' fly mo-e ho
All niggas eatin'
Wreckin' Ball Gangsters, unleash the law
Straight up, colorful drawers, bad whores
On the weekend eat a raw style like Flounder
Fuckin' wit' mine or how we design
My niggas might find ya
Layin' in the Tropics, big dick shit on park
They way his Khak's look, niggas on ?chocolates?
Movin' out, color "gorangos" switch to me, bro
That's how I picture rich niggas with the same coats
All rich niggas with the same coat.[Method Man]
You can catch this crew, and fall in a ship
Fully equipped, on a star tack, callin' a bitch
How much you get, when that Absolute and Hennesey mix
(Ultimate, ultimate) Wu shit, my whole click (Ultimate, ultimate)
Rubba-dub, ass in the club, showin' me love
Sayin' "Peace" to the nigga that thug, I got the drugs
And the .38, snub-nose, strikin' a pose
Baby girl, throw the drink on my clothes, then meet ya ?bos?
Lewis Fritz, Hot Nikks, nigga what's happenin'?
Any shit, holdin' my dick, smokin' a clip, thanks for askin'
Mashin', the latest fashion,
Dance floor packed with whites, blacks and Latins
All N Together, together for worship better
Now I put it down whether it's Methy but they don't Meth-Tical
Prop, skate, roll, bounce
I'm bound to wreck ya body as they turn the party out.[Raekwon]
Oh magazine's slipped, kinda like we lit
Deliver was a lit, ya niggas know

High niggas rent , I'm set like nuh Purple and the new Lex
 Trifle and work, let's murder everything that Wu wanted sent I'd better pay Big Momma for usin' his lyrics
 Pay Big Momma for usin' his lyrics
 (You betta) Pay Big Momma for usin' his lyrics
 Pay Big Momma for usin' his lyrics (come on, come on)[Superb]
 And my mouth stay dry 'cause I swallow the struggle
 I might connect you to a VCR, add delay, bug you
 I'm not a gangsta, I hate thugs too
 I'm just a nigga that painted a picture without a paintbrush too
 Without a paintbrush too[Ghostface Killah]
 Bulletproof Wallets, 20 t'ya kids that says made outta Korea
 Top Sear, pass the beer, last to see a raj
 (be beamed up behind the stove askin' how Maria pop Leer)
 Cursed style near, burst out a purse with the gods you jeer
 From Star's Pizzeria, police hate the veer
 Especially when the shots ring off in slow motion, when yo' head hit the
 Meter
 You lost two leaders, at the same case speeder
 Peter Slim Duch shook 'em down for his reefer
 James chased the recent with a hatchet on Easter
 Two murders in the 'hood, we call it double ?faeces?
 Watch how I eat this, freak the best teacher
 At the prayer with the preacher, I get (?) in the bleachers
 And your girl, I might eat her
 I'm a lover, not a biter (well, yeah)
 I still catch her for a piece[Superb]
 He's as good as the rest of 'em
 And as bad as the worst
 So don't hate me
 You'd better move over, yeah (yeah, yeah)[Ghost]
 Fuckin' idiots![Ghostface Killah]
 Yo, Wallets motherfuckers
 That's right, all my shit is Bulletproof
 Stoop for the Bulletproof (yeah)
 Yeah, Projects (yeah) Bulletproof Wallets (DJ! DJ!)
 On yo' ass nigga, you heard?
 Dirt-ass niggas, ya niggas ain't got a chance *echoes*(Stadio)
 (One-three)
 (Word up!)
 (Ya now dead)

Songwriters

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