Street Opera

Ghostface Killah

Sun God get 'em
I stay far from my opponents, pardon me dogs
That's why lead the call, they moving up on us
But them G's on the corners, move when I move
That's a warning, or I'mma have my goons spin a garment
Think it's sweet, and try to creep or run up on us
They get deeper than twelve foot, and you be leaking out of order
Don't beef, if you ain't beefin' for no quarters
'Cuz pain is money, you float funny when you surfin' the water
I'm that dude slangin' pack by the border
I love my life, I live it twice, 'cuz it's up to me sorta
You a fool with a mental disorder, and it's probably your daughter
That really love me, for the **** that I taught her
Will Smith on the guest list, pops is the king
I'm the fresh prince, forty oil tune, kick ya chest in
Us that got the universe confession, pardon your dame
I'm new to the game, but true to my lessons
Jeans, hoods, ****, ****
Visions of me swallowing ****, being chased by jake
And the sound of the razor keep hitting the plate
And tooters is flab with ****, with **** and them jeans
We chew through it, like we coming down off ****
And my P.O., she half Creole, I move from Philly to Dallas
With true talent, like my name is T.O.
So when I ****, I gotta **** slow, she know I kick them Vasine bottles
'Cuz if I'm dirty, I ain't letting it go
Your project steps is Ajax down, dry blood

Maintenance men with the scrub brush, scraping the ground
Diapers, baby rattles and broke lighters, I led many
Horses to water, just to see if they like it
Taste my, Betty Crock', ready rock, bet he cock, now
News flash, my **** ridin' L, laid a cop down
Any of ya **** want beef, I will stop clowns
I got a bad ox' fifth, now how the **** sound?
Jeans, hoods, guns ****
Aiyo, what up S.G.? Aiyo, what's poppin' my ****
I'm just oil in the ****, exercising my trigger
Finger, I've got the biggest ****, yeah, I got a crispy stainless

Your mans ain't **** those hoes, they just a bunch of gamers
Them head shots, neck shots, probably blow they brains in
I'm so close to the edge, pushin' they **** face in
I bet you now, them mutha**** really start complaining
No hesitation, my reputation'll leave 'em chaining
We go hard, like the NARC's when we start invading
I copped the license and registration, to cock and aiming
It's all entertainment and all my **** made it
We hard body like Wu-Tang and Iron Maiden
I keep the **** blazing, hands hurt
Like a **** when she putting braids in, I think it's so amazing
We ran **** for hours, up in the Days Inn
Hood rats and **** motels, we seen baking
Jeans, hoods, guns, ****
Good

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