Motherless Child

Ghostface Killah

(Sometimes I feel like a motherless child)
(Yo yo guzzlin' forties, let's get it on fella, no doubt)
The wiley Wu Tang comes back, Iron Man strikes back
(Lou Diamonds, Tony Starks)
Raid your whole empire no doubt
Rich man, poor man, read the headlines
Niggas getting murdered for spot and bigger dimes
Jobs and drug wars living by gun law
Jailcats come home and want to take yours
As the young one, growing up broke me and my people
As the self, huh, I guess we all in the same boat
Think it, plus drinkin' that ninety proof
Playin' on the roof sayin' we need a next man to shoot
(Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child)
Yo, I know a rich kid, who got hit for three bricks
Showin' off his eight fifty plus, what a nice whip
Young blood guzzlin' fourties hussled in a rain
Old Earth, shootin' dope in her veins
He never had it all, the kid loved basketball
Had a favorite song, "I Miss You" written by Aaron Hall
Now back to the original, neighborhood, criminals
Clocking dollars, by the hour like his digital
Styrofoam silencers, he rolled around with the
Wildest niggaz peeling caps known as the Islanders
From Staten, where crazy clips be clappin'
Slept in his principal spreads, threads made of satin'
Labeled as the cow he had crazy beef
Seen him at the flicks, he pulled out on Duke, Hez and Latief
But he fucked up, he shoulda kept it real and went for kill
'Cause if he don't, these niggaz with black barrels will
But, shit never calm down, one day downtown
He dropped an ounce off
Money had slept like a nightgown
He rolled up in the Albee Square, relax like he lived in there
Two kids was beamin' him, them niggaz from the movie theatre
One had all guess on, lookin' like he had a vest on
The other felly pell tucked with a firearm
Movin' slow, baseball hats, crazy down low
Word life God, this bull kag nigga gotta go

Oh shit, Bookhead, just bought a five, G headed King Tudpea
About the size of Little Maurice
We got to get up baby, no cousin, count to ten
I'm runnin' in, my first instance
Is to return 'em the time is now warfare and pull Delf
Remember me, the nigga from the UA and you pulled out
Don't move don't even flinch
Fix 'em up, drop the head, don't want to get blood in the tux
He burped, I shot him, bitch screamed out I'm robbin' him
Had to hit him ten more times make sure I got him
Told the owner lay on the floor, shake the comedy
Randy came out wacked out with a half a shotty
I laughed, grab the King Tud head and the cash
Then he shot my man in the ass
And broke mega glass
Damn, had to go out with a blast
I shot my way up out of the Albee fast
(Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child)
Oh shit, what the fuck?
This shit is horrible
(Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child)
No doubt this is how we dope
(Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child)
(Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child)

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