

# Ghost Deini (featuring Superb)

## Ghostface Killah

Yo, summer time holding the nine, split the Vega in half  
Jeeps rumble and my dogs puff grass  
Bank stopping, hide your rocks, hydraulic  
The kid with the most knowledge will obtain to touch top dollars  
Hold me down, hand me my cake, dusty, bake, activate  
Fuck your corny debates  
I'm like cake or maybe like ten thousand dollar rabbits  
The kid walked through, switch up his accent, now I'm from Paris  
Cash the bill, frozen elements in gold  
Signs from the most high causes me to break the mold  
How the fuck was y'all niggas thinking? You think I fell off the ledge?  
The legendary Ghost Deini might be dead?  
Never, impossible, pull out black burners like tonsils  
Two Gallants, hitting if we got to  
Busting at y'all niggas daily  
Wall to wall, Hawkins  
Sucking your teeth cause God chain-talking  
Like Ghostface this, Ghostface that  
Ghost sold crack, now we revelations spoken through rap  
Veloured down like the sheik of Iran  
Gasoline CREAM wrapped in hospital bands  
Model vans, Michael Davis, it's me against housing  
Extraordinary pro-black, sold God creations to control thousands  
Catch me at the flicks, Apollo rap Fredrick Douglas  
You know what? A-yo, fuck this  
A-yo, how can I move the crowd?  
First of all, ain't no mistakes allowed  
Here's the instructions, put it together  
It's simple ain't it? Well, quite clever Marvin, Marvin, you were a friend of mine  
You stood for somethin, ugh  
2Pac, Biggie, ohh how we miss you so  
We want y'all both to know  
We really love you so A-yo, I'm Gucci down  
Wally boot, Jamaican hat, long 4-pound  
Ask niggas how I get down  
Don't speak much, deluxe plush imaginations  
Hold a note like Willie Hutch  
You might've bumped into me on the Rikers bus  
Weed in my cheeks, gem in my beauty sleep sleeve

Dead serious, knowledge by 2% triple geese  
Come on, we juggle mic's  
Three Card Molly, amps advance to the final  
Show these niggas how the way we dance  
Hot night, Jamaica  
Came through in a booger green '68 Pacer  
Mad paper, high as a fuck  
Truck, two rappers got stuck that night  
I ain't saying no names, they know who, thank you for the change  
Outdoor event, New Year's Eve, Cali weed  
30 seconds til we tear and deasease  
Quick, call all my seeds dipped in the crowd  
The ho spotted me, he knew not to call my name out  
He walked off softly, we exactly  
Formed like Christ and the disciples  
Black fatigues, lethal-faced dunnie, he held the rifle  
We had the whole shit shook  
Your favorite rappers dropping they drinks  
On the low tucking they links  
We made eighty off the books One of the illest since Magic Johnson, no disrespect  
With metaphors that keep me out the Project  
Rap connects'll keep me correct  
A-yo, I wrote this on Donnie roof  
After his funeral, on one knee  
Thinking his killer's following me  
So to my nigga Donnie, up there  
Can you please tell God that we fucked up here?  
You got beer, weed, guns, AIDS  
All these obstacles, it's hard to make it nowadays  
Why's the Devil winning, some say it's our fault  
If that's the answer, you know smoking cause cancer  
Let me drop a bracelet, leave a chain behind  
My tape stay at the beginning cause that's how they rewind  
Y'all know how we dine, we don't eat swine, and we don't drink wine  
If you don't bring me some motherfucking cognac, I kill you  
I can't feel you  
Ain't in my senses, and you ain't in my dollars  
I fuck with rottweilers, no leashes, no collars  
Brolic scholars, that's Ghost Deini

Songwriters

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