

Beware of the Stare

Ghostface Killah & Adrian Younge

He spares no one
He was forgotten, but he was somewhere
So beware of the stare of Ghostface Killah
So beware of the stare of Ghostface Killah Beware, son, I got the stare of Medusa
With the rope tied around your neck, it won't get looser
I might shoot ya, make your ass an example
You can't fuck with Tony Starks, and not get trampled
Get hunted like a rat in a field, I hate rats
Hate fake ass niggas that love to set traps
Murder the don, I'm back with a bird on my arm
Back to pillage, I rock a live grenade as a charm
I want bodies, DeLucas, spread into the waters
I want mothers and sons, I wanna murder their daughters
Revenge, all I see is blood in my eyes
Like the rise of your worst nightmare come alive
Ghostface Killah, let's see who's gonna survive
He spares no one
He's not forgotten, cause he was somewhere Yo, look away, don't stare into the eyes of a killer
Metal lungies, junkies, nigga, I pack the nine millers and thrillers
Bulletproof robes and wave caps
Revenge more, nigga, you know Ghost gone stay strapped
Hunt them down in alphabetical order
Each person that crossed me, watch the man slaughter
The butcher, the baker, the torturer, the taker
I'mma send you right back to your maker
A few extra holes, miss your soul sold to the devil
It's the rebirth of a slave brought back as a rebel
I'm immortal, gonna kill generations of your fam
You tried to loathe my legacy away, but I stand stronger
GFK, the pain prolonger
He was a lonely man
They killed him
Cause they didn't understand
Though his spirit possesses a rhythm
As the words on this record unleashes the Ghostface Killah
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>