

After the Smoke Is Clear (feat. The Delphonics)

Ghostface Killah

[Ghostface Killah & The Delphonics]
(After the smoke is done) Yo
Yeah (Tang-o-Phonics) yeah, what, what, who wanna do it, what
(Number one)
Slap fire out ya monkey ass niggas
(After the smoke is done) word up, big dick, motherfucking house
What up, bench press these cats
(Tang-o-Phonics number one) Yo[Ghostface Killah]
Yo, god, show these niggas how we get deep, down, and dirty
Like Keyon, got his wig pushed back,
Five-thirty
Yo they gotta hit
Placed on my head, what should the god do?
Max out in Spain and do business with the Jews
Never that
Them never look angry out of sync
The imperial, industrial king got weight
Don't give a fuck
Like the poor part, we watch Heart To Heart
They used to push me in shuffle cards
Now I'm writing books like Ebinezzar
The porno teaser
Saying words like sheeba
Educated rapper fouling the teaser
My team got rocks like Six Flags, plus the Wu lab
Cameras in nine bedrooms we own tags
Don't touch this
Crackling hot shit
I snap ya shoulder blade in half,
Laugh, and pop shit
Reader's Digest, passed my book to L. Ron Hubbard
Got bagged that the world government tried to dub it
But devils love it
Movie trap raps cover the tracks
Like Ajax
Sharper than cuts laced on hardly scratched supreme clientel
My cartel
Willie Star passed,
Shit his piece, where's the Nobel?

Oh, well,
Sigining off as usual,
The arsonist, leaving niggas lost in the stairwell[Ghostface Killah & The Delphonic]
(Tang-o-Phonics number one) Yeah, yo, yo
Represent my projects Stapelton (after the smoke is done)
He represent that project Park Hill (tang-o-Phonics number one)
You represent that project Murder West Brighton Now Born
Arm banging into that will
Word up, (after the smoke is clear) yeah, what, Stapelton
(Tang-o-phonics and Wu-Tang still here)
Park Hill, word up, yeah, yeah, New York[Raekwon]
The greatest story ever told by me, precisely
Roman numeral I be
Plus three describe me
My son move like the toad
Get drunk
Speak in codes
Throw a fiend in the sleeper hold
Got beef with the cold
Met my comrade
Go half on this lamp down in Baghdad
Flipping like a mex tab
Get money like an A-rab
The type niggas snapped
Six legs on the crab
Now, hush, who wanna do what
My click better bust[The RZA]
Underprivileged,
Grew up in a Stapelton house village,
Where blood flood the water in the streets like oil spillage
When the water was flowing (Tang-O-Phonics number one)
I spot a fifty-five borough
A nigga was still flowing,
Voice was echoing
I rise high like an Opera's
Procter wouldn't Gamble
The sample, it shocked her
My ninjas run wilder than Shaka Zulu
Some play peace like Donny the Guru
Others live to be wise and old like Desmond Dutchu
Undisputed champion
Bell holders
Shape and mold us
Sole controller of the moon
I, solar and polar

I blow half smoke through my nasal
Bust my ways with thirty words
Wu-Tang wasn't for children like
Cannibals raiding Sicilians[The Delphonics]
After the smoke is done
Wu-Tang-o-Phonics number one
After the smoke is done
Wu-Tang-o-Phonics number one
After the smoke is clear
Tang-o-Phonics and Wu-Tang still here
After the smoke is done
Wu-Tang-o-Phonics number one

Songwriters

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