

# When You Walk (feat. Method Man & Street Life)

## Ghostface Killah

[Verse One: Ghostface Killah]

Yeah, assorted flavor Clarks

No doubt

The beer champ

Yeah, curly head kid

Yo, yo, yo From Gators to blazers, low fades and razors

Big dick saloon, I contact the womb; the black asian

Which location keeps circulating

I want the twin power after day shit on his mason

A God steam represent the gummy with the green

who walk fiend stand up on your block and burn a bean

Sir Ballentine, lookin at this bitch walk behind

The thing that's fucked up appeal us that's wine

They turn around take my last pull off the L

these niggas on the block keep looking at me well

But they want the jewel it ain't hard to tell

I'm recognize his face, he actin like Denzel

But fuck him, I went to check low for chop

on a ball gone the size like faith up top

Now it's a whole new ball game, strategic mind frame

My dialogue's rebellious raid and razor fame

Glass out a red light, see Killah get on a ninja bike

Show my love to the God he peeled out and made a right

[Sound of speeding motorcycle][Chorus]

When you walking down the street with your - Box in your hand

and you bringing the music of the - Wu-Tang Clan

And you hear Ironman on your - radio rapping

Your feet start the dancing and your - hands start the clapping[Verse Two: Street]

Street's running through your dancehall gunning

like Lee Harvey Oswald stunning slapping MC's with summons

for pumping - that watered down substance

Beef there's slugs finger creeping

making moves like Crying Freeman

Prince of thieves, earth's third seed

Heavyweight like golden fleeces homicides stroll the street

If Luther preached it, look at the thugs holding heat

In the city beef got me plotting trilogy

To the smoke enemies sneak attacks I'm beyond and above that

Seen that done that, respect black

I catch a slug to your hardhat  
lounging in the everglades, surfing the airwave  
Catch a buck fifty where the razorblades swiftly  
Shaolin cats be shiesty, strictly  
drunk off the Irish whiskey[Chorus][Verse Three: Method Man]  
Rest your headpiece on this one sun  
cough up a lung  
Sleeping on my murderous type ones I get you done  
I'm looking at these cuthroat kids and how they live  
It's like we was partners in spades and you renege  
Can't fuck with no nigga like that he get me jack  
Or sent back, meaning whole life fade to black  
I'm looking in the half of right and roll tight  
fool me once but can't fool me twice, I'm 25  
To life on this mic device ain't nothing nice  
a mixture of long wild rice and no spice  
Inflicted, rap addicted, track I stick it, flip it  
daddy long dick-ed, slide  
A little bit beyond twisted, mind in stitches  
You thought weak but meant wicked  
Niggas choke off my second hand smoke lifted  
everyday is like my birthday I'm mad gifted, dead calm  
Hit me with the eighteen bronze, buddah palm  
About to blow like Napalm, before your arm  
Prepare for the warfare, or buy a share  
Oh what the fuck we dealing with, yeah  
Johnny about to go there  
need another year  
Bust a shot for my sons that didn't make it here[Chorus]

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