

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, scandalous
 Yeah, miraculous the arsonists Yo, kicked down the door on the spot, 260
 2L, I heard they had O's for sale
 I heard the same shit, money drive a Burgundy whip
 Keep it low, faded licenses plates and great plate Where's the cat from, think he's from New Jerusalem
 Pretty Rick did his thing for him, but he was using him
 Power sun, jungle, physical, you know the God
 He go with Tim, the one who called lover of God Y.E. quality S.Elf, I know the natural law now
 It's time to get the God you and blow like mines
 But on the low I heard he got born original sin
 Back in a drive-through Kentucky Fried shot up his ack We got to get him Dunn, aliens is snatchin' our bread
 U.F.O.'s movin' in with bigger plans than fed, yo
 Knock on daddy O's door get the scope
 He's not home, he took Ishmael to Park Slope There go the the dreads yo, swindle two bags of that stuff
 That get you crashed out had you laid out like bums
 Peace Keana, what's up with your girlfriend Wanda
 She drive a green Honda with legs like Jane Fonda I just left her, she took Rashean to Pathmark then
 Jetted to canal to get her man some Clarks
 She said, "Be back in ninety minutes, Ghostface God forbid"
 She say, "Peace to W, who's watchin' the kids?" Two hours later, schemin' like Deniro in Casino
 Son better have more coke than Al Pacino
 Keana ain't tellin' no lies, last year she did a Sting and a half
 And Tymeek bought her a aircraft But anyway, yo, daddy O home, we need the shotties nidow
 When we get back, throw you a bit out
 Later that night, stay mesmerized yo
 Go get the green 5, meet you on the corner of Marriot You ready, you got the E and J and The Machete?
 We goin' upstairs, I hope one nigga is empty
 We walked in both of us looked like terrorists
 Masks on, second floor, Dunn yo, I handle this Kick in the crib, the whole shit looked graphical
 Natural, fuckin' a white bitch, actual
 Fiends chantin', "Do your thing chef, handle it"
 I shot him in the neck, it ricocheted and hit Carolyn Ran to the back analyzin', much disguisin'
 Surprise we comin' and their eyes were tranquilized
 And buggin', throwin' her twin cousins at his nugget, fuck it
 Meet Shottie Waddy slug body hobby Where the drugs, where the ounces you be bouncin'
 Fake cats announcin' on the block, you loungin'
 Where the blow at, I ain't got shit, stop frontin'
 Yo chef, throw the joint in his mouth, money'll start stuntin' Bitch, show that bit, before I push your wig back
 Chef stop wavin' that, show him where the paper at

Come here Valerie, you know the God he need a salary
Put down the pipe here's two tickets to a coke gallery
It's in the kitchen in the ceilin' baby girl kept squealin'
Only found a white block of cheese from New Zealand
Oh shit, yo, yo where that shit at yo?
Yo Chef, where that shit? What?

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