260

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, scandalous
Yeah, miraculous the arsonists
Yo, kicked down the door on the spot, 260
2L, I heard they had O's for sale
I heard the same shit, money drive a Burgundy whip
Keep it low, faded licenses plates and great plate
Where's the cat from, think he's from New Jerusalem
Pretty Rick did his thing for him, but he was using him
Power sun, jungle, physical, you know the God
He go with Tim, the one who called lover of God
Y.E.quality S.Elf, I know the natural law now
It's time to get the God you and blow like mines
But on the low I heard he got born original sin
Back in a drive-through Kentucky Fried shot up his ack
We got to get him Dunn, aliens is snatchin' our bread
U.F.O.'s movin' in with bigger plans than fed, yo
Knock on daddy O's door get the scope
He's not home, he took Ishmael to Park Slope
There go the the dreads yo, swindle two bags of that stuff
That get you crashed out had you laid out like bums
Peace Keana, what's up with your girlfriend Wanda
She drive a green Honda with legs like Jane Fonda
I just left her, she took Rashean to Pathmark then
Jetted to canal to get her man some Clarks
She said, "Be back in ninety minutes, Ghostface God forbid"
She say, "Peace to W, who's watchin' the kids?"
Two hours later, scheamin' like Deniro in Casino
Son better have more coke than Al Pacino
Keana ain't tellin' no lies, last year she did a Sting and a half
And Tymeek bought her a aircraft

But anyway, yo, daddy O home, we need the shotties nidow
When we get back, throw you a bit out
Later that night, stay mesmerized yo
Go get the green 5, meet you on the corner of Marriot
You ready, you got the E and J and The Machete?
We goin' upstairs, I hope one nigga is empty
We walked in both of us looked like terrorists
Masks on, second floor, Dunn yo, I handle this

Kick in the crib, the whole shit looked graphical
Natural, fuckin' a white bitch, actual
Fiends chantin', "Do your thing chef, handle it"
I shot him in the neck, it ricocheted and hit Carolyn
Ran to the back analyzin', much disguisin'
Surprise we comin' and their eyes were tranquilized
And buggin', throwin' her twin cousins at his nugget, fuck it
Meet Shottie Waddy slug body hobby
Where the drugs, where the ounces you be bouncin'
Fake cats announcin' on the block, you loungin'
Where the blow at, I ain't got shit, stop frontin'
Yo chef, throw the joint in his mouth, money'll start stuntin'
Bitch, show that bit, before I push your wig back
Chef stop wavin' that, show him where the paper at
Come here Valerie, you know the God he need a salary
Put down the pipe here's two tickets to a coke gallery
It's in the kitchen in the ceilin' baby girl kept squealin'
Only found a white block of cheese from New Zealand
Oh shit, yo, yo where that shit at yo?
Yo Chef, where that shit? What?

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