

# Street Opera

## Ghostface Killah Feat. Sun God

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 surf in' 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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