

# 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, ghostEh 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

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