Odd Couple

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[Intro: Cappadonna]Yo yo word up!
Look who's back in the joint
It's The Odd Couple in the spot
Ghostface and C-Don, for real!
[Chorus 1: Cappadonna]It's like that y'all
Niggas'll crack y'all, attack y'all
W.T.C. kid, we back y'all!
[Cappadonna (Ghostface Killah)]Yea, for real, for real
(Eh yo, chop this niggas man
It's time for me to splash 'em)
STEP OFF!
[Ghostface Killah]Eh yo we million dollars Sinatra's, jewellery truck
Vest did it up, chop shop it
Walked out in Babe Ruth, ex-song, hammer-throw heads
Brought by Je-sus with the grey goose
Famous for The Book of Greed, long nose
King Bentley, 9th Prince will decease, made of Ginseng
Seen it? It's real, liver than chase Manhatten
Word on Staten I was clappin with the Captain
My style is gangsta, bulletproof Guess shorts
I'll fuck you up and come through in a horse
We like Shaft outta Africa, graham cracker wild
Beneath this side, four or five gold teeth
On my neck be the Brolic shit, hurricane CREAM
Guerilla shit, flashin the ill data things
Excalate, sure raids, chez with the straps on
John jumper, Eleanor Poker with the Mac
Me and C. Goines, bible material
Words collide, we might pop up in your cereal
Rock you twice, rock your wife
Best known for drives on bikes
Tell your man to stop sendin me kites
We Tigers Woods in the 'hood
The Odd Couple up to no good
Y'all handsome and plus whisper made son
[Chorus 2: Ghostface Killah]It's like that y'all
Niggas'll crack y'all, attack y'all
W.T.C. kid, we back y'all!
It's like yo the belt is our's, bitch-ass mothafuckas!

It's like that y'all

Niggas'll crack y'all, attack y'all
W.T.C. son, we back y'all!
[Interlude: Cappadonna]It's The Odd Couple!
Ghostface and C-Don, for real!
[Cappadonna]I melt 4-30, hands clustered
I walk around dusted, Big Don with the gold plate
Pop the cork, buttersoft lights, pop guns at the pork
New York, catch you on the elevator
Catch you for your watch and your Alligators
Blast first, funny style niggas, manipulators, FUCK OFF!
It's The Odd Couple, see you in the Range, bullets start the exchange
Supreme Clients, y'all niggas can't see us
Spit track like an 8-ball, ready to brawl
All for one, all for Pillage, run y'all across stage
Come in your state, bust down your gate
Throw spit like a tre'-8, Ghostface
Live on the crack tour with Bigga C-Don
Crack your jaw when it's on
Crack you in the face with a bottle of Dom Perignon
Fuck Antoine, fuck my Bentley homes
My wife start fillin pits with hoes
Front pole, snatch 'phones out your earlobe
[Chorus 2][Chorus 3: Ghostface Killah - to fade, overlapping outro]It's like that y'all
Niggas'll crack y'all, attack y'all
W.T.C. kid, we back y'all!
It's like that y'all
Niggas'll crack y'all, attack y'all
W.T.C. son, we back y'all!
[Outro: Ghostface Killah (Cappadonna)]Y'all mothafuckas don't know how to act when y'all hold somethin, huh?
It's time to give that shit up now nigga, for real
The Blair Witch is back yo
(Straight up! The Don of all Dons, word up, for real nigga!)
Y'all little bitch niggas
When y'all see me none of y'all niggas better say peace
For real!
Y'all niggas don't be holdin this shit
Y'all frontin
We let it slide for a couple of years and shit
Yeah, for real, it's like..
Y'all mothafuckas know boy

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