

# Saturday Nite

## Ghostface Killah

Yo, Saturday night, uptown  
Ridin' past Kansas fried chicken  
What's poppin' kid? we in the mix  
It's chilly forty below  
Gate's closed gotta catch Dr. J's  
Blowin' my hand, rub on my nose  
Tap the glass, stop frontin' duke, fresh pair of jeans  
Look I got loot, eleven in the bass boots  
Heard a screech pull up, these jukes flashed me five pictures  
One had my man's mug, semi stepped brother hugs  
You asked the wrong guy son  
I'm from Melina, yeah we know Mr. Coles  
Flew in two days ago to see his fam'  
But we been watchin' you, crazily  
The whole Staten island shittin' on you  
Wisdom bird's pregnant out in paisley  
Hold up snow in your ear, fresh baldie tried to change up  
Not trunk today, still lookin' fly, still slammed up hung  
Your mom pop in your trunk, slow your pace  
Starks fixed your face, copped out the six, five years probat'  
You dealin' with a lot of science, motherfucker  
we're watchin' you  
Make me wanna lick shots at you  
You disgust me, screwin' me down, grab my gun  
Go 'head bust me, heard you hate juke that's what it must be  
Hands behind your back, spread your legs  
Just found a roach in your tray  
It's not mine fucker, what I said  
You met the thirteenth nigga  
A multi million dollar operation is based upon it yo  
Where's the hell's the riza?  
He's sellin' mics, wildest joints  
Special made to go up in your hand and which went out on point  
Switched to the next scene, I'm at the crib buggin' out  
On how po' live, hatin' plus harassin' the kid  
Park the truck in the double face garage  
Dial one nine hundred raekwon, tell the God, shit's mega  
Reel flashin' me on bet, planet groove, rap city news  
N double A C P committees { We interrupted this special bulletin to bring you }

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