

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 Fredick 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 cleverMarvin, 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 soA-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 decease
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 booksOne 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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