

Buck 50 (feat. Cappadonna, Method Man & Redman)

Ghostface Killah

Who I'm is? The phenom, them niggas can't live
Who I'm is? We ain't got shit, something got to give
Y'all done flipped y'all wig, blacked out the crib
Die and live for my nigs and my bad-ass kids, freeze
Looking at your ice like GEEZ!
I'm plotting on the mousetrap, about to snatch the cheese
I heard y'all kids is bout that, psychotherapy
You bugging where the couch at? Wu, til they bury me
Never tell a lie, like George with the cherry tree
Now it's cherry pie, if it's not broke, let it be
Ain't nothing nice in, New York
Stick you for your cake and your icing
That tough talk? Don't mean nothing when you're up North
So keep them hands where I can see em like you want freedom
You know that saying, if you can't join 'em, beat 'em
And push your way in
We ain't acrobats but we flip on occasion
Pick the pace up, pants sagging pull your waist up
Niggas renting slums usually Jacob, FOOL!
You're like, "Dude! I don't like your fuckin attitude
Frontin on my Clan from the Stat' when we ain't mad at you"Yo, yo
Starks flipping cheesy face measly paced o'face
Ghostface, jump out the window for a little taste
The joopy look, my main bitches call me lazy
Educated birds say, "Ghost you so crazy!"
"There's no love to be found"
"Cappa' slide through with the Ghost
Post up like paint on walls
Drip jewels, big heat
Ruffle inside the bubble goose
It's the Odd Couple
Hollow points follow you home, Staten Island
Playing with the big toys that make noise
Echo in the hall, a scared voice
Niggas start to act choice, but Duncan Hines
Didn't know Betty Crocker had them two nines
Made the club moist, shattered the windows
Dustheads runnin (yo)
The rap kingpin bust the Black Jesus is cominYo
The words you talk, that'll be the words you walk
Body you in the bed where the nurses are

Put your vein out, watch me insert the dart
Til it plagues from Bricks to the Persian Gulf
Light circuits off, thirty-third of my brain is off
That explains why my language off
My gun aim and cough, y'all ain't trained to brawl
Y'all more like in training bras
Wet behind the ear, you're not prepared
For the project flow, with extra stairs
I pass out a vest to wear (bullets, flying)
Yo, the hard wire, starting barn fires
Pulling mad, so you know it's me
And your weed got more seeds than ODB
Can't smoke with ya, watch Ghost tie rope to ya
Def and Wu will open ya Eat a dick like
Baby shake your shit, girl you're thick like
Getting rich like "There's no love to be found" Word it's me y'all
We in two-six's flirting with bitches
Dime plus taking pictures, how you doing baby? My name Ghost
Don't get caught up in my chains, or the way that I speak
Seek intelligence, slickest nigga going since "Grease"
Check out the grays on the side of my waves
I grew those on Riker's Island
Stretched out, balled up in the caves
Pull a boot out on Jimmy Jam, text takes jam
Silky texture, Jordan jumped up like Clyde Drexler
All up in the parrot, nose numb, real as they come
Biggie's Versace's, snow white rabbit
Hands is like photographic magic, funeral love
Moving when we hug, don't make it a habit
Hit the gym for two weeks, come back all chiseled
Elbows unique now, meet the new me
Ghettofabulous, Ton' Atlas
Zulu Nation in the 80's in front of Macy's
I start my own chapters
Tyco nightglow velvet pose, special effects
High-tech armors merc you at the shows
Supercalifragalisticexpialidocious
Dociousaliexpifragalisticcalisuper
Cancun, catch me in the room, eating grouper Shoe fly shoo, Wally Don Clark crew
Fuck y'all want to do? Crack a brew, smoke an L or two
And flip like
Killing for the whole click is sick like
You and your stank bitch eat a dick like
Baby shake your shit, girl you're thick like

Getting rich like, yeah" There's no love to be found"

Songwriters

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