

# Beat The Clock

## Ghostface Killah

Aiyo, Ghost, what's up nigga?  
This "Supreme" talkin' to you and shit  
You caught me all the way in Staten Island to see you  
Beat the two minute and thirty seven second clock  
Suprise: time started already, muthafucka  
Say that shit, niggall'mma say it, don't get mad, y'all, I throw my darts sideways  
Shoot 'em up, bang, bang, through me baby  
Lovely lady, fuck the spades, drive the kid crazy  
Before I go to bed, an hour later People be talkin', I feed dolphins  
My defense'll fly the coop off your mean office  
My skills is a fortune, robbin' leech out a sweet auction  
Teach then fall off the greatest, fuck what they say  
'cause we against the abortions, and we  
Lay low-oh-oh, silent those clownin' foes  
Got them clothes for his new feud in the road  
We them Fat Albert, spot runnin' '86 crack viles and pictures  
Lookin' all suspicious, I'm out..Aiyo, hold up! What the fuck you stop for?  
(I got somethin' in my--) Nah, you can't be stoppin', g  
What the fuck you ain't got -- aiyo, you buggin' and shit  
Son, you gotta hurry the fuck up  
Time is runnin' nigga, come! What the fuck?? I work magic out of liquor store  
Give me a dollar and I turn that bitch into five  
And all I need is one more, to get things started  
Get retarded, and once you -- I'mma fix these artists  
Take 'em one by one, tie 'em up, line 'em up  
Treat 'em like a cigar, fire them niggaz up  
They be up in the club, six/tree'd up  
With them young 'keds with their gear all beat up  
This is how I'mma kill 'em with four lines left  
Hold your breath, say my name five times it's take's practice, yo  
Decap' him with sayin' my name, it's like matches, yo  
It's time to fuck up on account in a house, or blow Na-na-na-na-na, nah, nah, fuck that four-line shit  
You cheatin' and shit, I ain't come here for all that  
(I'm tired, though lord, what the fuck)  
What you mean you tired and shit, g?  
You suppose to be that nigga, nigga then show me  
If you that nigga! Then show me, nigga! I hold a mic like I'm Gail Sails  
Hoppin' over chairs like O.J., my rushin' yards  
Them pen, how the meter spray

Happy wife-beater day, don't touch my, cheeba hay  
Get off my D-I, then go see the K's (case)'Scuse me Mr. D.J., please play "Fish"  
Or that "CherChez", live meeting, ten four, may day-may day  
Callin' all cars, callin' all cars  
We have an APB on Starks and Trife the God  
We left the jewelry store, feelin' like we left the morgue  
We was frozen, and I brought an iced out Trojan  
That's for pussies whose golden, who got Toney wide open I put my ring up to my man's waves and seen an  
ocean  
Move like a wolf, kid, in sheep's clothing  
Snatch the money bag off the milk truck and kept boating  
I be potent like ibuprofen, I be coastin'  
With two shotties on me, in your grimiest lobby smokin' This muthafucka made the clock!  
Mutha-- where the fuck?  
Yo, you be cheatin', mutha-, you be cheatin'  
That's that Staten Island, bullshit  
Theodore... you know you might be a Ghost  
But you ain't Houdini, muthafucka

Songwriters

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