

Buck 50

Ghostface Killah

Who I'm is? The phenom, them niggaz can't live
Who I'm is? We ain't got shit, somethin' got to give
Y'all done flipped y'all wig, blacked out the crib
Die and live for my nigs and my bad-ass kids, freeze
Lookin' at your ice like geez
I'm plottin' on the mousetrap, about to snatch the cheese
I heard y'all kids is 'bout that, psychotherapy
You buggin' where the couch at? Wu, 'til they bury me
Never tell a lie, like George with the cherry tree
Now it's cherry pie, if it's not broke, let it be
Ain't nuttin' nice in New York
Stick you for your cake and your icing that tough talk?
Don't mean nuttin' when you're up North
So keep them hands where I can see 'em like you want freedom
You know that saying, if you can't join 'em
Beat 'em and push your way in
We ain't acrobats but we flip on occasion
Pick the pace up, pants saggin' pull your waist up
Niggaz rentin' slums usually Jacob, fool
You're like, "Dude! I don't like your fuckin' attitude
Frontin' on my Clan from the Stat' when we ain't mad at you"
Yo, yo, starks flippin' cheesyface measly paced ofays
Ghostface, jump out the window for a little taste
The joopy look, my main bitches call me lazy
Educated birds say, "Ghost you so crazy!"
There's no love to be found
Cappa' slide through with the Ghost
Post up like paint on walls
Drip jewels, big heat
Ruffle inside the bubblegoose
It's the Odd Couple, hollow points
Follow you home, Staten Island
Playin' with the big toys that make noise
Echo in the hall, a scared voice
Niggaz start to act choice, but Duncan Hines
Didn't know Betty Crocker had 'em two nines
Made the club moist, shattered the windows
Dustheads runnin', the rap kingpin bust the Black Jesus is comin'
Yo, the words you talk, that'll be the words you walk
Body you in the bed where the nurses are
Put your vein out, watch me insert the dart
'Til it plagues from Bricks to the Persian Gulf
Light circuits off, thirty-third of my brain is off
That explains why my language off
My gun aim and cough, y'all ain't trained to brawl

Y'all more like in trainin' bras
 Wet behind the ear, you're not prepared
 For the project flow, with extra stairs
 I pass out a vest to wear
 Yo, the hard wire, startin' barn fires Pullin' mad, so you know it's me
 And your weed got more seeds than O D B
 Can't smoke witcha, watch Ghost tie rope to ya
 Def and Wu will open ya
 Eat a dick like
 Baby shake your shit
 Girl you're thick like
 Gettin' rich like There's no love to be found Word it's me y'all, we in two-six's flirtin' with bitches
 Dime plus takin' pictures, how you doin' baby? My name Ghost
 Don't get caught up in my chains or the way that I speak
 Seek intelligence, slickest nigga goin' since "Grease"
 Check out the grays on the side of my waves
 I grew those on Riker's Island
 Stretched out, balled up in the caves
 Pull a boot out on Jimmy Jam, text takes jam Silky texture, Jordan jumped up like Clyde Drexler
 All up in the parrot, nose numb, real as they come
 Biggie's, Versace's, snow white rabbit
 Hands is like photographic magic, funeral love
 Movin' when we hug, don't make it a habit
 Hit the gym for two weeks, come back all chiseled
 Elbows unique now, meet the new me
 Ghettofabulous, Ton' Atlas Zulu Nation in the 80's in front of Macy's
 I start my own chapters
 Tyco nightglow velvet pose, special effects
 High-tech armors Merc you at the shows
 Supercalifragalisticexpialidocious
 Dociousaliexpifragalisticcalisuper
 Cancun, catch me in the room, eatin' grouper Shoe fly shoo, Wally Don Clark crew
 Fuck y'all wanna do? Crack a brew, smoke an L or two
 And flip like killin' for the whole click is sick like
 You and your stank bitch eat a dick like
 Baby shake your shit
 Girl you're thick like
 Gettin' rich like
 Yeah There's no love to be found