

The Grain (featuring the RZA)

Ghostface Killah

Do you want to see it?
Do you want to see it?
I'm gonna do it for ya [Repeat: x4]New Ghostface!Yo deep in the trenches
Wig, young black green beret
Chrome laser guns blazing at spades
Wallabies, cherry noose, cool-aid
10 niggas call it Tai-Chi
Black blades, one hundred dollar seats
Hold up, we at the opera
Queen Elizabeth rub on my leg
Had ketchup on her dress from a whopper
Chunky ass necklace
Must be her birthstone
John Paul cop the biggest stones outta Rome
Told ya eyes up on her prince
Fucking with Diana
Two rows across, Dirty giving hickies to Vianna White
Fingering Pamela Lee
We on the balcony
Dare one of y'all to Malcolm X me
Somebody might catch a Kennedy
Yo let me adjust my lens
Through these binoculars
I paid 5 g's sliding off like Kid Vitamin
Viking
Patriot of Broad Street
Bet you think I'm laying like a hyphenTony Starks make the narc's dogs bark
With the Benz parked
Up against the boulevard
Starks had the bone sparked
One cop tapped the window glass
Like a cymbal crash,
"What the fuck son! You trying to break glass?"
He flashed his badge,
"License and registrations"
At that moment
His fat partner started chasing
Chicken heads they was racing wit' they hearts pacing
For snatching gold

Trying' to dip into the god's basement
Our location
Lead steel shed spread
Cracked shorty head
Left sweetie there for dead
Ghetto poodles
Fingers sticky from cheese doodles
Starving' for a 50 cent bag of Oodles and Noodles
Neighborhood sick wit' it
Clinton 'bout to cut WIC
Maybe one y'all rich rap niggas need to politic
Reach for the sky
They throw bleach in your eye
Don't teach you why
You be keeping 'em high
Dipped like an Oreo cookie
In cold milk, bold silk
Gold-filled cap, Wu wear hat,
Low tilt
True Islamic
We speak verbal rhyme phonics

Why y'all trying to change this hip hop to technotronics? Don't go against the grain (the grain) [Repeat:

x3] Girl! Because of you I'm hurting

Within my within my heart

I know it's not right to be flirting

But a relationship has to start

You're the one that I'm clocking

It's time for you to start jocking

Don't want you to see me cry

This is why this is why this is why I met this girl named Rhonda from way down yonder Hey yo god don't fuck with her! I met this girl named Liz she was all in the biz Hey yo lord don't fuck with her! I rocked a hoe named Tina from the heart of Medina Hey yo kid don't fuck with her! Yea that girl Kit Kat she got the good poodle cat Hey yo nigga you better fuck with her!

Songwriters

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DENNIS DAVID / FLOYD, EDDIE Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

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